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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME VIII.

THE WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR.
THE HEIR.
FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY.
THE JEW OF MALTA.
THE WITS.

M.DCCC.XXV.

A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

43367
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A NEW EDITION:

8 ab

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE

ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,

AND THE EDITOR.

LONDON:

SEPTIMUS PROWETT, 23, OLD BOND STREET.

M.DCCC.XXV.

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Thomas White, Printer,
Johnson's Court.

THE

WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR.

THOMAS LODGE, in his *Alarum against Usurers*, 1584, speaks of his "birth," and of "the offspring from whence he came," as if he were at least respectably descended; and on the authority of Anthony Wood, it has been asserted by all subsequent biographers, that he was of a Lincolnshire family. Thomas Salter, about the year 1580, dedicated his *Mirror of Modesty* to Sir Thomas Lodge; but whether he were related to the poet, it is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain.

Langbaine seems to be under a mistake when he states that Lodge was of Cambridge. Wood claims him for the University of Oxford, where he traces him as early as 1573, when he must have been about seventeen years old, if he were born, as is generally supposed, in 1556. We are told by himself that he was a Servitor of Trinity College, and that he was educated under Sir Edward Hobby. At what time, and for what cause Lodge left Oxford is not known; but Stephen Gosson, in the dedication of his *Plays confuted in five Actions*, printed about 1582 [1], accuses him of having become "a vagrant person, visited by the heavy hand of God," as if he had taken to the stage, and thereby had incurred the vengeance of Heaven. In 1584, when Lodge answered Gosson, he was a student of Lincoln's Inn[2]; and to "his courteous friends, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court," he dedicated his *Alarum against Usurers*. He afterwards, (as he informs Lord Hunsdon, in the epistle before his *Rosalynde*, 1590) "fell from books to arms;" and he calls it "the

[1] Mr Malone (Shakspeare, by Boswell III. 40. note 9.) says that it was printed about 1580; but Lodge himself, writing in 1584, speaks of Gosson's *Plays Confuted*, as written "about two years since."

[2] *Sylla's Metamorphosis*, 1589; *Diogenes, in his Singularity*, 1591, and *A Fig for Momus*, 1595, are all stated to be by T. L. or Thomas Lodge, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman.

" work of a soldier and a scholar," adding, that he had sailed with Captain Clarke to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries. In 1596, he published his *Margarite of America;* and he mentions that it was written in the Streights of Magellan, on a voyage with Cavendish. To this species of vagrancy, however, Gosson did not refer.

That Lodge was vagrant in his pursuits, we have sufficient evidence; for, after having perhaps been upon the stage, having entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, having become a soldier, and having sailed with Clarke and Cavendish, he went, according to Wood, to study medicine at Avignon[3]. This change, (if it took place at all, which may admit of doubt) did not occur until after 1596. In 1595, his *Fig for Momus* appeared. Besides Satires, it contains Epistles and Eclogues; and in one of the latter, Lodge speaks in his own person, under the character of *Golde*, (the same letters that compose his name); and there states his determination no longer to pursue ill-rewarded poetry:

" Which sound rewards, since this neglected time,
" Repines to yield to men of high desert,
" I'll cease to ravel out my wits in rhime,
" For such who make so base account of art;
" And since by wit there is no means to climb,
" I'll hold the plough awhile, and ply the cart;
" And if my muse to wonted course return,
" I'll write, and judge, peruse, commend, and burn."

The dedication of his *Wit's Misery, and the World's Madness*, is dated " from my house, at Low Layton, 5th November, 1596."

The principal reasons for supposing that Lodge studied Medicine, are the existence of a *Treatise of the Plague*, published by " Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Physic," in 1603, and of a Collection of Medical Recipes, in MS. called *The Poor Man's Legacy*, addressed to the Countess of Arundel, and sold among the books

[3] A French Sonnet, by Thomas Lodge, is prefixed to Robert Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*. He has also some French verses in *Rosalynde*.

of the late Duke of Norfolk. That there was at that time a Dr. Lodge, a physician, there can be no doubt; but the question is, whether he was also the poet. The author of the *Treatise of the Plague*, expressly tells the Lord Mayor of London, in the dedication, that he was "bred and brought up" in the city, which Lodge the poet probably was not. Thomas Heywood, in his *Troja Britannica*, 1609, enumerates the celebrated physicians then living:

"As famous Butler, Pady, Turner, Poe,
"Atkinson, Lyster, *Lodge*, who still survive."—c. 3.

It hardly deserves remark, that Lodge is placed last in this list: but had he been the same individual who had written for the stage, was the friend of so many dramatists, and was so well known as a lyric poet, it seems likely that Heywood would have said more about him[4]. If the poet and the physician were one and the same, it is a singular coincidence, that having written how to prevent and cure the plague, he should die of that disease during the great mortality of 1625. Wood's expressions on this point, however, are not decisive: "he made his last *exit* (of the plague, I think) in September, 1625, leaving then behind him, a widow called Joan." It has been conjectured, that he was a Roman Catholic, from a statement made by one of his biographers, that while he practised medicine in London, he was much patronized by persons of that persuasion.

There are but two existing dramatic productions on the title-pages of which the name of Lodge is found[5]: the one he wrote alone, and the other in partnership with Robert Greene.

[4] It is to be observed in the list of Lodge's productions, that there is an interval between 1596, when "Wit's Misery, and the "World's Madness" appeared, and 1603, when the "Treatise of "the Plague," was published.

[5] Others have been attributed to him in conjunction with Greene, but on no sufficient evidence, viz. *Lady Alimony*, not printed until 1659; *The Laws of Nature*; and *The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602.

(1.) The Wounds of Civill War. Lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla, &c. Written by Thomas Lodge, Gent. 1594. 4to.

(2.) A Looking Glasse for London and Englande. Made by Thomas Lodge, Gentleman, and Robert Greene, *in Artibus Magister*. 1594, 1598, 4to. B. L. 1602, 4to. B. L. 1617. 4to.[6]

The following list has been compiled of the undramatic productions of Thomas Lodge, but it is no doubt incomplete, as several of his tracts are of the greatest rarity. The most remarkable, and that which has been most often reprinted is his *Rosalynde*, which, as is well known, Shakespeare closely followed in *As you Like it*.

1. An Alarum against Usurers. Containing tryed experiences against worldly abuses, &c. Hereunto are annexed the delectable historie of Forbonius and Prisceria: with the lamentable complaint of Truth over England. 1584, 4to.

2. Scillaes Metamorphosis: enterlaced with the unfortunate love of Glaucus. Whereunto is annexed the delectable discourse of the discontented Satyre. 1589, 4to.

3. Rosalynde. Euphues golden Legacie: found after his death in his cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philantus Sonnes noursed up with their father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries. 1590, 1592, 1620, 1623, 1642, &c. 4to.

4. Catharos. Diogenes in his Singularitie, &c. christened by him a Nettle for nice Noses. 1591. 4to.

5. The Life and Death of William Longbeard, the most famous and wittie English traitor, borne in the city of London: accompanied with many other most pleasant and prettie histories. 1593, 4to.

6. Phillis: honoured with pastorall sonnets, elegies and amorous delights. Whereunto is annexed the tragicall complaynt of Elstred. 1593, 4to.

[6] Henslowe probably alludes to this play in his MSS. and if so it was acted as early as 1591: the following is the entry. "R, (i. e. received) at *the Looking Glasse*, the 8th of Marche, 1591, vij s."

7. A Fig for Momus: Containing pleasant varietie included in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles. 1595. 4to.

8. The Devill conjured. 1596, 4to.

9. A Margarite of America. 1596, 4to.

10. Wits Miserie and the Worlds Madnesse. 1596. 4to.

11. A Treatise of the Plague: containing the nature, signes and accidents of the same, &c. 1603, 4to.

12. The Poore Man's Legacie. MS.

Thomas Lodge also translated Josephus, 1609, 1620, and the works of L. A. Seneca. 1614, 1620.

Anterior to the date of any of these pieces must have been Lodge's defence of stage-plays, because Stephen Gosson replied to it about 1582. It was long thought, on the authority of Prynne, that Lodge's tract was called *The Play of Plays*, but Mr. Malone ascertained that to be a different production. The only copy of Lodge's pamphlet seen by Mr. Malone was without a title, and it was probably the same that was sold among the books of Topham Beauclerc in 1781. It is spoken of in *The French Academy*, as having "lately passed the press;" but Lodge himself in his *Alarum against Usurers*, very clearly accounts for its extreme rarity: he says, "by reason of the slenderness of the subject (because it was in defence of plaies and play makers) the godly and reverent that had to deal in the cause, misliking it, forbad the publishing;" and he charges Gosson with "comming by a private unperfect coppye," on which he framed his answer, entitled, *Plays confuted in five Actions*.

A tract dated 1592, and called "Lily's Euphues Shadow," purporting at first sight to be by John Lily, but in fact by Lodge, was sold in the third part of the sale of the late Mr. Bindley's library.

Mr. Malone (Shakespeare by Boswell. II. 250.) contends that Spenser alludes to Lodge, in his "Tears of the Muses" under the name of Alcon in the following lines:

> "And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise,
> "His tunes from lays to matters of more skill;"

and he adds that Spenser calls Lodge Alcon, from one of the characters in *A Looking Glass for London and England;* but this argument would apply just as much to Lodge's coadjutor Greene. Mr. Malone further argues that Lodge roused by this applause, (which he repaid in his "Phillis,") produced not long afterwards a "matter of more skill," in *The Wounds of Civil War.*

This tragedy is now for the first time reprinted and introduced into any collection of Old Plays. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARIUS.
Young MARIUS.
SYLLA.
Q. POMPEY.
ANTHONY.
LEPIDUS.
OCTAVIUS.
SCIPIO.
JUNIUS BRUTUS.
LUCRETIUS.
CINNA.
LUCIUS FAVORINUS.
PAUSANIUS.
CARINNA.
LUCIUS MERULA.
CETHEGUS.
SULPITIUS.
CAIUS GRANIUS.
LECTORIUS.
TUDITANUS.
ARCATHIUS.
ARISTION.
ARCHELAUS.
PEDRO.
POPPEY.
CURTALL.
CAPTAIN.
Clown, Soldiers, Magistrates' Lictors, Citizens, &c.

CORNELIA.
FULVIA.

THE

MOST LAMENTABLE AND TRUE TRAGEDIES

OF

MARIUS AND SYLLA.[7]

Enter on the Capitol SULPITIUS, *Tribune*, CAIUS MARIUS, Q. POMPEY, *Consul*, JUNIUS BRUTUS, LUCRETIUS, CAIUS GRANIUS, LECTORIUS, LUCIUS MERULA, *Jupiter's Priest, and* CINNA; *whom placed, and their Lictors before them with their rods and axes,* SULPITIUS *beginneth.*

SULPITIUS, *Tribune.*

Sulpitius. Grave senators, and fathers of this state,
Our strange protractions and unkind delays
Where weighty wars do call us out to fight,
Our factious wits to please aspiring lords,
You see have added power unto our foes,
And hazarded rich Phrygia and Bithinia,

[7] In the course of the incidents of this historical Tragedy, Lodge has very much followed the lives of Marius and Sylla, as given by Plutarch: he was a scholar, and it was not necessary therefore for him to resort to Sir Thomas North's translation from the French, of which Shakespeare availed himself, and of which there were many editions subsequent to its first appearance in 1579. It is pretty evident, however, from a comparison of a few passages quoted in the notes in the progress of the play, that Lodge did employ this popular work, although he has varied some of the events, and especially the death of Sylla.

It is not, perhaps, possible now to settle the point when this Tragedy was first represented on the stage, but it was most likely some time before its publication in 1594. We know that Lodge had written in defence of the stage before 1582, and it is not unlikely that he did so because he had already written for it. Robt.

With all our Asian holds and cities too.
Thus Sylla seeking to be general,
Who is invested in our consul's pall[8],
Hath forced murders in a quiet state;
The cause whereof even Pompey may complain,
Who seeking to advance a climbing friend,
Hath lost by death a sweet and courteous son.
Who now in Asia but Mithridates,
Laughs at these fond dissensions I complain,
While we in wrangling for a general,*
Forsake our friends, forestall our forward war,
And leave our legions full of dalliance,
Waiting our idle wills at Capua.
Fie Romans! shall the glories of your names,
The wondrous beauty of this capitol,
Perish through Sylla's insolence and pride;
As if that Rome were robb'd of true renown,
And destitute of warlike champions now?
Lo, here the man, the rumour of whose fame
Hath made Iberia tremble and submit:
See Marius, that in managing estate,
Though many cares and troubles he hath past,
And spent his youth, upon whose reverend head
The milk-white pledge of wisdom sweetly spreads.
He, six times consul, fit for peace or war,
Sits drooping here, content to brook disgrace,
Who glad to fight, through follies of his foes

Greene, in his *Groatsworth of Wit*, speaks of Lodge as a dramatic poet in 1592; and the Comedy which they wrote together, it is ascertained, was acted in March, 1591, if not earlier, although it was not printed until three years afterwards. The versification of *The Wounds of Civil War*, certainly affords evidence that it was penned even before Marlowe had improved the measure of dramatic blank verse, which Shakespeare perfected: it is heavy, monotonous, and without the pauses subsequently introduced; if therefore Lodge produced it after Marlowe's *Edward II.* was brought out, he did not at least profit by the example. All the unities are set at defiance.

[8] The "consul's *pall*" is the consul's *robe*. Thus Milton in *Il Penseroso*,

"Let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by."

Purple *pall* is very commonly met with in our old writers.

Sighs for your shame, whilst you abide secure.
And I that see and should recure these wrongs,
Through Pompey's late vacation and delay,
Have left to publish him for general,
That merits better titles far than these.
But (nobles) now the final day is come,
When I, your tribune, studying for renown,
Pronounce and publish Marius general,
To lead our legions 'gainst Mithridates,
And crave (grave fathers) signs of your content.

Q. Pompey. Believe me, noble Romans and grave senators,
This strange election, and this new made law
Will witness our unstable government,
And dispossess Rome of her empery:
For although Marius be renown'd in arms,
Famous for prowess, and grave in warlike drifts,
Yet may the sun-shine of his former deeds
Nothing eclipse our Sylla's dignity.
By lot and by election he was made,
Chief general against Mithridates,
And shall we then abridge him of that rule?
'Twere injury to Sylla and to Rome:
Nor would the height of his all daring mind,
Brook to the death so vile and foul disgrace.

Junius Brutus. Why Pompey, as if the senate had not power
To appoint, dispose, and change their generals:
Rome shall belike be bound to Sylla's rule,
Whose haughty pride and swelling thoughts puff'd up
Foreshews the reaching to proud Tarquin's state.
Is not his ling'ring to our Roman loss
At Capua, where he braves it out with feasts,
Made known, think you, unto the senate here?
Yes, Pompey, yes: and hereof are we sure,
If Roman's state on Sylla's pride should lie,
Rome's conquests would to Pontus' regions fly;
Therefore, grave and renowned senators,
(Pillars that bear and hold our rule aloft,
You stately, true, and rich piramides)

Descend into the depth of your estates;
Then shall you find that Sylla is more fit,
To rule in Rome domestical affairs,
Than have the conquest of Bithinia,
Which if once got, he'll but by death forego:
Therefore I say, Marius our general.

Lucretius. So thus we strive abroad to win renown,
And nought regard at home our waning states.
Brutus, I say the many brave exploits,
The warlike acts that Sylla has achiev'd
Shew him a soldier, and a Roman too,
Whose care is more for country than himself.
Sylla nill[9] brook, that in so many wars,
So hard adventures, and so strange extremes,
Hath borne the palm and prize of victory,
Thus with dishonour to give up his charge.
Sylla hath friends and soldiers at command,
That first will make the towers of Rome to shake,
And force the stately capitol to dance,
Ere any rob him of his just renown.
Then we that through the Caspian shores have run
And spread with ships the oriental sea,
At home shall make a murder of our friends,
And massacre our dearest countrymen.

Lectorius. The power of Sylla nought will 'vail 'gainst Rome;
And let me die, Lucretius, ere I see,
Our senate dread for any private man.
Therefore renown'd Sulpitius send for Sylla back;
Let Marius lead our men in Asia.

L. Merula. The law the senate wholly doth affirm:
Let Marius lead our men in Asia.

Cinna. Cinna affirms the senate's censure just,
And saith let Marius lead the legions forth.

C. Granius. Honour and victory follow Marius' steps!
For him doth Granius wish to fight for Rome.

[9] "Sylla *nill* brook" is "Sylla *ne will*, or will not brook."—Shakespeare uses the word. See Mr. Steevens' note, *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 2. S. 1.

Sulpitius. Why then you sage and ancient sires of Rome,
Sulpitius here again doth publish forth,
That Marius by the senate here is made
Chief general to lead the legions out
Against Mithridates and his competitors.
Now victory for honour of Rome follow Marius:
[*Here let Marius rouse himself.*

Marius. Sage and imperial senators of Rome,
Not without good advisement have you seen
Old Marius silent during your discourse:
Yet not for that he feared to plead his cause,
Or raise his honour trodden down by age,
But that his words should not allure his friends,
To stand on stricter terms for his behoof.
Six times the senate by election hath
Made Marius consul over warlike Rome,
And in that space nor Rome nor all the world,
Could ever say that Marius was untrue.
These silver hairs that hang upon my face,
Are witnesses of my unfeigned zeal.
The Cymbrians that erewhile invaded France,
And held the Roman empire in disdain,
Lay all confounded under Marius' sword:
Fierce Scipio, the mirrour once of Rome,
Whose loss as yet my inward soul bewails,
Being ask'd who should succeed and bear his rule,
Even this (quoth he) shall Scipio's armour bear;
And therewithall clapp'd me upon the back.[10]
If then grave lords, my former passed youth,
Was spent in bringing honours into Rome,
Let then my age and latter date of years,
Be sealed up for honour unto Rome.

[10] "But specially one day above the rest, having made him sup with him at his table, some one after supper falling in talke of Captaines that were in Rome at that time, one that stood by Scipio asked him (either because he stood in doubt, or else for that he would curry favour with Scipio,) what other Captaine the Romanes should have after his death, like unto him? Scipio having Marius by him, gently clapped him upon the shouldeis and said. Peradventure this shall be he." *North's Plutarch.* Life of Caius Marius.

Here enter SYLLA, *with Captains and Soldiers.*

Sulpitius. Sylla, what mean these arms and warlike troops.
These glorious ensigns, and these fierce alarm
'Tis proudly done to brave the capitol.

Sylla, These arms, Sulpitius, are not borne for hate
But maintenance of my confirmed state:
I come to Rome with no seditious thoughts,
Except I find too froward injuries.

Sulpitius. But wisdom would you did forbear,
To yield these slight suspicions of contempt,
Where as the senate studieth high affairs.

Sylla. What serious matters have these lords in hand?

Sulpitius. The senators with full decree appoint,
Old Marius for their captain general,
To lead thy legions into Asia,
And fight against the fierce Mithridates.

Sylla. To Marius? Jolly stuff! why then I see
Your lordships mean to make a babe of me.

Junius Brutus. 'Tis true, Sylla, the senate hath agreed
That Marius shall those bands and legions bear,
Which you now hold, against Mithridates.

Sylla. Marius shall lead them then, if Sylla said not no;
And I shall be a consul's shadow then.
Trustless senators and ungrateful Romans,
For all the honours I have done to Rome,
For all the spoils I brought within her walls,
Thereby for to enrich and raise her pride,
Repay you me with this ingratitude?
You know, unkind, that Sylla's wounded helm,
Was ne'er hung up once, or distain'd with rust
The Marcian's that before me fell amain,
And like to winter hail on every side,
Unto the city Nuba I pursued,
And for your sakes were thirty thousand slain.
The Hippinians and the Samnites Sylla brought
As tributaries unto famous Rome:

I, where did Sylla ever draw his sword,
Or lift his warlike hand above his head
For Romans' cause, but he was conqueror?
And now, (unthankful,) seek you to disgrade,
And tear the plumes that Sylla's sword hath won?
Marius, I tell thee Sylla is the man
Disdains to stoop or vail his pride to thee.
Marius, I say thou may'st nor shalt not have
The charge that unto Sylla doth belong,
Unless thy sword could tear it from my heart,
Which in a thousand folds impalls[11] the same.

Marius. And Sylla hereof be thou full assur'd
The honor whereto mine undaunted mind,
And this grave senate hath enhanced me,
Thou, nor thy followers, shall derogate.
The 'spence of years[12] that Marius hath o'er-past,
In foreign broils and civil mutinies,
Hath taught him this; that one unbridled foe
My former fortunes never shall o'ergo.

Sylla. Marius, I smile at these thy foolish words;
And credit me should laugh outright, I fear,
If that I knew not how thy froward age
Doth make thy sense as feeble as thy joints.

Marius. Sylla, Sylla, Marius' years have taught
Him how to pluck so proud a younker's plumes;
And know these hairs that dangle down my face,
In brightness like the silver Rhodope,
Shall add so haughty courage to my mind,
And rest such piercing objects 'gainst thine eyes,
That masked in folly age shall force thee stoop.

Sylla. And by my hand I swear ere thou shalt 'maze me so,
My soul shall perish but I'll have thy beard.

[11] It is doubtful whether we ought to read *impale* or *impall*; if the latter it means to enfold with a *pall*; but Cleveland uses *impale* in the same sense.

"I now *impale* her in my arms:

this, however, is rather a forced construction.

[12] This may mean "the *expence* of years that Marius' hath "o'erpast," or it may be an easy mis-print for "*space* of years:" either may be right.

Say, grave senators, shall Sylla be your general.
Sulpitius. No: the senate, I, and Rome herself agrees
There's none but Marius shall be general.
Therefore, Sylla, these daring terms unfit,
Beseem not thee before the capitol.
Sylla. Beseem not me? Senators advise you.
Sylla hath vowed, whose vows the heavens record,
Whose oaths have pierc'd and search'd the deepest vast,
I, and whose protestations reign on earth:
This capitol wherein your glories shine,
Was ne'er so press'd and throng'd with scarlet gowns,
As Rome shall be with heaps of slaughtered souls
Before that Sylla yield his titles up.
I'll mate[13] her streets, that peer into the clouds
Burnish'd with gold and ivory pillars fair,
Shining with jasper, jet, and ebony,
All like the palace of the morning sun,
To swim within a sea of purple blood
Before I lose the name of general.
Marius. These threats against thy country and these lords,
Sylla, proceed from forth a traitor's heart;
Whose head I trust to see advanced up
On highest top of all this capitol,
As erst was many of thy progeny
Before thou vaunt thy victories in Rome.
Sylla. Grey-beard, if so thy heart and tongue agree,
Draw forth thy legions and thy men at arms;
Rear up thy standard and thy steeled crest,
And meet with Sylla in the fields of Mars,
And try whose fortune makes him general.
Marius. I take thy word: Marius will meet thee there
And prove thee, Sylla, traitor unto Rome,
And all that march under thy trait'rous wings.

[13] It has not been thought right unnecessarily to deviate from the old copy, but the sense seems to require that we should read "I'll *make* her streets," &c.

Therefore they that love the senate and Marius
Now follow him.
Sylla. And all that love Sylla come down to him:
For the rest let them follow Marius,
And the devil himself be their captain.
[*Here let the senate rise and cast away their gowns, having their swords by their sides. Exit Marius, and with him Sulpitius, Junius Brutus, Lectorius.*
Q. Pompey. Sylla, I come to thee,
Lucretius. Sylla, Lucretius will die with thee.
Sylla. Thanks my noble lords of Rome.
[*Here let them go down, and Sylla offers to go forth, and Anthony calls him back.*
Anthony. Stay Sylla; hear Anthony breathe forth,
The pleading plaints of sad declining Rome.
Sylla. Anthony, thou know'st thy honey words do pierce
And move the mind of Sylla to remorse;
Yet neither words nor pleadings now must serve:
When as mine honor calls me forth to fight:
Therefore sweet Anthony be short for Sylla's haste,
Anthony. For Sylla's haste! O whither wilt thou fly?
Tell me, my Sylla, what dost thou take in hand?
What wars are these thou stirrest up in Rome?
What fire is this is kindled by thy wrath?
A fire that must be quench'd by Roman's blood,
A war that will confound our empery;
And last, an act of foul impiety.
Brute beasts nill break the mutual law of love,
And birds affection will not violate:
The senseless trees have concord 'mongst themselves,
And stones agree in links of amity.
If they, my Sylla, brook not to have jar,
What, then are men, that 'gainst themselves do war?
Thou'lt say, my Sylla, honor stirs thee up;
Is't honor to infringe the laws of Rome?
Thou'lt say perhaps the titles thou hast won,
It were dishonor for thee to forego;
Oh, is there any height above the highest,
Or any better than the best of all?

Art thou not consul? art thou not lord of Rome?
What greater titles should our Sylla have?
But thou wilt hence, thou'lt fight with Marius,
The man, the senate, I, and Rome hath chose.
Think this before thou never lift'st aloft,
And lettest fall thy warlike hand adown,
But thou dost raze and wound thy city Rome:
And look, how many slaughter'd souls lie slain,
Under thy ensigns and thy conquering lance,
So many murders mak'st thou of thyself.

Sylla. Enough, my Anthony, for thy honied tongue
Washed in a syrup of sweet conservatives,
Driveth confused thoughts through Sylla's mind:
Therefore suffice thee, I may nor will not hear.
So farewell, Anthony; honor calls me hence:
Sylla will fight for glory and for Rome.

[*Exit Sylla and his followers.*

L. Merula. See, noble Anthony, the trustless state of rule,
The stayless hold of matchless sovereignty:
Now fortune beareth Rome into the clouds,
To throw her down into the lowest hells;
For they that spread her glory through the world,
Are they that tear her proud triumphant plumes:
The heart-burning pride of proud Tarquinius
Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly mace,
And now this discord, newly set abroach,
Shall raze our consuls and our senates down.

Anthony. Unhappy Rome, and Romans thrice accurs'd!
That oft with triumphs fill'd your city walls,
With kings and conquering rulers of the world,
Now to eclipse, in top of all thy pride,
Through civil discords and domestic broils.
Oh Romans, weep the tears of sad lament,
And rend your sacred robes at this exchange,
For fortune makes our Rome a banding ball,[14]
Toss'd from her hand to take the greater fall.

[14] "To *bandy* a ball" Cole defines *clava pilam torquere*; "to bandy at tennis," Dict. 1679. See Mr. Malone's note on *Lear*, A. 1. S. 4.

Granius. Oh whence proceed these foul ambitious thoughts
That fire mens' hearts and make them thirst for rule?
Hath sovereignty so much bewitch'd the minds
Of Romans, that their former busied cares
Which erst did tire in seeking city's good,
Must now be chang'd to ruin of her walls?
Must they that rear'd her stately temples up
Deface the sacred places of their gods?
Then may we wail, and wring our wretched hands,
Sith both our gods, our temples, and our walls,
Ambition makes fell fortune's spiteful thralls.

[*Exeunt all.*

A great alarum: Let young Marius chase Pompey over the stage, and old Marius chase Lucretius. Then let enter three or four Soldiers, and his Ancient with his colours, and Sylla after them with his hat in his hand: they offer to fly away.

Sylla. Why whither fly you, Romans,
What mischief makes this flight?
Stay, good my friends, stay, dearest countrymen!

1*st Soldier.* Stay, let us hear what our lord Sylla saith.

Sylla. What, will you leave your chieftains, Romans, then,
And lose your honors in the gates of Rome?
What, shall our country see, and Sylla rue,
These coward thoughts so fix'd and firm'd in you?
What, are you come from Capua to proclaim
Your heartless treasons in this happy town?
What, will you stand and gaze with shameless looks
Whilst Marius' butchering knife assails our throats?
Are you the men, the hopes, the stays of state?
Are you the soldiers prest [15] for Asia?

[15] *Prest* for Asia,] is, *ready* for Asia. Vide note 104 to the *Four P's.* vol. I.

It is almost unnecessary to multiply instances, but the following is very apposite:

"Dispisde, disdainde, starvde, whipt and scornd,
"*Prest* through dispaire myself to quell."

R. Wilson's *Cobbler's Prophecy*, 1594. c. 4.

Are you the wondered legions of the world,
And will you fly these shadows of resist?
Well, Romans, I will perish through your pride,
That thought by you to have return'd in pomp;
And, at the least, your general shall prove,
Even in his death, your treasons and his love.
Lo, this the wreath that shall my body bind,
Whilst Sylla sleeps with honor in the field:
And I alone, within these colours shut,
Will blush your dastard follies in my death.
So, farewell, heartless soldiers and untrue,
That leave your Sylla who hath loved you. [*Exit.*

1st Soldier. Why, fellow soldiers, shall we fly the field,
And carelessly forsake our general?
What shall our vows conclude with no avail?
First die, sweet friends, and shed your purple blood,
Before you lose the man that wills you good.
Then to it, brave Italians, out of hand!
Sylla, we come with fierce and deadly blows
To venge thy wrongs, and vanquish all thy foes.
[*Exeunt to the alarum.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter SYLLA *triumphant:* LUCRETIUS, POMPEY *with Soldiers.*

Sylla. You, Roman soldiers, fellow mates in arms,
The blindfold mistress of uncertain chance
Hath turn'd these traitorous climbers from the top,
And seated Sylla in the chiefest place;
The place beseeming Sylla and his mind.
For, were the throne where matchless glory sits
Empal'd with furies, threatening blood and death,
Begirt with famine and those fatal fears
That dwell below amidst the dreadful vast,
Tut, Sylla's sparkling eyes should dim with clear[16]

[16] Lodge and other writers not unfrequently use the adjective for the substantive: thus, in *The Discontented Satyre*,

"Blush, daies eternal lampe to see thy lot,
Since that thy *cleere* with cloudy *darkes* is scar'd."

The burning brands of their consuming light,
And master fancy with a forward mind,
And mask repining fear with awful power:
For men of baser metal and conceit,
Cannot conceive the beauty of my thought.
I, crowned with a wreath of warlike state,
Imagine thoughts more greater than a crown,
And yet befitting well a Roman mind.
Then, gentle ministers of all my hopes,
That with your swords made way unto my wish,
Hearken the fruits of your courageous fight.
In spite of all these Roman basilisks,
That seek to quell us with their currish looks,
We will to Pontus: we'll have gold, my hearts;
Those oriental pearls shall deck our brows.
And you, my gentle friends, you Roman peers,
Kind Pompey, worthy of a consul's name,
You shall abide the father of the state,
Whilst these brave lads, Lucretius, and I,
In spite of all these brawling senators,
Will, shall, and dare attempt on Asia,
And drive Mithridates from out his doors.

Pompey. I, Sylla, these are words of mickle worth,
Fit for the master of so great a mind.
Now Rome must stoop, for Marius and his friends
Have left their arms, and trust unto their heels.

Sylla. But, Pompey, if our Spanish jennets' feet
Have learnt to post it of their mother wind,
I hope to trip upon the grey-beard's heels,
Till I have cropt his shoulders from his head.
And for his son, the proud aspiring boy,
His beardless face, and wanton smiling brows,
Shall (if I catch him) deck yond' capitol.
The father, son, the friends and soldiers all,
That fawn on Marius, shall with fury fall.

Lucretius. And what event shall all these troubles bring?

Sylla. This; Sylla in fortune will exceed a king.
But friends and soldiers, with dispersed bands

Go seek out Marius' fond confederates:
Some post along those unfrequented paths,
That track by nooks unto the neighbouring sea:
Murder me Marius, and maintain my life.
And that his favourites in Rome may learn
The difference betwixt my fawn and frown,
Go cut them short, and shed their hateful blood,
To quench these furies of my froward mood.

[*Exit Soldier.*

Lucretius. Lo, Sylla, where our senators approach;
Perhaps to gratulate thy good success.

Enter ANTHONY, GRANIUS, LEPIDUS.

Sylla. I, that *perhaps* was fitly placed there:
But, my Lucretius, these are cunning lords,
Whose tongues are tipp'd with honey to deceive.
As for their hearts, if outward eyes may see them,
The devil scarce with mischief might agree them.

Lepidus. Good fortune to our consul, worthy Sylla.

Sylla. And why not general 'gainst the King of Pontus?

Granius. And general against the King of Pontus.

Sylla. Sirrah, your words are good, your thoughts are ill.
Each milk-white hair amidst this mincing beard,
Compar'd with millions of thy treacherous thoughts,
Would change their hue through vigour of thy hate.
But, did not pity make my fury thrall,
This sword should finish hate, thy life and all.
I prithee, Granius, how doth Marius?

Granius. As he that bides a thrall to thee and fate:
Living in hope, as I and others do,
To catch good fortune, and to cross thee too.

Sylla. Both blunt and bold, but too much mother-wit.
To play with fire where fury streams about:
Curtail your tale, fond man, cut off the rest;
But here I will dissemble for the best.

Granius. Sylla, my years have taught me to discern,
Betwixt ambitious pride and princely zeal;
And from thy youth these peers of Rome have mark'd

A rash revenging humour[17] in thy brain.
Thy tongue adorn'd with flowing eloquence,
And yet I see imprinted in thy brows,
A fortunate but froward governance.
And though thy rival Marius, mated late
By backward working of his wretched fate,
Is fall'n; yet, Sylla, mark what I have seen,
Even here in Rome. The fencer Spectacus
Hath been as fortunate as thou thyself;
But when that Crassus' sword assayed his crest,
The fear of death did make him droop for woe.

Sylla. You saw in Rome this brawling fencer die,
When Spectacus by Crassus was subdued.
Why so; but, sir, I hope you will apply,
And say like Spectacus that I shall die.
Thus peevish eld discoursing by a fire,
Amidst their cups will prate how men aspire.
Is this the greeting, Romans, that you give
Unto the patron of your monarchy?
Lucretius, shall I play a pretty jest?

Lucretius. What Sylla will what Roman dare withstand?

Sylla. A brief and pleasing answer, by my head.
Why, tell me, Granius, dost thou talk in sport?

Granius. No, Sylla, my discourse is resolute,
Not coin'd to please thy fond and cursed thoughts:
For were my tongue betray'd with pleasing words,
To feed the humours of thy haughty mind,
I rather wish the rot should root it out.

Sylla. The bravest brawler that I ever heard.
But, soldiers, since I see he is oppress'd
With crooked choler, and our artists teach,
That fretting blood will press through open'd veins,

17 The quarto has the passage thus:

——— " these peers of Rome have mark'd
" A rash revenging *hammer* in thy brain;"

which seemed so decidedly wrong as to warrant the change that, without much violence, has been made.

Let him that has the keenest sword arrest
The grey-beard, and cut off his head in jest.
Soldiers, lay hands on Granius.
Granius. Is this the guerdon,[18] then of good advice?
Sylla. No, but the means to make fond men more wise.
Tut, I have wit, and carry warlike tools,
To charm the scolding prate of wanton fools.
Tell me of fencers and a tale of fate!
No, Sylla thinks of nothing but a state.
Granius. Why, Sylla, I am arm'd the worst to try.
Sylla. I pray thee then, Lucretius, let him die.
[*Exeunt with Granius.*
Beshrew me, lords, but in this jolly vein
'Twere pity but the prating fool were slain.
I fear me Pluto will be wrath with me,
For to detain so grave a man as he.
Anthony. But seek not, Sylla, in this quiet state,
To work revenge upon an aged man,
A senator, a sovereign of this town.
Sylla. The more the cedar climbs the sooner down:
And, did I think the proudest man in Rome
Would wince at that which I have wrought or done,
I would and can controul his insolence.
Why, senators, is this the true reward
Wherewith you answer princes for their pain,
As when this sword hath made our city free,
A braving mate should thus distemper me?
But Lepidus, and fellow-senators,
I am resolved and will not brook your taunts:
Who wrongeth Sylla, let him look for stripes.
Anthony. I, but the milder passions shew the man;
For as the leaf doth beautify the tree,
The pleasant flowers bedeck the painted spring,
Even so in men of greatest reach and power,
A mild and piteous thought augments renown.

[18] *Guerdon* is synonymous with *reward*. See note 46 to the *Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. It is scarcely yet obsolete.

Old Anthony did never see, my lord,
A swelling shower that did continue long,
A climbing tower that did not taste the wind,
A wrathful man not wasted with repent.
I speak of love, my Sylla, and of joy
To see how fortune lends a pleasant gale
Unto the spreading sails of thy desires;
And, loving thee, must counsel thee withal:
For, as by cutting fruitful vines increase,
So faithful counsels work a prince's peace.

Sylla. Thou honey-talking father, speak thy mind.

Anthony. My Sylla, scarce those tears are dried up
That Roman matrons wept to see this war:
Along the holy streets the hideous groans
Of murder'd men infect the weeping air:
Thy foes are fled, not overtaken yet,
And doubtful is the hazard of this war:
Yea, doubtful is the hazard of this war,
For now our legions draw their wasteful swords,
To murder whom? Even Roman citizens!
To conquer whom? Even Roman citizens!
Then, if that Sylla love these citizens,
If care of Rome, if threat of foreign foes,
If fruitful counsels of thy forward friends,
May take effect, go fortunate, and drive
The King of Pontus out of Asia;
Lest, while we dream on civil mutinies,
Our wary foes assail our city walls.

Pompey. My long concealed thoughts, Mark Anthony,
Must seek discovery through thy pliant words.
Believe me, Sylla, civil mutinies
Must not obscure thy glories and our names.
Then, sith that factious Marius is suppress'd,
Go spread thy colours midst the Asian fields;
Meanwhile myself will watch this city's weal.

Scylla. Pompey I know thy love, I mark thy words,
And Anthony thou hast a pleasing vein;
But, senators, I hammer in my head

With every thought of honour some revenge.
Enter LUCRETIUS *with the head.*
Speak! what shall Sylla be your general?
Lepidus. We do decree that Sylla shall be general.
Sylla. And wish you Sylla's weal and honour too?
Anthony. We wish both Sylla's weal and honour too.
Sylla Then take away the scandal of this state:
Banish the name of tribune out of town;
Proclaim false Marius and his other friends,
Foemen and traitors to the state of Rome,
And I will wend and work so much by force,
As I will master false Mithridates.
Lepidus. The name of tribune hath continued long.
Sylla. So shall not Lepidus, if he withstand me.
Sirrah, you see the head of Granius:
Watch you his hap unless you change your words.
Pompey now please me, Pompey grant my suit.
Pompey. Lictors proclaim this our undaunted doom.
We will that Marius and his wretched sons
His friends Sulpitius, Claudius, and the rest
Be held for traitors, and acquit the men
That shall endanger their unlucky lives;
And henceforth tribune's name and state shall cease.
Grave Senators how like you this decree?
Lepidus. Even as our consul's wish, so let it be.
Sylla. Then, Lepidus, all friends in faith for me.
So leave I Rome to Pompey and my friends,
Resolv'd to manage those our Asian wars.
Frolic, brave soldiers, we must foot it now:
Lucretius, you shall bide the brunt with me.
Pompey farewel, and farewel Lepidus.
Mark Anthony I leave thee to thy books;
Study for Rome and Sylla's royalty.
But, by my sword, I wrong this greybeard's head;
Go sirrah, place it on the capitol:
A just promotion fit for Sylla's foe.
Lordings farewel: come soldiers let us go. [*Exit.*
Pompey. Sylla farewel and happy be thy chance,
Whose war both Rome and Romans must advance.
[*Exeunt Senators.*

Enter the Magistrates of Minturnum with MARIUS *very melancholy:* LUCIUS FAVORINUS, PAUSANIUS *with some attendants.*

Pausanius. My lord, the course of your unstayed fate,
Made weak through that your late unhappy fight,
Withdraws our wills that fain would work your weal:
For long experience and the change of times,
The innocent suppressions of the just
In leaning to forsaken men's relief,
Doth make us fear lest our unhappy town
Should perish through the angry Roman's sword.

Marius. Lords of Minturnum, when I shaped my course,
To fly the danger of pursuing death,
I left my friends, and all alone attain'd
(In hope of succours) to this little town
Relying on your courtesies and truth.
What foolish fear doth then amaze you thus?

Favorinus. O Marius, thou thyself, thy son, thy friends,
Are banished, and exiles, out of Rome,
Proclaim'd for traitors, reft of your estates,
Adjudg'd to death with certain warrantize:
Should then so small a town, my lord, as this,
Hazard their fortunes to supply your wants?

Marius. Why citizens, and what is Marius?
I tell you, not so base as to despair,
Yea, able to withstand ingratitudes.
Tell me of foolish laws, decreed at Rome
To please the angry humors of my foe!
Believe me, lords, I know and am assur'd,
That magnanimity can never fear,
And fortitude so conquer silly fate,
As Sylla, when he hopes to have my head,
May hap ere long on sudden lose his own.

Pausanius. A hope beseeming Marius, but I fear,
Too strange to have a short and good event.

Marius. Why, Sir, Pausanius, have you not beheld
Campania plains fulfill'd with greater foes,
Than is that wanton milk-sop, nature's scorn.

Base minded men to live in perfect hope,
Whose thoughts are shut within your cottage eves,
Refuse not Marius, that must favour you:
For these are parts of unadvised men,
With present fear to lose a perfect friend,
That can, will, may controul, command, subdue,
That braving boy that thus bewitcheth you.

Favorinus. How gladly would we succour you my lord,
But that we fear.

Marius. What? the moon-shine in the water!
Thou wretched stepdame of my fickle state,
Are these the guerdons of the greatest minds?
To make them hope and yet betray their hap,
To make them climb to overthrow them straight?
Accurst thy wreak[19], thy wrath, thy bale, thy weal,
That mak'st me sigh the sorrows that I feel!
Untrodden paths my feet shall rather trace;
Than wrest my succours from inconstant hands:
Rebounding rocks shall rather ring my ruth,
Than these Campanian piles where terrors bide:
And, nature that hath lift my throne so high,
Shall witness Marius' triumphs if he die.
But she that gave the lictor's rod and axe,
To wait my six times consulship in Rome,
Will not pursue where erst she flattered so.
Minturnum then farewel, for I must go;
But think for to repent you of your no.

Pausanius. Nay stay my lord, and deign in private here
To wait a message of more better worth:
Your age and travels must have some relief;
And be not wrath, for greater men than we
Have feared Rome and Roman tyranny.

Marius. You talk it now like men confirmed in faith.
Well let me try the fruits of your discourse,
For care my mind, and pain my body wrongs.

Pausanius. Then, Favorinus, shut his lordship up
Within some secret chamber in the state.

[19] *Wreak,*] i. e. *vengeance.* See note 44 to *Tancred and Gismunda,* vol. II.

Meanwhile we will consult to keep him safe,
And work some secret means for his supply.

Marius. Be trusty lords; if not I can but die.

[*Exit Marius.*

Pausanius. Poor hapless Roman, little wottest[20] thou,
The weary end of thine oppressed life.

Lucius. Why, my Pausanius, what imports these words?

Pausanius. Oh Lucius, age hath printed in my thoughts
A memory of many troubles past.
The greatest towns and lords of Asia,
Have stood on tickle terms through simple truth:
The Rhodian records well can witness this.
Then to prevent our means of overthrow,
Find out some stranger, that may suddenly
Enter the chamber where as Marius lies,
And cut him short; the present of whose head
Shall make the Romans praise us for our truth,
And Sylla prest to grant us privilege.

Lucius. A barbarous act to wrong the men that trust.

Pausanius. In country's cause injustice proveth just.
Come, Lucius, let not silly thought of right,
Subject our city to the Roman's might;
For why you know in Marius only end,
Rome will reward and Sylla will befriend,

Lucius. Yet all successions will us discommend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIUS, *the younger;* CETHEGUS, LECTORIUS, *with Roman Lords, and Soldiers.*

Young Marius. The wayward lady of this wicked world,
That leads in luckless triumph wretched men,
My Roman friends, hath forced our desires,
And fram'd our minds to brook too base relief.
What land or Lybian desert is unsought
To find my father Marius, and your friend?
Yea, they whom true relent could never touch,
These fierce Numidians, hearing our mishaps,

[20] *Wottest* thou,] *knowest* thou. See note 85 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Weep floods of moan to wail our wretched fates.
Thus we that erst with terrors did attaint
The Bactrian bounds, and in our Roman wars,
Enforc'd the barbarous borderers of the Alps,
To tremble with the terrors of our looks,
Now fly, poor men, affrighted withour harms,
Seeking amidst the desert rocks and dens
For him that whilom in our capitol,
Even with a beck commanded Asia.
Thou, woful son of such a famous man,
Unsheath thy sword, conduct these warlike men
To Rome, unhappy mistress of our harms:
And there since tyrants' power hath thee oppress'd,
And robb'd thee of thy father, friends, and all,
So die undaunted, killing of thy foes,
That were the offspring of these wretched woes.

Lectorius. Why, how now, Marius, will you mate us thus,
That with content adventure for your love?
Why, noble youth, resolve yourself on this,
That son and father both have friends in Rome,
That seek old Marius' rest, and your relief.

Young Marius. Lectorius, friends are geason[21] now-a-days,
And grow to fume before they taste the fire.
Adversities, bereaving man's avails,
They fly like feathers dallying in the wind:
They rise like bubbles in a stormy rain,
Swelling in words, and flying faith and deeds.

Cethegus. How fortunate art thou, my lovely lord,
That in thy youth may'st reap the fruits of age;
And having lost occasion's hold fast now,
May'st learn hereafter how to entertain her well.

[21] *Geason* means scarce, but is not a word of very common occurrence among our old writers. It is found most frequently in Spenser. —Robert Greene also uses it,

It was frosty winter season,
And fair Flora's wealth was *geason*. *Philomel.*

Again we find it in the old "tragical comedy of *Apius and Virginia*," 1575.

"Let my council at no time be with you *geason*."

But sudden hopes do swarm about my heart:
Be merry Romans; see where from the coast,
A weary messenger doth post him fast.
Enter CINNA'S SLAVE *with a letter inclosed, posting in haste.*
Lectorius. It should be Cinna's slave, or else I err,
For in his forehead I behold the scar,
Wherewith he marketh still his barbarous swains.
Young Marius. Oh stay him, good Lectorius, for me-seems
His great post haste some pleasure should present.
Lectorious. Sirrah, art thou of Rome?
Slave. Perhaps, sir, no.
Lectorius. Without perhaps, say sirrah is it so?
Slave. This is Lectorius, Marius' friend, I trow;
Yet were I best to learn the certainty,
Lest some dissembling foes should me descry.
Young Marius. Sirrah, leave off this foolish dalliance,
Lest with my sword I wake you from your trance.
Slave. Oh happy man, oh labours well achiev'd!
How hath this chance my weary limbs revived:
Oh noble Marius! oh princely Marius!
Young Marius. What means this peasant by his great rejoice?
Slave. Oh worthy Roman, many months have past,
Since Cinna, now the consul, and my lord,
Hath sent me forth to seek thy friends and thee.
All Lybia, with our Roman presidents,
Numidia, full of unfrequented ways,
These weary limbs have trod to seek you out,
And now occasion, pitying of my pains,
I late arriv'd upon this wished shore,
Found out a sailor born in Capua,
That told me how your Lordship past this way.
Young Marius. A happy labour, worthy some reward.
How fares thy master? What's the news at Rome?
Slave. Pull out the pike from off this javelin top,
And there are tidings for these lords and thee.
Young Marius. A policy beseeming Cinna well:
Lectorius read, and break these letters up.

LETTER.

To his Honorable friend Marius the younger, greeting.

Being consul (for the welfare both of father and son, with other, thy accomplices,) I have, under an honest policy, since my instalment in the consulship, caused all Sylla's friends that were indifferent, with the other neighbouring cities, to revolt. Octavius, my fellow consul, with the rest of the senate, mistrusting me, and hearing how I sought to unite the old citizens with the new, hath wrought much trouble, but to no effect. I hope the soldiers of Capua shall follow our faction, for Sylla hearing of these hurly-burlies, is hasting homeward, very fortunate in his wars against Mithridates. And it is to be feared, that some of his friends here have certified him of my proceedings and purpose to restore you. Cethegus and Lectorius I hear say are with you. Censorinus and Albinovanus will shortly visit you. Therefore haste and seek out your father, who is now, as I hear, about Minturnum. Levy what power you can with all expedition, and stay not.

Rome, the 5 Kalends of December.

Your unfeigned friend,

CINNA, *Consul.*

Young Marius. Yea, fortune, shall young Marius climb aloft?
Then woe to my repining foes in Rome!
And if I live (sweet queen of change) thy shrines
Shall shine with beauty midst the capitol.
Lectorius tell me what were best be done?

Lectorius. To sea, my lord; seek your warlike sire:
Send back this peasant with your full pretence,
And think already that our pains have end,
Since Cinna, with his followers, is your friend.

Young Marius. Yea, Romans, we will furrow through the foam
Of swelling floods, and to the sacred twins
Make sacrifice, to shield our ships from storms.
Follow me, lords; come gentle messenger,
Thou shalt have gold and glory for thy pains.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter CINNA, OCTAVIUS, ANTHONY, *Lictors, Citizens.*

Cinna. Upbraiding senators, bewitch'd with wit,
That term true justice innovation;
You ministers of Sylla's mad conceits,
Will consuls, think you, stoop to your controls?
These younger citizens, my fellow lords,
Bound to maintain both Marius and his son,
Crave but their due, and will be held as good
For privilege, as those of elder age;
For they are men conform'd to feats of arms,
That have both wit and courage to command.
These favourites of Octavius, what with age
And palsies, shake their javelins in their hands,
Like heartless men attainted all with fear:
And should they then overtop the youth?
No, nor this consul, nor Mark Anthony,
Shall make my followers faint or lose their right;
But I will have them equal with the best.

Anthony. Why then the senate's name (whose reverend rule
Hath blazed our virtues 'midst the western isle)
Must be obscured by Cinna's forced power.
Oh, citizens! are laws of country left?
Is justice banish'd from this capitol?
Must we, poor fathers, see your drooping bands
Enter the sacred synod of this state?
Oh brutish fond presumptions of this age!
Rome! would the mischiefs might obscure my life,
So I might counsel consuls to be wise.
Why, countrymen, wherein consists this strife?
Forsooth the younger citizens will rule;
The old mens' heads are dull and addle now;
And in elections youth will bear the sway.
Oh, Cinna, see I not the woeful fruits
Of these ambitious stratagems begun?
Each flattering tongue that dallieth pretty words

Shall change our fortunes and our states at once.
Had I ten thousand tongues to talk the care,
So many eyes to weep their woeful miss,
So many pens to write these many wrongs,
My tongue, your thoughts, my eyes, your tears should move,
My pen, your pains by reason should approve.
Cinna. Why, Anthony, seal up those sugar'd lips,
For I will bring my purpose to effect.
Anthony. Doth Cinna like to interrupt me then?
Cinna. I, Cinna, sir, will interrupt you now.
I tell thee, Mark, old Marius is at hand,
The very patron of this happy law,
Who will revenge thy cunning eloquence.
Anthony. I talk not, I, to please or him or thee,
But what I speak, I think and practise too:
'Twere better Sylla learnt to mend in Rome,
Than Marius come to tyrannize in Rome.
Octavius. Nay, Marius shall not tyrannize in Rome.
Old citizens, as Sylla late ordain'd,
King Tullius' laws shall take their full effect:
The best and aged men shall, in their choice,
Both bear the day and firm election.
Cinna. Oh brave! Octavius, you will beard me then,
The elder consul, and old Marius' friend;
And these Italian freemen must be wrong'd.
First shall the fruit of all thine honors fail,
And this my poignard shall dispatch thy life.
Lepidus. Such insolence was never seen in Rome:
Nought wanteth here but name to make a king.
Octavius. Strike, villain, if thou list, for I am prest
To make as deep a furrow in thy breast!
Young Citizen. The young men's voices shall prevail, my lords.
Old Citizen. And we will firm our honors by our bloods. [*Thunder.*
Anthony. Oh false ambitious pride in young and old!
Hark how the heavens our follies hath controll'd,

Old Citizen. What, shall we yield for this religious fear?

Anthony. If not religious fear, what may repress
These wicked passions, wretched citizens?
Oh Rome, poor Rome, unmeet for these misdeeds,
I see contempt of heaven will breed a cross.
Sweet Cinna, govern rage with reverence. [*Thunder.*
O h,fellow citizens, be more advis'd!

Lepidus. We charge you, consuls, now dissolve the court;
The gods contemn this brawl and civil jars.

Octavius. We will submit our honors to their wills:
You, ancient citizens, come follow me.

[*Exit Octavius; with him Anthony and Lepidus.*

Cinna. High Jove himself hath done too much for thee,
Else should this blade abate thy royalty.
Well, young Italian citizens, take heart,
He is at hand that will maintain your right;
That, entering in these fatal gates of Rome,
Shall make them tremble that disturb you now.
You of Preneste and of Formiæ,
With other neighbouring cities in Campania,
Prepare to entertain and succour Marius.

Young Citizen. For him we live, for him we mean to die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old MARIUS, *with his* KEEPER *and two* SOLDIERS.

Marius. Have these Minturnians, then, so cruelly
Presum'd so great injustice 'gainst their friends?

Jailor. I, Marius, all our nobles have decreed
To send thy head a present unto Rome.

Marius. A Tantal's present it will prove, my friend,
Which with a little smarting stress will end
Old Marius' life, when Rome itself at last
Shall rue my loss, and then revenge my death.
But tell me, jailor, could'st thou be content,
In being Marius, for to brook this wrong.

Jailor. The high estate your lordship once did wield,
The many friends that fawn'd when fortune smil'd,

Your great promotions, and your mighty wealth,
These (were I Marius) would amate[22] me so,
As loss of them would vex me more than death.

Marius. Is lordship then so great a bliss my friend?

Jailor. No title may compare with princely rule.

Marius. Are friends so faithful pledges of delight?

Jailor. What better comforts than are faithful friends?

Marius. Is wealth a mean to lengthen life's content?

Jailor. Where great possessions bide, what care can touch?

Marius. These stales[23] of fortune are the common plagues
That still mislead the thoughts of simple men.
The shepherd swain that 'midst his country cot,
Deludes his broken slumbers by his toil,
Thinks lordship sweet, where care with lordship dwells.
The trustful man that builds on trothless vows,
Whose simple thoughts are cross'd with scornful nays,
Together weeps the loss of wealth and friend:
So lordship, friends, wealth, spring and perish fast,
Where death alone yields happy life at last.
Oh gentle governor of my contents,
Thou sacred chieftain of our capitol,
Who in thy crystal orbs with glorious gleams,
Lend'st looks of pity mix'd with majesty,
See woeful Marius careful for his son,
Careless of lordship, wealth or wordly means,
Content to live, yet living still to die:
Whose nerves and veins, whose sinews, by the sword,
Must lose their workings through distempering stroke,
But yet whose mind, in spite of fate and all,
Shall live by fame, although the body fall.

Jailor. Why mourneth Marius this re-cureless chance?

[22] The meaning of "would *amate* me so," is, would *daunt* or *confound* me so. See note 40 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. where instances are given.

[23] Mr Steevens, in a note on the *Comedy of Errors*, A. 2. S. 1. has collected a number of quotations to shew the meaning of the word *stale*, and to them the reader is referred. In this place it signifies a false allurement, bait, or deception on the part of fortune.

Marius. I pray thee, jailor, would'st thou gladly die?
Jailor. If needs, I would.
Marius. Yet were you loth to try.
Jailor. Why, noble lord, when goods, friends, fortune fail,
What more than death might woeful man avail?
Marius. Who calls for death, my friend, for all his scorns,
With Æsop's slave, will leave his bush of thorns.
But since these trait'rous lords will have my head,
Their lordships here upon this homely bed
Shall find me sleeping, breathing forth my breath,
Till they their shame, and I my fame, attain by death.
Live gentle Marius to revenge my wrong!
And, sirrah, see they stay not over-long;
For he that erst hath conquer'd kingdoms many,
Disdains in death to be subdu'd by any. [*He lies down*

Enter LUCIUS FAVORINUS, PAUSANIUS, *with* PEDRO, *a Frenchman.*

Jailor. The most undaunted words that ever were.
The mighty thoughts of his imperious mind,
Do wound my heart with terror and remorse.
Pausanius. 'Tis desperate, not perfect nobleness:
For to a man that is prepar'd to die,
The heart should rend, the sleep should leave the eye.
But say, Pedro, will you do the deed?
Pedro[24]. Mon monsieurs, per la sang Dieu, me will make a trou so large in ce belly, dat he sal cry hough, come un porceau. Featre de lay, il a tue me fadre, he kill my modre. Faith a my trote mon espee: fera le fay dun soldat, sau sau. Ieievera comc il founta pary: me will make a spitch-cock of his persona.
L. Favorinus. If he have slain thy father and thy friends,
The greater honour shall betide the deed;
For to revenge on righteous estimate
Beseems the honour of a Frenchman's name.

[24] The barbarous jargon put into the mouth of this Frenchman, is given in the orthography of the old copy, since it was vain to attempt correction.

Pedro. Mes messiers, de fault avoir argent; mé no point de argent, no point kill Marius.

Pausanius. Thou shalt have forty crowns; will that content thee?

Pedro. Quarante escus, per le pied de madam, me give more dan foure to se prittie damosele, dat have le dulces tettinos, le levres Cymbrines. Oh, they be fines!

L. Favorinus. Great is the hire, and little is the pain;
Make therefore quick'dispatch, and look for gain.
See where he lies in drawing on his death,
Whose eyes in gentle slumber sealed up,
Present no dreadful visions to his heart.

Pedro. Bien, monsieur, je demourera content: Marius tu es mort. Speak dy preres in dy sleepe, for me sal cut off your head from your epaules, before you wake. Qui es stia? what kinde a man be dis?

L. Favorinus. Why what delays are these? why gaze ye thus?

Pedro. Nostre dame! Jesu! estiene! Oh, my siniors, der be a great diable in ce eyes, qui dart de flame, and with de voice d'un bear cries out, Villain! dare you kill Marius? Je tremble: aida me, siniors, autrement I shall be murdered.

Pausanius. What sudden madness daunts this stranger thus?

Pedro. Oh me, no can kill Marius; me no dare kill Marius! adieu, messieurs, me be dead, si je touche Marius. Marius est une diable. Jesu Maria, sava moy[25]! [*Exit fugiens.*

[25] "Now when they were agreed upon it, they could not find a "man in the city that durst take upon him to kill him; but a man "of armes of the Gaules, or one of the Cimbres (for we find both "the one and the other in writing) that went thither with his "sword drawn in his hand. Now that place of the chamber where "Marius lay, was very dark, and, as it is reported, the man of "armes thought he saw two burning flames come out of Marius's "eyes, and heard a voice out of that dark corner, saying unto him: "O, fellow, thou, darest thou come to kill Caius Marius? The "barbarous Gaule, hearing these words, ran out of the chamber "presently." *North's Plutarch. Life of Caius Marius.*

Pausanius. What fury haunts this wretch on sudden, thus?

L. Favorinus. Ah, my Pausanius, I have often heard,
That yonder Marius in his infancy,
Was born to greater fortunes than we deem:
For, being scarce from out his cradle crept,
And sporting prettily with his compeers,
On sudden seven young eagles soar'd amain,
And kindly perch'd upon his tender lap.
His parents wondering at this strange event
Took counsel of the soothsayers in this;
Who told them that these seven-fold eagles' flight,
Fore-figured his seven times consulship[26]:
And we ourselves (except bewitch'd with pride)
Have seen him six times in the capitol,
Accompanied with rods and axes too.
And some divine instinct so presseth me,
That sore I tremble till I set him free.

Pausanius. The like assaults attaint my wand'ring mind,
Seeing our bootless war with matchless fate.
Let us intreat him to forsake our town;
So shall we gain a friend of Rome and him.
[*Marius awaketh.*
But mark how happily he doth awake.

Marius. What, breathe I yet, poor man, with mounting sighs,
Choking the rivers of my restless eyes?
Or is their rage restrain'd with matchless ruth?
See how amaz'd these angry lords behold
The poor confused looks of wretched Marius.
Minturnians, why delays your headsman thus
To finish up this ruthful tragedy?

[26] "For when he was but very young, and dwelling in the country, he gathered up in the lap of his gowne, the ayrie of an eagle, "in the which were seven young eagles; whereat his father and "mother much wondering, asked the soothsayers what that meant? "They answered that their sonne should one day be one of the "greatest men in the world, and that out of doubt he should ob"tain seven times in his life the chiefest office of dignity in his "country."—*North's Plutarch. Life of Caius Marius.*"

L. Favorinus. Far be it, Marius, from our thoughts or hands,
To wrong the man protected by the gods:
Live happy (Marius) so thou leave our town.
Marius. And must I wrestle once again with fate,
Or will these princes dally with mine age?
Pausanius. No, matchless Roman; thine approved mind,
That erst hath alter'd our ambitious wrong,
Must flourish still, and we thy servant's live,
To see thy glories, like the swelling tides,
Exceed the bounds of fate and Roman rule.
Yet leave us, lord, and seek some safer shed,
Where, more secure, thou mayst prevent mishaps;
For great pursuits and troubles thee await.
Marius. Ye piteous powers, that with successful hopes,
And gentle counsels thwart my deep despairs,
Old Marius to your mercies recommends
His hap, his life, his hazard, and his son.
Minturnians, I will hence, and you shall fly
Occasions of those troubles you expect.
Dream not on dangers, that have sav'd my life.
Lordings, adieu: from walls to woods I wend;
To hills, dales, rocks, my wrong for to commend.
[*Exit.*

L. Favorinus. Fortune, vouchsafe his many woes to end. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SYLLA* *in triumph, in his car triumphant of gold, drawn by four Moors; before the chariot, his colours, his crest, his captains, his prisoners:* ARCATHIUS, *Mithridates' son,* ARISTION, ARCHELAUS, *bearing crowns of gold, and manacled. After the chariot, his soldiers' bands:* BASILLUS, LUCRETIUS, LUCULLUS, *besides prisoners of divers nations, and sundry disguises.*

Sylla. You men of Rome. my fellow mates in arms,

* The old quarto divides the play very irregularly; for according to it there are two Acts three, and two Acts four. One of the Acts three was made to commence here.

Whose three years' prowess, policy, and war,
One hundred three-score thousand men at arms,
Hath overthrown and murder'd in the field;
Whose valours to the empire have restor'd
All Grecia, Asia, and Ionia,
With Macedonia, subject to our foe,
You see the froward customs of our state;
Who, measuring not our many toils abroad,
Sit in their cells imagining our harms,
Replenishing our Roman friends with fear.
Yea, Sylla, worthy friends, whose fortunes, toils,
And stratagems, these strangers may report,
Is by false Cinna, and his factious friends
Revil'd, condemn'd, and cross'd, without a cause:
Yea, Romans, Marius must return to Rome,
Of purpose to upbraid your general.
But this undaunted mind that never droop'd;
This forward body, form'd to suffer toil,
Shall haste to Rome, where every foe shall rue
The rash disgrace both of myself and you.

Lucretius. And may it be that those seditious brains
Imagine these presumptuous purposes?

Sylla. And may it be? Why man and wilt thou doubt,
Where Sylla deigns these dangers to aver?
Sirrah, except not so, misdoubt not so:
See here Aneparius letters, read the lines,
And say Lucretius that I favoured thee,
That darest but suspect thy general.

[*Read the letters and deliver them.*

Lucretius. The case conceal'd hath mov'd the more misdoubt;
Yet pardon my presumptions, worthy Sylla,
That to my grief have read these hideous harms.

Sylla. Tut, my Lucretius, fortune's ball is toss'd
To form the story of my fatal power:
Rome shall repent; babe, mother, shall repent;
Air weeping cloudy sorrows shall repent;
Wind breathing many sorrows shall repent
To see those storms, concealed in my breast,

Reflect the hideous flames of their unrest.
But words are vain, and cannot quell our wrongs:
Brief periods serve for them that needs must post it.
Lucullus, since occasion calls me hence,
And all our Roman senate think it meet
That thou pursue the wars I have begun,
As by their letters I am certified,
I leave thee Cymbria's legions to conduct,
With this proviso, that in ruling still,
You think on Sylla and his courtesies.

Lucullus. The weighty charge of this continued war,
Though strange it seem, and over great to wield,
I will accept if so the army please.

Soldiers. Happy and fortunate be Lucullus our general.

Sylla. If he be Sylla's friend, else not at all:
For otherwise the man were ill bested,
That gaining glories straight should lose his head.
But, soldiers, since I needly[27] must to Rome,
Basillus' virtues shall have recompence.
Lo here the wreath, Valerius, for thy pains,
Who first didst enter Archilaus trench:
This pledge of virtue, sirrah, shall approve,
Thy virtues, and confirm me in thy love.

Basillus. Happy be Sylla, if no foe to Rome.

Sylla. I like no ifs from such a simple groom.
I will be happy in despite of state,
And why? because I never feared fate.
But come, Arcathius, for your father's sake,
Enjoin your fellow princes to their tasks,
And help to succour these my weary bones.
Tut, blush not, man, a greater state than thou,
Shall pleasure Sylla in more baser sort.
Aristion is a jolly timber'd man,
Fit to conduct the chariot of a king:
Why be not squeamish, for it shall go hard
But I will give you all a great reward.

Arcathius. Humbled by fate, like wretched men we yield.

[27] *Needly*] for necessarily or unavoidably.

Sylla. Arcathius these are fortunes of the field.
Believe me these brave captives draw by art,
And I will think upon their good desert.
But stay you, strangers, and respect my words.
Fond heartless men, what folly have I seen!
For fear of death can princes entertain,
Such bastard thoughts, that now from glorious arms
Vouchsafe to draw like oxen in a plough?
Arcathius, I am sure Mithridates
Will hardly brook the scandal of his name:
'Twere better in Picœo to have died,
Aristion, than amidst our legions thus to draw.

Aristion. I tell thee Sylla, captives have no choice,
And death is dreadful to a captive man.

Sylla. In such imperfect metals as is your's:
But Romans that are still allur'd by fame,
Chuse rather death than blemish of their name.
But I have haste, and therefore will reward you.
Go, soldiers, with as quick dispatch as may be,
Hasten their death, and bring them to their end,
And say in this that Sylla is your friend.

Arcathius. Oh, ransom thou our lives sweet conqueror!

Sylla. Fie foolish men, why fly you happiness?
Desire you still to lead a servile life?
Dare you not buy delights with little pains?
Well, for thy father's sake Arcathius,
I will prefer thy triumphs with the rest.
Go, take them hence, and when we meet in hell,
Then tell me princes if I did not well.

[*Exeunt milites.*

Lucullus, thus these mighty foes are down,
Now strive thou for the king of Pontus' crown.
I will to Rome; go thou, and with thy train,
Pursue Mithridates 'till he be slain.

Lucullus. With fortune's help: go calm thy country's woes,
Whilst I with these seek out our mighty foes.

Enter MARIUS *solus, from the Numidian mountains, feeding on roots.*

Marius. Thou that hast walk'd with troops of flocking friends
Now wanderest 'midst the labyrinth of woes;
Thy best repast with many sighing ends,
And none but fortune all these mischiefs knows.
Like to these stretching mountains, clad with snow,
No sun-shine of content my thoughts approacheth:
High spire their tops, my hopes no height do know,
But mount so high as time their tract reproacheth.
They find their spring, where winter wrongs my mind,
They weep their brooks, I waste my cheeks with tears.
Oh foolish fate, too froward and unkind,
Mountains have peace, where mournful be my years.
Yet high as they my thoughts some hopes would borrow;
But when I count the evening end with sorrow.
Death in Minturnum threatened Marius' head,
Hunger in these Numidian mountains dwells:
Thus with prevention having mischief fled,
Old Marius finds a world of many hells,
Such as poor simple wits have oft repin'd;
But I will quell by virtues of the mind,
Long years mis-spent in many luckless chances,
Thoughts full of wrath, yet little worth succeeding,
These are the means for those whom fate advances:
But I, whose wounds are fresh, my heart still bleeding,
Live to entreat this blessed boon from fate,
That I might die with grief to live in state.
Six hundred suns with solitary walks
I still have sought for to delude my pain,
And friendly echo, answering to my talks,
Rebounds the accent of my ruth again:
She (courteous nymph) the woeful Roman pleaseth,
Else no consorts but beasts my pains appeaseth.
Each day she answers in yon neighbouring mountain,
I do expect, reporting of my sorrow,
Whilst lifting up her locks from out the fountain,

She answereth to my questions even and morrow:
Whose sweet rebounds my sorrow to remove,
To please my thoughts I mean for to approve.
Sweet nymph draw near, thou kind and gentle echo,
[[28] *echo.*
What help to ease my weary pains have I? [*I.*
What comfort in distress to calm my griefs? [*griefs.*
Sweet nymph, these griefs are grown before I thought so. [*I thought so.*
Thus Marius lives disdained of all the gods; [*gods.*
With deep despair late overtaken wholly. [*O, lie.*
And will the heavens be never well appeased?
[*appeased.*
What mean have they left me to cure my smart? [*art.*
Nought better fits old Marius mind then war.
[*then war.**
Then full of hope, say echo, shall I go? [*go.*
Is any better fortune then at hand [*at hand.*
Then farewel, Echo, gentle nymph, farewel. [*farewel.*
Oh pleasing folly to a pensive man!
Well I will rest fast by this shady tree,
Waiting the end that fate allotteth me. [*Sit down.*

Enter MARIUS *the son*, ALBINOVANUS, CETHEGUS, LECTORIUS, *with Soldiers.*

Young Marius. My countrymen, and favourites of Rome,
This melancholy desert where we meet
Resembleth well young Marius' restless thoughts.
Here dreadful silence, solitary caves,
No chirping birds with solace singing sweetly,
Are harbour'd for delight; but from the oak,

[28] An early instance of an echo of this kind upon the stage is to be found in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584. Mr. D'Israeli has an entertaining essay upon them in his "Curiosities of Literature," second series. They were carried to a most ridiculous excess afterwards.

* The old spelling of *than* was *then* and this must be observed here. The echo is supposed to encourage Marius again to take up arms;

"Nought better fits old Marius mind then war,"

And the reply of the echo is "Then, war," or then go to war.

Leafless and sapless through decaying age,
The screech-owl chaunts her fatal-boding lays.
Within my breast, care, danger, sorrow dwell;
Hope and revenge sit hammering in my heart:
The baleful babes of angry Nemesis
Disperse their furious fires upon my soul.

Lectorius. Fie, Marius, are you discontented still,
When as occasion favoureth your desire!
Are not these noble Romans come from Rome?
Hath not the state recall'd your father home?

Young Marius. And what of this? what profit may I reap,
That want my father to conduct us home?

Lectorius. My lord, take heart; no doubt this stormy flaw,[29]
That Neptune sent to cast us on this shore,
Shall end these discontentments at the last.

Marius. Whom see mine eyes? What, is not yon my son?

Young Marius. What solitary father walketh there?

Marius. It is my son! these are my friends I see.
What, have sore-pining cares so changed me?
Or are my looks distemper'd through the pains
And agonies that issue from my heart?
Fie, Marius! frolic man! thou must to Rome,
There to revenge thy wrongs, and wait thy tomb.

Young Marius. Now fortune frown and palter if thou please.
Romans, behold my father, and your friend.
Oh father!

Marius. Marius, thou art fitly met.
Albinovanus, and my other friends,
What news at Rome? What fortune brought you hither?

Albinovanus. My lord, the consul Cinna hath restor'd

[29] This passage is quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on Hamlet, A. 5. S. 1. to shew that "the winter's *flaw*" there spoken of, means "the winter's *blast*." See likewise note 11 to *The White Devil*, vol. VI.

The doubtful course of your betrayed state,
And waits your present swift approach to Rome.
Your foeman Sylla posteth very fast,
With good success from Pontus, to prevent
Your speedy entrance into Italy.
The neighbouring cities are your very friends;
Nought rests, my lord, but you depart from hence.
Young Marius. How many desert ways hath Marius sought,
How many cities have I visited!
To find my father, and relieve his wants!
Marius. My son, I quite thy travels with my love.
And, lords and citizens, we will to Rome,
And join with Cinna. Have your shipping here?
What, are these soldiers bent to die with me?
Soldiers. Content to pledge our lives for Marius.
Lectorius. My lord, here, in the next adjoining port,
Our ships are rigg'd, and ready for to sail.
Marius. Then let us sail unto Hetruria,
And cause our friends, the Germans, to revolt,
And get some Tuscans to increase our power.
Deserts, farewel! Come, Romans, let us go,
A scourge for Rome, that hath depress'd us so.
[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter MARK ANTHONY, LEPIDUS, OCTAVIUS, FLACCUS, SENATORS.

Octavius. What helps my lords to over-hale these cares?
What means or motions may these mischiefs end?
You see how Cinna, that should succour Rome,
Hath levied arms to bring a traitor in.
O, worthless traitor, woe to thine and thee,
That thus disquieteth both Rome and us!
Anthony. Octavius, these are scourges for our sins;
These are but ministers to heap our plagues.
These mutinies are gentle means and ways,
Whereby the heavens our heavy errors charm.

Then, with content and humbled eyes behold
The crystal shining globe of glorious Jove;
And, since we perish, through our own misdeeds,
Go let us flourish in our fruitful prayers.

Lepidus. 'Midst these confusions, mighty men of Rome,
Why waste we out these troubles all in words?
Weep not your harms, but wend we straight to arms,
Lo, Distia spoil'd, see Marius at our gate!
And shall we die like milk-sops, dreaming thus?

Octavius. A bootless war to see our country spoil'd.

Lepidus. Fruitless is dalliance whereas dangers be.

Anthony. My lord, may courage wait on conquer'd men?

Lepidus. I, even in death most courage doth appear.

Octavius. Then waiting death I mean to seat me here;
Hoping that consuls' name and fear of laws,
Shall justify my conscience and my cause.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Now, sirrah, what confused looks are these?
What tidings bringest thou of drearіment?[31]

Messenger. My lords, the consul Cinna, with his friends,
Have let in Marius by *Via Appia*,
Whose soldiers waste and murder all they meet;
Who, with the consul and his other friends,
With expedition hasteth to this place.

Anthony. Then to the downfal of my happiness,
Then to the ruin of this city Rome.
But if mine inward ruth were laid in sight,
My streams of tears should drown my foes despite.

Octavius. Courage, lord Anthony: if fortune please,
She will and can these troubles soon appease;
But if her backward frowns approach us nigh,
Resolve with us with honour for to die.

[31] Drearіment is not so frequently met in any of our old writers as Spenser: I do not recollect it in any play before. It requires no explanation.

Lepidus. No storm of fate shall bring my sorrows down;
But if that fortune list, why let her frown.
Anthony. Where states oppress'd by cruel tyrants be,
Old Anthony, there is no place for thee.
[*Drum strikes within.*
Hark, by this thundering noise of threatening drums,
Marius with all his faction hither comes.
Octavius. Then like a traitor he shall know ere long,
In levying arms he doth his country wrong.
Enter MARIUS, *his* SON, CINNA, CETHEGUS, LECTORIUS, *with Soldiers: upon sight of whom* MARK ANTHONY *presently flies.*
Marius. And have we got the goal of honour now,
And in despite of consuls enter'd Rome?
Then rouse thee, Marius, leave thy ruthful thoughts;
And for thy many cares and toils sustain'd,
Afflict thy foes with twice as many pains.
Go, soldiers, seek out Bebius and his friends,
Attilius, Munitorius, with the rest;
Cut off their heads, for they did cross me once:
And if your care can compass my decree,
Remember that same fugitive Mark Anthony,
Whose fatal end shall be my fruitful peace.
I tell thee Cinna, nature armeth beasts
With just revenge, and lendeth in their kinds
Sufficient warlike weapons of defence;
If then by nature beasts revenge their wrong,
Both heavens and nature grant me vengeance now.
Yet whilst I live and suck this subtle air,
That lendeth breathing coolness to my lights,
The register of all thy righteous acts,
Thy pains, thy toils, thy travels for my sake,
Shall dwell by kind impressions in my heart,
And I, with links of true unfeigned love,
Will lock these Roman favourites in my breast,
And live to hazard life for their relief.
Cinna. My lord, your safe and swift return to Rome,
Makes Cinna fortunate and well appaid;
Who through the false suggestions of my foes,

Was made a coffer[32] of a consul here:
Lo where he sits commanding in his throne,
That wronged Marius me, and all these lords.
Young Marius. To 'quite his love, Cinna, let me alone.
How fare these lords that lumping, pouting, proud,
Imagine now to quell me with their looks?
Now welcome sirs, is Marius thought so base?
Why stand you looking babies in my face?
Who welcomes me, him Marius makes his friend;
Who lowers on me, him Marius means to end.
Flaccus. Happy and fortunate thy return to Rome.
Lepidus. And long Marius live with fame in Rome.
Marius. I thank you courteous lords that are so kind.
Young Marius. But why endures your grace that braving mate
To sit and face us in his robes of state.
Marius. My son, he is a consul at the least,
And gravity becomes Octavius best.
But, Cinna, would in yonder empty seat,
You would for Marius' freedom once intreat.
Cinna presseth up, and Octavius stayeth him.
Octavius. Avaunt thou traitor, proud and insolent!
How dar'st thou press near civil government.
Marius. Why, master consul, are you grown so hot?
I'll have a present cooling card for you.
Be therefore well advis'd and move me not:
For though by you I was exil'd from Rome,
And in the desert, from a prince's seat,
Left to bewail ingratitudes of Rome;
Though I have known your thirsty throats have long'd
To bathe themselves in my distilling blood,
Yet Marius, sirs, hath pity join'd with power.
Lo, here the imperial ensign which I wield,
That waveth mercy to my wishers well:
And more; see here the dangerous trote of war,
That at the point is steel'd with ghastly death.

[32] So it stands in the original, and the passage thus printed is just intelligible: it is however to be suspected that Lodge wrote, "Was made a *cypher* of a consul here."

Octavius. Thou exile, threaten'st thou a consul then?
Lictors, go draw him hence! such braving mates
Are not to boast their arms in quiet states.
Marius. Go draw me hence! What no relent Octavius?
Young Marius. My lord what heart indurate with revenge
Could leave this lozel[33], threat'ning murder thus?
Vouchsafe me leave to taint that traitors seat
With flowing streams of his contagious blood
Octavius. The father's son; I know him by his talk,
That scolds in words when fingers cannot walk.
But Jove, I hope, will one day send to Rome
The blessed patron of this monarchy,
Who will revenge injustice by his sword.
Cinna. Such braving hopes, such cursed arguments,
So strict command, such arrogant controuls!
Suffer me, Marius, that am consul now;
To do thee justice, and confound the wretch.
Marius. Cinna, you know I am a private mn,
That still submit my censures to your will.
Cinna. Then soldiers draw this traitor from the throne,
And let him die, for Cinna wills it so.
Young Marius. I, now my Cinna, noble consul, speaks.
Octavius, your checks shall cost you dear.
Octavius. And let me die, for Cinna wills it so!
Is then the reverence of this robe contemn'd?
Are these associates of so small regard?
Why then Octavius willingly consents
To entertain the sentence of his death.
But let the proudest traitor work his will;
I fear no strokes, but here will sit me still.
Since justice sleeps, since tyrants reign in Rome,
Octavius longs for death to die in Rome.

[33] *Lozel* is always used as a term of contempt, and means a worthless fellow. See various instances in note 66, to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Cinna. Then strike him where he sits; then hale him hence.

[*A soldier stabs him, he is carried away.*

Octavius. Heavens punish Cinna's pride, and thy offence.

Cinna. Now is he fallen that threaten'd Marius:
Now will I sit and plead for Marius.

Marius. Thou dost me justice, Cinna, for you see
These peers of Rome have late exiled me.

Lepidus. Your lordship doth injustice to accuse
Those who in your behalf did not offend.

Flaccus. We grieve to see the aged Marius
Stand like a private man in view of Rome.

Cinna. Then bid him sit; and lo an empty place:
Revoke his exile from his government,
And so prevent your farther detriment.

Lepidus. We will account both Marius and his friends,
His son and all his followers free in Rome:
And since we see the dangerous times at hand,
And hear of Sylla's confidence and haste,
And know his hate and rancour to these lords,
And him create for consul to prevent
The policies of Sylla and his friends.

Cinna. Then both confirm'd by state and full consent,
The rods and axe to Marius I present,
And here invest thee with the consul's pall.

Flaccus. Long, fortunate, and happy life betide
Old Marius in his sevenfold consulship.

Young Marius. And so let Marius live and govern Rome,
As cursed Sylla never look on Rome.

Marius. Then plac'd in consul's throne, you Roman states, [*He takes his seat.*
Recall'd from banishment by your decrees,
Install'd in this imperial seat to rule,
Old Marius thanks his friends and favourites;
From whom this final favour he requires:

That seeing Sylla by his murderous blade
Brought fierce seditions first to head in Rome,
And forced laws to banish innocents;
I crave by course of reason and desert,
That he may be proclaimed, as erst was I,
A traitor and an enemy of Rome.
Let all his friends be banish'd out of town:
Then cutting off the branch where troubles spring,
Rome shall have peace and plenty in her walls.

Cinna. In equity it needs must be, my friends,
That one be guilty of our common harms:
And since that Marius is accounted free,
Sylla with all his friends must traitors be.

Young Marius. My father's reasons Romans are of force;
For if you see, and live not too secure,
You know that in so great a state as this,
Two mighty foes can never well agree.

Lepidus. Then let us seek to please our consul first,
And then prepare to keep the exile out.
Cinna, as Marius and these lords agree,
Firm this edict, and let it pass for me.

Cinna. Then Romans, in the name of all this state,
I here proclaim and publish this decree;
That Sylla with his friends, allies and all,
Are banish'd exiles, traitors unto Rome:
And to extinguish both his name and state,
We will his house be razed to the ground,
His goods confiscate: this our censure is.
Lictors, proclaim this in the market-place,
And see it executed out of hand. [*Exit Lictor.*

Marius. Now see I, senators, the thought, the care,
The virtuous zeal that leads your toward minds
To love your friends, and watch your common good:
And now, establish'd consul in this place,
Old Marius will foresee advenient harms.
Sylla, the scourge of Asia, as we hear,
Is prest to enter Italy with sword.
He comes in pomp to triumph here in Rome:
But, senators, you know the wavering wills

Of foolish men, I mean the common sort,
Who, through report of innovations,
Of flattering humours of well-temper'd tongues,
Will change, and draw a second mischief on.
I like your care, and will myself apply
To aim and level at my country's weal.
To intercept these errors, by advice,
My son, young Marius, Cethegus, and my friends,
Shall to Prænestе, to prevent and stop
The speedy purpose of our forward foe.
Meanwhile, ourselves will fortify this town,
This beauty of the world, this maiden town;
Where streaming Tybris, with a pleasant tide,
Leads out the stately buildings of the world.
Marius, my hope, my son, you know your charge:
Take those Iberian legions in your train,
And we will spare some Cymbrians to your use.
Remember thou art Marius' son, and dream
On nought but honour and a happy death!

Young Marius. I go, my lord, in hope to make the world
Report my service, and my duty too;
And that proud challenger of Asia,
Shall find that Marius' son hath force and wit.

[*Exit cum Cethego.*

Marius. Go, thou, as fortunate as Greeks to Troy;
As glorious as Alcides in thy toils;
As happy as Sertorius in thy fight;
As valiant as Achilles in thy might:
Go, glorious, valiant, happy, fortunate,
As all those Greeks, and him of Roman state!

Enter, led in with soldiers, CORNELIA *and* FULVIA.

Cornelia. Traitors! why drag you thus a prince's wife,
As if that beauty were a thrall to fate?
Are Romans grown more barbarous than Greeks,
That hate more greater than Cassandra now?
The Macedonian monarch was more kind,
That honour'd and reliev'd in warlike camp,
Darius' mother, daughters, and his wife.

But you unkind to Roman ladies now,
Perhaps as constant as the ancient queens;
For they subdu'd, had friendship in disgrace,
Where we, unconquer'd, live in woeful case.
Marius. What plaintive pleas presents that lady there?
Why, soldiers, make you prisoners here in Rome?
1st Soldier. Dread consuls, we have found Cornelia here,
And Sylla's daughter posting out of town.
Marius. Ladies of worth, both beautiful and wise,
But near allied unto my greatest foe:
Yet, Marius' mind, that never meant disgrace,
More likes their courage than their comely face.
Are you Cornelia, madam, Sylla's wife?
Cornelia. I am Cornelia, Sylla's wife; what then?
Marius. And is this Fulvia, Sylla's daughter, too?
Fulvia. And this is Fulvia, Sylla's daughter, too.
Marius. Two welcome guests, in whom the majesty
Of my conceit and courage must consist.
What think you, senators and countrymen?
See, here are two, the fairest stars of Rome,
The dearest dainties of my warlike foe,
Whose lives upon your censures do consist.
Lepidus. Dread consul, the continuance of their lives,
Shall egg on Sylla to a greater haste;
And, in bereaving of their vital breath,
Your grace shall force more fury from your foe.
Of these extremes, we leave the choice to you.
Marius. Then think that some strange fortune shall ensue.
Fulvia. Poor Fulvia, now thy happy days are done!
Instead of marriage pomp, the fatal lights
Of funerals must mask about thy bed:
Nor shall thy father's arms with kind embrace,
Hem in thy shoulders, trembling now for fear.
I see in Marius' looks such tragedies,
As fear my heart, and fountains fill mine eyes:

Cornelia. Fie, Fulvia! shall thy father's daughter faint
Before the threats of danger shall approach?
Dry up those tears, and like a Roman maid,
Be bold and silent till our foe have said.

Marius. Cornelia, wife unto my traitor foe,
What gadding mood hath forc'd thy speedy flight,
To leave thy country, and forsake thy friends?

Cornelia. Accursed Marius, offspring of my pains,
Whose furious wrath hath wrought thy country's woe,
What may remain for me or mine in Rome,
That see the tokens of thy tyrannies?
Vile monster, robb'd of virtue, what revenge
Is this, to wreak thine anger on the walls?
To raze our house, to banish all our friends,
To kill the rest, and captive us at last?
Think'st thou by barbarous deeds to boast thy state,
Or spoiling Sylla, to depress his hate?
No, Marius, but for every drop of blood,
And inch of wrong, he shall return thee two.

Flaccus. Madam, in danger, wisdom doth advise
In humble terms to reconcile our foes,

Marius. She is a woman, Flaccus; let her talk,
That breathe forth bitter words instead of blows.

Cornelia. And in regard of that, immodest man,
Thou shouldst desist from outrage and revenge.

Lectorius. What, can your grace endure these cursed scoffs?

Marius. Why, my Lectorius, I have ever learnt,
That ladies cannot wrong me with upbraids;
Then let her talk, and my concealed hate
Shall heap revengement upon Sylla's pate.

Fulvia. Let fevers first afflict thy feeble age;
Let palsies make thy stubborn fingers faint;
Let humours streaming from thy moisten'd brains,
With clouds of dimness choke thy fretful eyes,
Before these monstrous harms assail my sire.

Marius. By'r lady [34], Fulvia, you are gaily red:

[34] We have before had Pedro, the Frenchman, or rather the *Gau*

Your mother well may boast you for her own;
For both of you have words and scoffs at will.
And since I like the compass of your wit,
Myself will stand, and, ladies, you shall sit.
And, if you please to wade in farther words,
Let's see what brawls your memories affords.

Cornelia. Your lordship's passing mannerly in jest;
But that you may perceive we smell your drift,
We both will sit and countenance your shift.

Marius. Where constancy and beauty do consort
There ladies threatenings turn to merry sport.
How fare these beautiful? what, well at ease?

Fulvia. As ready as at first for to displease;
For, full confirm'd that we shall surely die,
We wait our ends with Roman constancy.

Marius. Why, think you Marius hath confirm'd your death?

Fulvia. What other fruit may spring from tyrants' hands?

Marius. In faith then, ladies, thus the matter stands:
Since you mistake my love and courtesy,
Prepare yourselves, for you shall surely die.

Cornelia. I, Marius, now I know thou dost not lie;
And that thou may'st, unto thy lasting blame,
Extinguish in our deaths thy wished fame,
Grant us this boon; that making choice of death,
We may be freed from fury of thine ire.

Marius. An easy boon; ladies I condescend.

Cornelia. Then suffer us in private chamber close
To meditate a day or two alone;

according to Plutarch, (though why he is called by the Spanish name of Pedro, we know not,) employed to murder Marius swearing *par le sang de Dieu, Notre Dame,* and *Jesu:* and towards the close of the play, where a couple of ludicrous characters are introduced, "to mollify the vulgar," the "*Paul's steeple* of honour" is talked of. Such anachronisms, however gross, are common to all the dramatists of that day. Shakspeare is notoriously full of them; and all must remember the discussion between Hamlet and his friend, regarding the children of St. Paul's, and of the Queen's chapel.

And tyrant, if thou find us living then,
Commit us straight unto thy slaughtering men.
Marius. Ladies I grant; for Marius nill deny,
A suit so easy, and of such import;
For pity 'twere that dames of constancy
Should not be agents of their misery.
[*Here he whispers Lectorius.*
Lectorius, hark, dispatch. [*Exit Lector.*
Cornelia. So, Fulvia, now the latest doom is fix'd,
And nought remains but constant Roman hearts,
To bear the brunt of irksome fury's spite.
Rouse thee, my dear, and daunt those faint conceits,
That trembling stand aghast at bitter death.
Bethink thee now that Sylla was thy sire,
Whose courage heaven, nor fortune could abate;
Then, like the offspring of fierce Sylla's house,
Pass with the thrice renowned Phrygian dame,
As to thy marriage, so unto thy death:
For nought to wretches is more sweet than death.
Fulvia. Madam, confirm'd as well to die as live,
Fulvia awaiteth nothing but her death.
Yet had my father known the course of change,
Or seen our loss by lucky augury,
This tyrant, nor his followers had liv'd
To joy the ruin of fierce Sylla's house.
Marius. But, lady, they that dwell on fortune's call,
No sooner rise, but subject are to fall.
Fulvia. Marius, I doubt not but our constant ends
Shall make thee wail thy tyrant's government.
Marius. When tyrant's rule doth breed my care and woe,
Then will I say two ladies told me so.
But here comes Lectorius. Now, my lord,
Have you brought those things?

Enter LECTORIUS.

Lectorius. I have, noble consul.
Marius. Now, ladies, you are resolute to die?
Cornelia. I, Marius, for terror cannot daunt us.
Tortures were framed to dread the baser eye,
And not t'appal a princely majesty.
Marius. And Marius lives to triumph o'er his foes,

That train their warlike troops amidst the plains,
And are enclos'd and hemm'd with shining arms,
Not to appal such princely majesty.
Virtue, sweet ladies, is of more regard,
In Marius' mind, where honour is enthron'd,
Than Rome, or rule of Roman empery.
[*Here he puts chains about their necks.*
The bands that should combine your snow-white wrists
Are these which shall adorn your milk-white necks.
The private cells where you shall end your lives
Is Italy, is Europe, nay the world.
Th' Euxinian sea, the fierce Sicilian gulph,
The river Ganges, and Hydaspes' stream,
Shall level lie, and smooth as chrystal ice,
While Fulvia and Cornelia pass thereon.
The soldiers that should guard you to your deaths
Shall be five thousand gallant youths of Rome,
In purple robes cross barr'd with pales of gold,
Mounted on warlike coursers for the field,
Fet[35] from the mountain tops of Cortia,
Or bred in hills of bright Sardinia,
Who shall conduct and bring you to your lord.
I, unto Sylla, ladies, shall you go,
And tell him Marius holds within his hands
Honour for ladies, for ladies rich reward;
But as for Sylla, and for his compeers,
Who dare 'gainst Marius vaunt their golden crests,
Tell him for them old Marius holds revenge,
And in his hands both triumphs life and death.

Cornelia. Doth Marius use with glorious words to jest,
And mock his captives with these glozing[36] terms?

Marius. No, ladies;
Marius hath sought for honour with his sword,

[35] *Fet*, for *fetch'd*.] Shakespeare, and many other writers of the time use it: thus in *Henry V.* A. 3. S. 1.

"On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof."

[36] *Glozing* and *flattering* are synonymous: perhaps to *gloze*, or, as it is sometimes spelt, to *glose*, is the same word as to *glass*. It is common in Milton in the sense that it bears in the text. See also note 22 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

And holds disdain to triumph in your falls.
Live Cornelia, live fair and fairest Fulvia!
If you have done, or wrought me injury,
Sylla shall pay it through his misery.

Fulvia. So gracious (famous consul) are thy words,
That Rome and we shall celebrate thy worth,
And Sylla shall confess himself o'ercome.

Cornelia. If ladies' prayers or tears may move the heavens,
Sylla shall vow himself old Marius' friend.

Marius. Ladies, for that I nought at all regard;
Sylla's my foe, I'll triumph over him;
For other conquest glory doth not win.
Therefore come on that I may send you unto Sylla.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a CLOWN, *drunk, with a pint of wine in his hand, and two or three* SOLDIERS.

1*st Soldier.* Sirrah, dally not with us; you know where he is.

Clown. Oh, sir, a quart is a quart in any man's purse, and drink is drink, and can my master live without his drink, I pray you?

2*d Soldier.* You have a master then, sirrah?

Clown. Have I master, thou scoundrel? I have an orator to my master, a wise man to my master. But fellows, I must make a parenthesis of this pint pot, for words make men dry: now by my troth I drink to Lord Anthony.

3*d Soldier.* Fellow soldiers, the weakness of his brain hath made his tongue walk largely; we shall have some novelties by and by.

Clown. Oh most surpassing wine,
Thou marrow of the vine,
More welcome unto me
Than whips to scholars be.
Thou art, and ever was,
A means to mend an ass;
Thou makest some to sleep,
And many mo to weep,
And some be glad and merry,

With heigh down derry, derry.
Thou makest some to stumble,
And many mo to fumble,
And me have pinkie nine.[37]
More brave and jolly wine!
What need I praise thee mo,
For thou art good with heigh-ho.

3d Soldier. If wine then be so good, I prithee for thy part,
Tell us where Lord Anthony is, and thou shalt have a quart.

Clown. First shall the snow be black,
And pepper lose his smack,
And stripes forsake my back:
First merry drunk with sack,
I will go boast and track,
And all your costards crack,
Before I do the knack
Shall make me sing alack.
Alack, the old man is weary,
For wine hath made him merry.
With a heigh-ho.

1st Soldier. I prithee leave these rhymes, and tell us where thy master is?

Clown. Faith where you shall not be,
Unless ye go with me.
But shall I tell them so?
Oh no, sir, no, no, no.
The man hath many a foe,
As far as I do know:
You do not flout me, I hope.
See how this liquor fumes,
And how my force presumes.
You would know where Lord Anthony is? I perceive

[37] *Pinkie nine,*] as it is spelt in the old copy, is *pinking*, or perhaps *winking* eyne, or eyes. So in the old song,

Barnabas, Barnabas, thou hast been drinking,
I can tell by thy nose, and thine eyes *pinking*.

See, however, Mr. Steevens's note on the song in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, beginning

Come thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with *pink* eyne.

you. Shall I say he is in yond farm-house? I deceive you. Shall I tell you this wine is for him? The Gods forfend, and so I end. Go, fellow fighters, there's a bob for ye.

2d Soldier. My masters, let us follow this clown, for questionless, this grave orator is in yonder farm-house.[38] But who cometh yonder?

Enter OLD ANTHONY.

Anthony. I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assailed with fear,
And with my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.

1st Soldier. Yond's the man we seek for soldiers. Unsheath your swords, and make a riddance of Marius' ancient enemy.

Clown. Master, fly, fly,
Or else you shall die!
A plague on this wine,
Hath made me so fine!
And will you not be gone?
Then I'll leave you alone,
And sleep upon your woe,
With a lamentable heigh-ho. [*Exit.*

Anthony. Betrayed at last by witless oversight!
Now Anthony prepare thyself to die.
Lo where the monstrous ministers of wrath
Menace thy murder with their naked swords.

2d Soldier. Anthony well met: the consul Marius, with other confederate senators, have adjudged thee death, therefore prepare thyself, and think we favour thee in this little protraction.

Anthony. Immortal powers that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed heart,
Oh bend your brows, and level all your looks

[38] This incident is founded upon a passage in Plutarch's Life of Caius Marius, only in that author the man with the wine discloses where Anthony is concealed to the drawer of whom he gets the wine, and not to the soldiers.

Of dreadful awe upon these daring men!
And thou sweet niece of Atlas, on whose lips
And tender tongue, the pliant muses sit,
Let gentle course of sweet aspiring speech,
Let honey flowing terms of weary woe,
Let fruitful figures and delightful lines
Enforce a spring of pity from their eyes.
Amaze the murd'rous passions of their minds,
That they may favor woeful Anthony.
Oh countrymen, what shall become of Rome,
When reverend duty droopeth through disgrace?
Oh countrymen what shall become of Rome,
When woeful nature, widow of her joys,
Weeps on our walls to see her laws depress'd?
Oh Roman's hath not Anthony's discourse,
Seal'd up the mouths of false seditious men,
Assoil'd[39] the doubts and quaint controuls of power,
Relieved the mournful matron with his pleas?
And will you seek to murder Anthony?
The lions brook with kindness their relief;
The sheep reward the shepherd with their fleece;
Yet Romans seek to murder Anthony.

1st Soldier. Why what enchanting terms of art are these,
That force my heart to pity his distress.

2d Soldier. His action, speech, his favour and his grace
My rancour rage and rigour doth deface.

3d Soldier. So sweet his words, that now of late, me seems,
His art doth draw my soul from out my lips.

Anthony. What envious eyes, reflecting nought but rage,
What barbarous heart, refresh'd with nought but blood,

[39] The meaning of to *assoil* is to absolve, (see note 4 to *The Adventurers of Five Hours*, vol. XII.) from the Latin *absolvere;* but here it signifies to *resolve* or *remove* doubts: thus in a passage quoted by Mr. Todd,

"For the *assoiling* of this difficulty, I lay down these three pro-
"positions." *Mede. Rev. of God's House.*

The word is frequently to be met with in Spenser in the sense of to discharge, or set free.

That rends not to behold the senseless trees
In doly[40] season drooping without leaves?
The shepherd sighs upon the barren hills
To see his bleating lambs with faintful looks
Behold the vallies robb'd of springing flowers,
That whilom wont to yield them yearly food.
Even meanest things exchang'd from former state,
The virtuous mind with some remorse doth mate.
Can then your eyes with thundering threats of rage,
Cast furious gleams of anger upon age?
Can then your hearts with furies mount so high,
As they should harm the Roman Anthony?
I, far more kind than senseless tree, have lent
A kindly sap to our declining state,
And like a careful shepherd have foreseen
The heavy dangers of this city, Rome,
And made the citizens the happy flock
Whom I have fed with counsels and advice:
But now those locks that for their reverend white,
Surpass the down on Æsculapius chin;
But now that tongue whose terms and fluent style
For number past the hosts of heavenly fires;
But now that head within whose subtle brains
The queen of flowing eloquence did dwell,

Enter a CAPTAIN.

These locks, this tongue, this head, the life, and all,
To please a tyrant, trait'rously must fall.

Captain. Why how now, soldiers, is he living yet?
And will you be bewitched with his words?
Then take this fee false orator from me: [*Stabs him.*
Elysium best beseems thy faintful limbs.

Anthony. Oh blissful pains! now Anthony must die,
Which serv'd and lov'd Rome and her empery.
[[41] *Moritur.*

[40] In *doly* season is in melancholy or wintry season: an adjective formed from *dole*, and with the same meaning as *doleful*.

[41] The death of Anthony is thus related in North's Plutarch. (*Life of Marius.*)

"But he (Marius) sent Annius one of his captaines thither, "and when they had come to the house which the drawer had "brought them to, Annius tarried beneath at the doore, and the

Captain. Go curtal off that neck with present stroke,
And straight present it unto Marius.
1st Soldier. Even in this head did all the muses dwell:
The bees that sat upon the Grecian's lips,
Distill'd their honey on his temper'd tongue.
2d Soldier. The crystal dew of fair Castalian springs,
With gentle floatings trickled on his brains:
The graces kissed his kind and courteous brows,
Apollo gave the beauties of his harp,
Enter LECTORIUS *pensive.*
And melodies unto his pliant speech.
Captain. Leave these presumptuous praises, countrymen:
And see Lectorius, pensive where he comes.
Lo, here, my lord, the head of Anthony;
See here the guerdon fit for Marius' foe,
Whom dread Apollo prosper in his rule.
Lectorius. Oh Romans, Marius sleeps among the dead,
And Rome laments the loss of such a friend.
Captain. A sudden and a woeful chance my lord,
Which we intentive[42] fain would understand.
Lectorius. Though swoll'n with sighs my heart for sorrow burst

" souldiers went up the staires into the chamber, and finding An-
" thonie there, they began to encourage one another to kill him,
" not one of them having the heart to lay hands upon him. For An-
" thonie's tongue was as sweete as a Syrene, and had such an ex-
" cellent grace in speaking, that when he began to speake unto the
" souldiers and to pray them to save him his life, there was not one of
" them so hard hearted as once to touch him, no not onely to looke
" him in the face, but looking downwards fell a weeping. Annius
" perceiving that they tarried long and came not downe, went him-
" selfe up into the chamber and found Anthonie talking to his soul-
" diers, and them weeping, his sweete eloquent tongue had so
" melted their hearts: but he rating them ran furiously upon him
" and strake off his head with his owne hands."

[42] Shakespeare's commentators might have added this passage to the long list of others they have brought forward, (see note on *Othello*, A. 1. S. 3.) to shew that *intention* and *attention*, and *intentive* and *attentive*, were once synonymous.

And tongue with tears and plaints be choked up,
Yet will I furrow forth, with forced breath,
A speedy passage to my pensive speech.
Our consul Marius, worthy soldiers,
Of late within a pleasant plot of ground,
Sat down for pleasure near a crystal spring,
Accompanied with many lords of Rome.
Bright was the day, and on the spreading trees
The frolic citizens of forest sung[43]
Their lays and merry notes on perching boughs;
When suddenly appeared in the east,
Seven mighty eagles with their talons fierce,
Who waving oft about our consul's head,
At last with hideous cry did soar away.
When suddenly old Marius aghast,
With reverend smile, determin'd with a sigh
The doubtful silence of the standers by.
Romans (said he) old Marius now must die:
These seven fair eagles, birds of mighty Jove,
That at my birth day on my cradle sat,
Now at my last day arm me to my death
And lo, I feel the deadly pangs approach.
What should I more? In brief, with many prayers.
For Rome, his son, his goods and lands dispos'd,
Our worthy consul to our wonder died.
The city is amaz'd, for Sylla hastes
To enter Rome with fury, sword and fire.
Go place that head upon the capitol,
And to your wards, for dangers are at hand. [*Exit.*

[43] This expression is also introduced by Lodge into his *Rosalynde*, 1590, though probably this play was written first:

"With sad and sorry cheere
"About her wond'ring stood
"The *citizens of the wood.*"

Shakespeare calls deer in *As you Like it*; *Citizens*, and elsewhere, "native burghers of this desert city."

The author of *Fuimus Troes*, vol. VII. goes farther and calls the blessed souls in Heaven *citizens*:

"—— then shall I
"Envy no more those *citizens* above
"The ambrosian juncates of the Olympian hall."

Captain. Had we foreseen this luckless chance before,
Old Anthony had liv'd and breathed yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

A great skirmish in Rome and long, some slain. At last enter SYLLA *triumphant, with* POMPEY, METELLUS, *Citizens, Soldiers.*

Sylla. Now Romans after all these mutinies,
Seditions, murders, and conspiracies,
Imagine with impartial hearts at last
What fruits proceed from these contentious brawls.
Your streets, where erst the fathers of your state
In robes of purple walked up and down,
Are strewed with mangled members, streaming blood:
And why? The reasons of this ruthful wrack
Are your seditious innovations,
Your fickle minds inclined to foolish change.
Ungrateful men! whilst I with tedious pain
In Asia seal'd my duty with my blood,
Making the fierce Dardanians faint for fear,
Spreading my colours in Galatia,
Dipping my sword in the Enetans' blood,
And foraging the fields of Phocida,
You called my foe from exile with his friends;
You did proclaim me traitor here in Rome;
You raz'd my house, you did defame my friends.
But, brawling wolves, you cannot bite the moon,
For Sylla's lives so forward to revenge,
As woe to those that sought to do me wrong.
I now am entered Rome in spite of force,
And will so hamper all my cursed foes.
As be he tribune, consul, lord, or knight,
That hateth Sylla, let him look to die.
And first to make an entrance to mine ire,
Bring me that traitor Carbo out of hand.

Pompey. Oh Sylla, in revenging injuries
Inflict the pain where first offence did spring,

And for my sake establish peace in Rome,
And pardon these repentant citizens.
Sylla. Pompey, I love thee, Pompey, and consent
To thy request; but Romans have regard,
Lest over-reaching in offence again,
I load your shoulders with a double pain.
[*Exeunt citizens.*
Bring in CARBO *bound.*
But Pompey see where jolly Carbo comes
Footing it featly like a mighty man.
What no obeisance sirrah to your Lord?
Carbo.[44] My lord? No, Sylla: he that thrice hath borne
The name of consul scorns to stoop to him,
Whose heart doth hammer nought but mutinies.
Pompey. And doth your lordship then disdain to stoop?
Carbo. I, to mine equal, Pompey, as thou art.
Sylla. Thine equal villain? no he is my friend;
Thou, but a poor anatomy of bones,
Cas'd in a knavish tawny withered skin.
Wilt thou not stoop? Art thou so stately then?
Carbo. Sylla, I honour Gods, not foolish men.
Sylla. Then bend that wither'd bough that will not break[45]
And soldiers cast him down before my feet:
[*They throw him down.*
Now, prating sir, my foot upon thy neck,
I'll be so bold to give your lordship check.
Believe me, soldiers, but I over-reach;
Old Carbo's neck at first was made to stretch.
Carbo. Though body bend, thou tyrant most unkind,
Yet never shalt thou humble Carbo's mind.
Sylla. Oh sir I know, for all your warlike pith,
A man may mar your worship with a with[46].

[44] The name of *Carbo* is accidentally omitted before this reply in the quarto.

[45] Qy if the words *bend* and *break* have not been misplaced here; the line ought probably to run,
Then *break* that wither'd bough that will not *bend*.

[46] i. e. with a *withy*, or twig of willow.

You, sirrah, levied arms to do me wrong;
You brought your legions to the gates of Rome;
You fought it out in hope that I would faint;
But, sirrah, now betake you to your books,
Entreat the Gods to save your sinful soul:
For why, this carcase must in my behalf
Go feast the ravens that serve our augurs' turn.
Methinks I see already how they wish,
To bait their beaks in such a jolly dish.

Carbo. Sylla, thy threats and scoffs amate me not.
I prithee let thy murderers hale me hence;
For Carbo rather likes to die by sword,
Than live to be a mocking stock to thee.

Sylla. The man hath haste; good soldiers take him hence,
It would be good to alter his pretence.
But be advis'd that when the fool is slain,
You part the head and body both in twain.
I know that Carbo longs to know the cause,
And shall: thy body for the ravens, thy head for daws.

Carbo. Oh matchless ruler of our capitol,
Behold poor Rome with grave and piteous eye,
Fulfilled with wrong and wretched tyranny!

[*Exit Carbo cum militibus.*

Enter SCIPIO, NORBANUS, *and* CARINNA.[47]

Sylla. Tut, the proud man's prayer will never pierce the sky.
But whither press these mincing senators?

Norbanus. We press with prayers, we come with mournful tears,
Entreating Sylla, by those holy bands
That link fair Juno with her thundering Jove,
Even by the bonds of hospitality,
To pity Rome afflicted through thy wrath.
Thy soldiers (Sylla) murder innocents:
Oh whither will thy lawless fury stretch,
If little ruth ensue thy country's harms?

[47] The quarto reads "Enter Scipio and Norbanus, Publius Len-"tulus," but the latter has nothing to do with the scene, while Carinna is omitted.

Sylla. Gay words Norbanus, full of eloquence,
Accompanied with action and conceit;
But, I must teach thee judgment therewithal.
Dar'st thou approach my presence, that hast borne
Thine arms in spite of Sylla and his friends?
I tell thee, foolish man, thy judgment wanted
In this presumptuous purpose that is past:
And, loitering scholar, since you fail in art,
I'll learn you judgment shortly to your smart.
Dispatch him, soldiers, I must see him die.
And you Carinna, Carbo's ancient friend,
Shall follow straight your heedless general.
And Scipio, were it not I lov'd thee well,
Thou should'st accompany these slaves to hell:
But get you gone, and if you love yourself.

[*Exit Scipio.*

Carinna. Pardon me Sylla! pardon, gentle Sylla!

Sylla. Sirrah, this gentle name was coin'd too late,
And shadow'd in the shrouds of biting hate.
Dispatch! why so; good fortune to my friends,
As for thy foes even such shall be their ends.
Convey them hence. Metellus, gentle Metellus,
Fetch me Sertorius from Iberia:
In doing so thou standest me in stead,
For sore I long to see the traitor's head.

Metellus. I go, confirm'd to conquer him by sword,
Or in th' exploit to hazard life and all. [*Exit.*

Sylla. Now, Pompey, let me see: those senators
Are dangerous stops of our pretended[48] state,
And must be curtal'd lest they grow too proud.
I do proscribe just forty senators,
Which shall be leaders in my tragedy.
And for our gentlemen are over proud,
Of them a thousand and six hundred die;
A goodly army, meet to conquer hell.
Soldiers perform the course of my decree!
Their friends my foes, their foes shall be my friends.

[48] It is very common for Shakespeare and his contemporaries to use the word *pretend* for intend. See notes to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 2. S. 6. and note 48 to *the Jew of Malta*, vol. VIII.

Go sell their goods by trumpet at your wills:
Meanwhile Pompey shall see, and Rome shall rue,
The miseries that shortly shall ensue. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum, skirmish, a retreat; enter Young MARIUS, *upon the walls of* PRÆNESTE *with some soldiers, all in black and wonderful melancholy.*

Young Marius. Oh endless course of needy man's avail,
What silly thoughts, what simple policies,
Make man presume upon this traitorous life.
Have I not seen the depth of sorrow once,
And then again have kiss'd the queen of chance.
Oh Marius, thou, Tillitius, and thy friends
Hast seen thy foe discomfited in fight:
But now the stars have form'd my final harms.
My father, Marius, lately dead in Rome;
My foe with honour doth triumph in Rome,
My friends are dead and banished from Rome.
I, Marius' father, friends more blest than thee!
They dead, I live; I thralled, they are free.
Here in Præneste am I cooped up,
Amongst a troop of hunger-starved men,
Set to prevent false Sylla's fierce approach,
But now exempted both of life and all.
Well, fortune, since thy fleeting change hath cast
Poor Marius from his hopes and true desires,
My resolution shall exceed thy power.
Thy colour'd wings, steeped in purple blood,
Thy blinding wreath distain'd in purple blood,
Thy royal robes wash'd in my purple blood,
Shall witness to the world thy thirst of blood:
And when the tyrant Sylla shall expect
To see the son of Marius stoop to fear,
Then, then, oh then, my mind shall well appear,
That scorn my life, and hold mine honour dear.
[*Alarum: a retreat.*
Hark how these murderous Romans, viper like,
Seek to betray their fellow-citizens.
Oh, wretched world, from whence, with speedy flight,
True love, true zeal, true honour, late is fled!

Soldier. What makes my lord so careless and secure,
To leave the breach, and here lament alone?
Young Marius. Not fear, my friend, for I could never fly;
But study how with honour for to die.
I pray thee call the chiefest citizens,
I must advise them in a weighty cause:
Here shall they meet me; and, until they come,
I will go view the danger of the breach.
[*Exit Young Marius, with the soldiers.*
Enter, with drums and soldiers, LUCRETIUS, *with other Romans, as* TUDITANUS, &c.
Lucretius. Say, Tuditanus, didst thou ever see
So desperate defence as this hath been.
Tuditanus. As in Numidia, tigers, wanting food,
Or, as in Lybia, lions full of ire,
So fare these Romans on Prœneste walls.
Lucretius. Their valour, Tuditanus, and resist,
The man-like fight of younger Marius,
Makes me amaz'd to see their miseries,
And pity them, although they be my foes.
What said I, foes? Oh Rome, with ruth I see
Thy state consum'd thro' folly and dissention!
Well, sound a parley; I will see if words
[*Sound a parley: Young Marius appears upon the walls, with the citizens.*
Can make them yield, which will not fly for strokes.
Young Marius. What seeks this Roman warrior at our hands?
Lucretius. That seeks he Marius, that he wisheth thee;
An humble heart, and then a happy peace.
Thou see'st thy fortunes are depress'd and down;
Thy victuals spent; thy soldiers weak with want;
The breach laid open, ready to assault:
Now, since thy means and maintenance are done,
Yield, Marius, yield. Prœnestians, be advis'd;
Lucretius is advis'd to favour you.
I pray thee, Marius, mark my last advice:
Relent in time; let Sylla be thy friend;

So thou in Rome may'st lead a happy life,
And those with thee shall pray for Marius still.
Young Marius. Lucretius, I consider on thy words:
Stay there awhile; thou shalt have answer straight.
Lucretius. Apollo grant that my persuasions may
Preserve these Roman soldiers from the sword.
Young Marius. My friends and citizens of Prænestè town—
You see the wayward working of our stars;
Our hearts confirm'd to fight, our victuals spent.
If we submit, it's Sylla must remit;
A tyrant, traitor, enemy to Rome,
Whose heart is guarded still with bloody thoughts.
These flattering vows Lucretius here avows,
Are pleasing words to colour poison'd thoughts.
What, will you live with shame, or die with fame?
1st Citizen. A famous death, my lord, delights us most.
2d Citizen. We of thy faction (Marius) are resolv'd
To follow thee in life and death together.
Young Marius. Words full of worth, beseeming noble minds;
The very balsamum to mend my woes.
Oh, countrymen! you see Campania spoil'd;
A tyrant threat'ning mutinies in Rome;
A world despoil'd of virtue, faith, and trust.
If then, no peace, no liberty, no faith;
Conclude with me, and let it be no life!
Live not to see your tender infants slain;
These stately towers made level with the land;
This body mangled by our enemy's sword:
But full resolv'd to do as Marius doth,
Unsheath your poigniards, and let every friend
Bethink him of a soldier-like farewel.
Sirrah, display my standard on the walls,
And I will answer yond' Lucretius.
Who loveth Marius, now must die with Marius!
Lucretius. What answer will your lordship then return us?
Young Marius. Lucretius, we that know what Sylla is—
How dissolute, how trothless, and corrupt,

In brief, conclude to die before we yield:
But so to die (Lucretius, mark me well)
As loth to see the fury of our sword
Should murder friends, and Roman citizens.
Fie, countrymen! what fury doth infect
Your warlike bosoms, that were wont to fight
With foreign foes, not with Campanian friends.
Now, unadvised youth, must counsel eld,
For governance is banish'd out of Rome.
Woe to that bough from whence these blooms are sprung!
Woe to that Ætna, vomiting this fire!
Woe to that brand, consuming country's weal!
Woe to that Sylla, careless and secure,
That gapes with murder for a monarchy!
Go, second Brutus, with a Roman mind,
And kill that tyrant; and for Marius' sake,
Pity the guiltless wives of these your friends.
Preserve their weeping infants from the sword,
Whose fathers seal their honours with their bloods.
Farewel, Lucretius: first I press in place, [*Stab.*
To let thee see a constant Roman die.
Prænestians, lo, a wound, a fatal wound!
The pain but small, the glory passing great! [*Again.*
Prænestians, see a second stroke! why so;
I feel the dreeping dimness of the night,
Closing the coverts of my careful eyes.
Follow me friends; for Marius now must die
With fame, in spite of Sylla's tyranny[49]. [*Moritur.*

1st Citizen. We follow thee, our chieftain even in death.

Our town is thine, Lucretius; but, we pray
For mercy for our children and our wives. [*Moritur.*

2d Citizen. O, save my son, Lucretius; let him live. [*Moritur.*

Lucretius. A wondrous and bewitched constancy,

[49] In his Life of Marius, Plutarch states that this event occurred at Perusia, and that young Marius was besieged there by Sylla; but in his life of Sylla, he corrects the error, and informs us that young Marius was besieged by Lucretius, and that he slew himself at Prænestе.

Beseeming Marius' pride and haughty mind.
Come, let us charge the breach; the town is ours.
Both male and female, put them to the sword:
So please you Sylla, and fulfil his word. [*Exeunt.*

A little skirmish: a retreat. Enter in royalty, LUCRETIUS.

Lucretius. Now, Romans, we have brought Prœneste low,
And Marius sleeps amidst the dead at last:
So then to Rome, my countrymen, with joy,
Where Sylla waits the tidings of our fight.
Those prisoners that are taken, see forthwith
With warlike javelins you put them to the death.
Come, let us march! See Rome in sight, my hearts,
Where Sylla waits the tidings of our war.

Enter SYLLA, VALERIUS FLACCUS, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, *Citizen's Guard:* SYLLA *seated in his robes of state, is saluted by the Citizens, &c.*

Flaccus. Romans, you know, and to your griefs have seen,
A world of troubles hatched here at home,
Which through prevention being well nigh cross'd
By worthy Sylla and his warlike band,
I, consul, with these fathers, think it meet
To fortify our peace and city's weal,
To name some man of worth that may supply
Dictator's power and place; whose majesty
Shall cross the courage of rebellious minds.
What think you, Romans, will you condescend?

Sylla. Nay, Flaccus, for their profits they must yield;
For men of mean condition and conceit
Must humble their opinions to their lords.
And if my friends and citizens consent,
Since I am born to manage mighty things,
I will (though loth) both rule and govern them.
I speak not this as though I wish to reign,
But for to know my friends: and yet again,
I merit, Romans, far more grace than this.

Flaccus. I, countrymen, if Sylla's power and mind,
If Sylla's virtue, courage and device,

If Sylla's friends and fortunes merit fame,
None then but he should bear dictator's name.
Pompey. What think you, citizens, why stand ye mute?
Shall Sylla be dictator here in Rome?
Citizens. By full consent Sylla shall be dictator.
Flaccus. Then in the name of Rome I here present
The rods and axes into Sylla's hand;
And fortunate prove Sylla, our dictator.
[*Trumpets sound: Cry within, Sylla dictator.*
Sylla. My fortunes, Flaccus, cannot be impeach'd,
For at my birth the planets passing kind
Could entertain no retrograde aspects:
And that I may with kindness quite their love,
My countrymen, I will prevent the cause,
'Gainst all the false encounters of mishap.
You name me your dictator; but prefix
No time, no course, but give me leave to rule,
And yet exempt me not from your revenge.
Thus by your pleasures being set aloft,
Straight by your furies I should quickly fall.
No citizens, who readeth Sylla's mind,
Must form my titles in another kind:
Either let Sylla be dictator ever,
Or flatter Sylla with these titles never.
Citizens. Perpetual be thy glory and renown:
Perpetual lord dictator shalt thou be.
Pompey. Hereto the senate frankly doth agree.
Sylla. Then so shall Sylla reign, you senators,
Then so shall Sylla rule, you citizens,
As senators and citizens that please me
Shall be my friends; the rest cannot disease me.
Enter LUCRETIUS, *with Soldiers.*
But see whereas Lucretius is return'd.
Welcome, brave Roman: where is Marius?
Are these Prænestians put unto the sword?
Lucretius. The city, noble Sylla, razed is,
And Marius dead, not by our swords, my lord,
But with more constancy than Cato died.
Sylla. What, constancy! and but a very boy?

Why then I see he was his father's son.
But let us have this constancy described.

Lucretius. After our fierce assaults, and their resist,
Our siege, their sallying out to stop our trench,
Labour and hunger reigning in the town,
The younger Marius on the city's wall,
Vouchsaf'd an inter-parly at the last;
Wherein with constancy and courage too,
He boldly arm'd his friends, himself, to death;
And spreading of his colours on the wall,
For answer said he could not brook to yield,
Or trust a tyrant such as Sylla was.

Sylla. What, did the brain-sick boy upbraid me so?
But let us hear the rest, Lucretius.

Lucretius. And, after great persuasions to his friends,
And worthy resolution of them all,
He first did sheathe his poigniard in his breast,
And so in order died all the rest.

Sylla. Now, by my sword, this was a worthy jest. [50]
Yet, silly boy, I needs must pity thee,
Whose noble mind could never mated be.
Believe me, countrymen, a sudden thought,
A sudden change in Sylla now hath wrought.
Old Marius and his son were men of name,
Nor fortune's laughs nor lowers their minds could tame,
And when I count their fortunes that are past,
I see that death confirm'd their fames at last.
Then he that strives to manage mighty things,
Amidst his triumphs gains a troubled mind.
The greatest hope, the greatest harm it brings,
And poor men in content their glory find.
If then content be such a pleasant thing,
Why leave I country life to live a king?

[50] *Jest* was used by our ancestors in various senses, but here it means a deed or action only: thus Sir T. Elyot, as Mr. Todd notes, speaks of "the *jests* or acts of princes and captains." In fact, this is the general signification of the term, though it has sometimes a more particular application. *Gest* and *jest* are the same word, though now and then distinguished.

Yet kings are gods, and make the proudest stoop;
Yea, but themselves are still pursued with hate:
And men were made to mount and then to droop.
Such chances wait upon uncertain fate,
That where she kisseth once, she quelleth twice;
Then whoso lives content is happy, wise.
What motion moveth this philosophy?
Oh, Sylla, see the ocean ebbs and floats;
The spring-time wanes when winter draweth nigh:
I, these are true and most assured notes.
Inconstant chance such tickle turns has lent,
As whoso fears no fall, must seek content.

Flaccus. Whilst graver thoughts of honour should allure thee,
What maketh Sylla muse and mutter thus?

Sylla. I, that have pass'd amidst the mighty troops
Of armed legions, through a world of war,
Do now bethink me, Flaccus, of my chance:
How I alone, where many men were slain,
In spite of fate, am come to Rome again.
And lo, I wield the reverend stiles of state;
Yea, Sylla, with a beck could break thy neck.
What lord of Rome hath dar'd as much as I?
Yet Flaccus know'st thou not that I must die?
The labouring sisters on the weary looms
Have drawn my web of life at length, I know;
And men of wit must think upon their tombs:
For beasts with careless steps to Lethe go;
Where men whose thoughts and honours climb on high,
Living with fame, must learn with fame to die.

Pompey. What lets, my lord, in governing this state,
To live in rest, and die with honour too?

Sylla. What lets me, Pompey? why, my courteous friend,
Can he remain secure that wields a charge,
Or think of wit when flatterers do commend,
Or be advis'd that careless runs at large?
No, Pompey: honey words make foolish minds,
And power the greatest wit with error blinds.

Flaccus, I murder'd Anthony, thy friend;
Romans, some here have lost at my command
Their fathers, mothers, brothers and allies;
And think you Sylla, thinking these misdeeds,
Bethinks not on your grudges and mislike?
Yes, countrymen, I bear them still in mind:
Then, Pompey, were I not a silly man,
To leave my rule, and trust these Romans than?[51]

Pompey. Your grace hath small occasions of mistrust,
Nor seek these citizens for your disclaim.

Sylla. But, Pompey, now these reaching plumes of pride,
That mounted up my fortunes to the clouds,
By grave conceits shall straight be laid aside,
And Sylla thinks of far more simple shrouds.
For having tried occasion in the throne,
I'll see if she dare frown when state is gone.
Lo, senators, the man that sat aloft,
Now deigns to give inferiors highest place.
Lo, here the man whom Rome repined oft,
A private man content to brook disgrace.
Romans, lo, here the axes, rods, and all:
I'll master fortune, least she make me thrall.
Now whoso list accuse me, tell my wrongs,
Upbraid me in the presence of this state.
Is none these jolly citizens among,
That will accuse, or say I am ingrate?
Then will I say, and boldly boast my chances,
That nought may force the man whom fate advances.

Flaccus. What meaneth Sylla in this sullen mood,
To leave his titles on the sudden thus?

Sylla. Consul, I mean with calm and quiet mind
To pass my days while happy death I find.

Pompey. What greater wrong than leave thy country so?

Sylla. Both it and life must Sylla leave in time.

Citizen. Yet during life have care of Rome and us.

[51] As *than* was formerly spelt *then*, so *then* is not unfrequently met with spelt *than*, especially when, as in this case, it was wanted for a rhime.

Sylla. O wanton world, that flatter'st in thy prime,
And breathest balm and poison mix'd in one!
See how these wavering Romans wish'd my reign,
That whilom fought, and sought to have me slain.
My countrymen, this city wants no store
Of fathers, warriors, to supply my room;
So grant me peace, and I will die for Rome.

Enter two Burghers to them, POPPEY *and* CURTALL.

Curtall. These are very indiscreet counsels, neighbour Poppey, and I will follow your misadvisement.

Poppey I tell you, goodman Curtall, the wench hath wrong. Oh vain world, oh foolish men! could a man in nature cast a wench down, and disdain in nature to lift her up again? Could he take away her dishonesty without bouncing up the banns of matrimony? oh learned poet, well didst thou write fustian verse.

These maids are daws
That go to the laws,
And a babe in the belly.

Curtall. Tut, man, 'tis the way the world must follow, for

Maids must be kind,
Good husbands to find.

Poppey. But mark the fierce,[52]

If they swell before,
It will grieve them sore.

But see yond's Master Sylla: faith a pretty fellow is a.

Sylla. What seeks my countrymen? what would my friends?

Curtall. Nay, sir, your kind words shall not serve the turn: why think you to thrust your soldiers into our kindred with your courtesies, sir?

Poppey. I tell you, Master Sylla, my neighbour will have the law: he had the right, he will have the wrong, for therein owells the law.

Consul. What desire these men of Rome?

Curtall. Neighbour, sharpen the edge-tool of your

[52] So the old copy has it; but ought we not to read "But mark the *rest*," or something of the kind. "But mark the *fierce*" seems unintelligible.

wits upon the whetstone of indiscretion, that your words may shine like the razors of Palermo: you have learning with ignorance, therefore speak my tale.

Poppey. Then, worshipful master Sylla, be it known unto you,
That my neighbour's daughter, Dority,
Was a maid of restority;
Fair, fresh, and fine
As a merry cup of wine;
Her eyes like two potch'd eggs,
Great and goodly her legs;
But mark my doleful ditty,
Alas! for woe and pity!
A soldier of your's
Upon a bed of flowers,
Gave her such a fall,
As she lost maidenhead and all.
And thus in very good time
I end my rudeful rhime.

Sylla. And what of this my friend, why seek you me,
Who have resign'd my titles, and my state,
To live a private life, as you do now?
Go move the consul, Flaccus, in this cause,
Who now hath power to execute the laws.

Curtall. And are you no more master dixcator, nor generality of the soldiers?

Sylla. My powers do cease, my titles are resign'd.

Curtall. Have you signed your titles? O base mind, that being in the Paul's steeple of honour, hast cast thyself into the sink of simplicity. Fie, beast!
Were I a king, I would day by day
Suck up white bread and milk,
And go a jetting in a jacket of silk;
My meat should be the curds,
My drink should be the whey,
And I would have a mincing lass to love me every day.

Poppey. Nay, goodman Curtall, your discretions are very simple; let me cramp him with a reason. Sirrah, whether is better good ale or small-beer? Alas! see his simplicity that cannot answer me: why I say ale.

Curtall. And so say I, neighbour.

Poppey. Thou hast reason; ergo, say I, 'tis better be a king than a clown. Faith, master Sylla, I hope a man may now call ye knave by authority.

Sylla. With what impatience hear I these upbraids,
That whilom plagued the least offence with death.
Oh, Sylla, these are stales of destiny,
By some upbraids to try thy constancy.
My friends, these scorns of yours perhaps may move
The next dictator shun to yield his state,
For fear he find as much as Sylla doth.
But Flaccus, to prevent their farther wrong,
Vouchsafe some lictor may attach the man,
And do them right that thus complain abuse.

Flaccus. Sirrah, go you and bring the soldier
That hath so loosely lean'd to lawless lust:
We will have means sufficient, be assured,
To cool his heat, and make the wanton chaste.

Curtall. We thank your mastership. Come neighbour let us jog,
Faith this news will set my daughter Dorothy agog.
[*Exeunt cum Lictore.*

Sylla. Grave senators, and Romans, now you see
The humble bent of Sylla's changed mind.
Now will I leave you lords, from courtly train
To dwell content amidst my country cave,
Where no ambitious humours shall approach
The quiet silence of my happy sleep:
Where no delicious jouisance or toys,
Shall tickle with delight my temper'd ears;
But wearying out the lingering day with toil,
Tiring my veins, and furrowing of my soul,
The silent night, with slumber stealing on,
Shall lock these careful closets of mine eyes.
Oh had I known the height of happiness,
Or bent mine eyes upon my mother earth,
Long since, O Rome, had Sylla with rejoice,
Forsaken arms to lead a private life!

Flaccus. But in this humbleness of mind, my lord,
Whereas experience prov'd, and art do meet,

How happy were these fair Italian fields
If they were graced with so sweet a sun.
Then I for Romé, and Rome with me, requires,
That Sylla will abide, and govern Rome.

Sylla. O Flaccus, if th' Arabian phœnix strive,
By nature's warning, to renew her kind,
When soaring nigh the glorious eye of heaven,
She from her cinders doth revive her sex,
Why should not Sylla learn by her to die,
That erst have been the Phœnix of this land?
And drawing near the sunshine of content,
Perish obscure to make your glories grow.
For as the higher trees do shield the shrubs
From posting Phlegons[55] warmth and breathing fire,
So mighty men obscure each others fame,
And make the best deservers fortune's game.

Enter GENIUS.

But ah, what sudden furies do affright?
What apparitious fantasies are these?
Oh let me rest sweet lords, for why, methinks,
Some fatal spells are sounded in mine ears.

Gen. *Subsequetur tua mors: privari lumine Scillam,*
Numina Parcarum jam fera precipiunt
Præcipiunt fera jam Parcarum numina, Scillam,
Lumina privari mors tua subsequitur.
Elysium petis, ó fœlix! et fatidici astri:
Præscius Heroas ó petis innumeros!
Innumeros petis ó Heroas! præscius astri
Fatidici: et fœlix, ó petis Elysium!
Evanescit subitò.

Syll. *Ergón post dulces annos properantia fata?*
Ergóne jam tenebræ præmia lucis erunt?
Attamen, ut vitæ fortunam gloriâ mortis
Vincat in extremo funere cantet olor.

Pompey. How fares my lord? what dreadful thoughts are these?
What doubtful answers on a sudden thus?

[55] "*Phlegon's* hot breath" is mentioned in *Fuimus Troes*, vol. VII. One of the horses of the sun was so named.

Sylla. Pompey, the man that made the world to stoop,
And fetter'd fortune in the chains of power,
Must droop and draw the chariot of fate
Along the darksome banks of Acheron.
The heavens have warn'd me of my present fall.
Oh call Cornelia forth: let Sylla see
His daughter Fulvia ere his eyes be shut.
[*Exit one for Cornelia.*

Flaccus. Why Sylla, where is now thy wonted hope
In greatest hazard of unstayed chance.
What, shall a little biting blast of pain,
Blemish the blossoms of thy wonted pride?

Sylla. My Flaccus, worldly joys and pleasures fade.
Inconstant time, like to the fleeting tide,
With endless course man's hopes doth overbear:
Nought now remains, that Sylla fain would have,
But lasting fame when body lies in grave.

Enter CORNELIA, FULVIA.

Cornelia. How fares my lord? How doth my gentle Sylla.

Sylla. Ah, my Cornelia, passing happy now,
Free from the world, allied unto the heavens;
Not curious of incertain chances now.

Cornelia. Words full of woe, still adding to my grief,
A cureless cross of many hundred harms.
Oh let not Rome and poor Cornelia lose,
The one her friend, the other her delight.

Sylla. Cornelia, man hath power by some instinct,
And gracious revolution of the stars,
To conquer kingdoms, not to master fate:
For when the course of mortal life is run
Then Clotho ends the web her sister spun.
Pompey, lord Flaccus, fellow senators,
In that I feel the faintful dews of death
Steeping mine eyes within their chilly wet,
The care I have of wife and daughter both,
Must on your wisdom happily rely.
With equal distribution see you part
My lands and goods betwixt these lovely twain:

Only bestow a hundred thousand sesterces,
Upon my friends and fellow soldiers.
Thus, having made my final testament,
Come, Fulvia, let thy father lay his head
Upon thy lovely bosom, and entreat
A virtuous boon and favour at thy hands.
Fair Roman maid, see that thou wed thy fairs
To modest virtuous and delightful thoughts:
Let Rome, in viewing thee, behold thy sire.
Honour Cornelia, from whose fruitful womb
Thy plenteous beauties sweetly did appear;
And with this lesson lovely maid farewel.

Fulvia. Oh tedious and unhappy chance for me!

Sylla. Content thee, Fulvia, for it needs must be.
Cornelia, I must leave thee to the world;
And by those loves that I have lent thee oft,
In mutual wedlock rites, and happy war,
Remember Sylla in my Fulvia still.
Consul farewel! my Pompey, I must hence:
And farewel Rome: and Fortune now I bless thee,
That both in life and death would'st not oppress me!
[*Dies.*

Cornelia. Oh hideous storms of never daunted fate!
Now are those eyes whose sweet reflections cool'd
The smother'd rancours of rebellious thoughts,
Clad with the sable mantles of the night;
And like the tree that robb'd of sun and showers
Mourns desolate withouten leaf or sap,
So poor Cornelia, late bereft of love,
Sits sighing, hapless, joyless, and forlorn.

Fulvia. Gone is the flower that did adorn our fields;
Fled are those sweet reflections of delight:
Dead is my father! Fulvia, dead is he
In whom thy life, for whom thy death must be.

Flaccus. Ladies, to tire the time in restless moan
Were tedious unto friends and nature too:
Sufficeth you, that Sylla so is dead,
As fame shall sing his power though life be fled.

Pompey. Then to conclude his happiness, my lords,
Determine where shall be his funeral.

Lepidus. Even there where other nobles are interr'd.
Pompey. Why Lepidus, what Roman ever was,
That merited so high a name as he?
Then why with simple pomp and funeral
Would you entomb so rare a paragon?
Cornelia. An urn of gold shall hem his ashes in:
The vestal virgins with their holy notes
Shall sing his famous (though too fatal) death.
I, and my Fulvia, with dispersed hair,
Will wait upon this noble Roman's hearse.
Fulvia. And Fulvia, clad in black and mournful pall,
Will wait upon her father's funeral.
Pompey. Come, bear we hence this trophy of renown,
Whose life, whose death was far from fortune's frown.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

The funerals of Sylla in great pomp.

Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus:
Et non juvante nil juvat labor gravis.

EDITION.

The Wounds of Civill War. Lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla. As it hath beene publiquely plaide in London, by the Right Honourable the Lord high Admirall his Servants. Written by Thomas Lodge, Gent *O vita! misero longa, felici brevis.* London. Printed by John Danter, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Paules Churchyarde, 1594. 4to.

THE HEIR.

THOMAS MAY, was the son of Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield, in the county of Sussex, Knight; a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, which had resided there many generations.* He was born in the year 1595, and received his early education in the neighbourhood of his birth-place; from thence he was removed to Sidney-Sussex College in Cambridge, and took the degree of B. A. in 1612. On the 6th of August, 1615, he was admitted into the society of Gray's-Inn, and soon after became celebrated for his poetical performances.

Lord Clarendon† with whom he was intimately acquainted, says, "That his father spent the fortune "which he was born to, so that he had only an annuity "left him not proportionable to a liberal education; "yet, since his fortune could not raise his mind, he "brought his mind down to his fortune, by a great "modesty and humility in his nature, which was not "affected, but very well became an imperfection in his "speech, which was a great mortification to him, and "kept him from entering upon any discourse but in the "company of his very friends. His parts of nature "and art were very good, as appears by his translation "of Lucan (none of the easiest work of that kind) "and more by his Supplement to Lucan, which, being "entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the

* According to the following extract this does not appear to be quite correct:

"Thomas May, father of the poet, purchased Mayfield Place, "in Sussex, (formerly an archiepiscopal palace, and afterwards the "seat of the Greshams) of Henry Neville, of Billingbere, Berks, "in 1597. He was knighted at Greenwich, July 3, 1603, and "died 1616. He was father to Thomas May, the celebrated poet "and historian, by whom Mayfield was aliened from the family "in 1617: his mother, Joan May, and cousin, Richard May, of "Islington, gent. joining with him in the conveyance to John "Baker, Esq. whose descendants have ever since enjoyed it."—*Nich. Leicestersh.* 3. 156. note. O. G.

† Life, 8vo. edition 1759. p. 35.

" language, may be well looked upon as one of the " best epic poems in the English language. He writ " some other commendable pieces of the reign of some " of our kings. He was cherished by many persons " of honour, and very acceptable in all places; yet " (to shew that pride and envy have their influences " upon the narrowest minds, and which have the great- " est semblance of humility) though he had received " much countenance, and a very considerable donative " from the king: upon his majesty's refusing to give " him a small pension,* which he had designed and " promised to another very ingenious person, whose " qualities he thought inferior to his own; he fell from " his duty, and all his former friends, and prostituted " himself to the vile office † of celebrating the infamous " acts of those who were in rebellion against the king; " which he did so meanly, that he seemed to all men " to have lost his wits when he left his honesty; and " shortly after died miserable and neglected, and de- " serves to be forgotten."

He died suddenly on the night of the 13th of November, 1650, after having drank his cheerful bottle as usual. The cause of his death is said to have arisen from the tying of his night-cap too close under his chin, which occasioned a suffocation when he turned himself about.

He was buried, by appointment of the Parliament, in a splendid manner, in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, where a monument to his memory was erected, with a Latin inscription thereon, composed by Marchemont Needham; which remained there until the restoration, when it was destroyed, and his body dug up, and buried in a large pit belonging to St. Margaret's church, with many others who had been interred in the abbey during the interregnum.

* Some writers suppose he was disgusted that Sir William Davenant was appointed to succeed Ben Jonson as poet laureat, in the year 1637.

† He was appointed to the post of Historiographer by the Parliament.

He was the author of the following dramatic pieces:

1. "The Tragedy of Antigone the Theban princesse." 8vo. 1631.

2. "The Heire: a Comedy: acted by the Company "of the Revels, 1620." 4to. 1633.

3. "The Tragedy of Julia Agrippina, Empress of "Rome." 12mo. 1639. 12mo. 1654.

4. "The Tragedy of Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt." 12mo. 1639. 12mo. 1654.

5. "The Old Couple: a Comedy." 4to. 1658.

He also wrote "The reign of king Henry the Second," and "The victorious reign of Edward the Third,"* both in English verse; and translated, besides Lucan, the Georgics of Virgil, the Epigrams of Martial, the Icon Animorum by Barclay, and the verses in Argenis by the same author. He likewise was the author of "The History of the Parliament of England, "which began November 3, 1640, with a short and "necessary view of some precedent years." Folio 1647.†

The following inscription‡ was made upon him by one of the Cavalier party, which he had abused:

Adsta, Viator, et Poetam legas
Lucani interpretem,
Quem ita feliciter Anglicanum fecerat,
Ut Mayus simul et Lucanus videretur,
Et sane credas Metempsuchosin:

* This poem was dedicated to Charles I. in 1635: hence it appears that he wrote it by command of the King. "Those defects "(he says) whatsoever they be, can be imputed only to insuffi- "ciency, for neither was there argument wanting, nor yet endea- "vour, since I had the actions of a great king to require my skill, "and the command of a greater king to oblige my care." C.

† Thomas May has a complimentary poem prefixed to Pilkington's "Tournament of Tottenham," &c. 4to. 1631. O. G.

‡ The subsequent lines are found in Wit's Recreations, 1641.

TO MR. THOMAS MAY.

"Thou son of Mercury, whose fluent tongue
"Made Lucan finish his Pharsalian song,
"Thy fame is equal, better is thy fate,
"Thou hast got Charles his love, he Nero's hate."

Of course this was before (as Lord Clarendon expresses it) "he fell from his duty." C.

Nam uterque ingratus Principis sui Proditor;
Hic Neronis Tyranni, ille Caroli Regum optimi,
At fata planè diversa;
Lucanum enim ante obitum pœnitentem legis,
Mayus vero repentina morte occubuit,
Ne forsan pœniteret.
Parliamenti Rebellis tam pertinax adstipulator,
Ut Musarum, quas olim religiose coluerat,
Sacrilegus Hostis evaserit:
Attamen fingendi artem non penitus amisit,
Nam gesta eorum scripsit et typis mandavit
In prosâ mendax Poeta.
Inter tot Heroas Poetarum, Nobiliumque,
Quod tam indigni sepeliantur Cineres,
Videntur flere Marmora.
Nec tamen mirere cùm hic Rebelles posuisse,
Qui tot sacras Ædes, et Dei delubra,
Equis fecere stabula.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

MASTER THOMAS MAY,

UPON HIS COMEDY, THE HEIR.

The Heir being born, was in his tender age
Rock'd in the cradle of a private stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand;
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares prefer
His steps into the public theatre,
The world: where he despairs not but to find
A doom from men more able, not less kind.
I but his usher am; yet, if my word
May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.
You shall observe his words in order meet,
And, softly stealing on with equal feet,
Slide into even numbers, with such grace,
As each word had been moulded for that place.
You shall perceive an amorous passion, spun
Into so smooth a web, as, had the Sun,
When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying maid,
Courted her in such language, she had staid:
A love so well exprest must be the same,
The author felt himself from his fair flame.
The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
Through the five acts, as doth a lock, that goes
With letters; for, till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as if you had found none;
And, where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
My want of art (dear friend) than to conceal

My love. It did appear I did not mean
So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,
As men might judge my aim rather to be,
To gain praise to myself, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath outlast.
Yet was this garment (tho' I skill-less be
To take thy measure) only made for thee;
And, if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

THOMAS CAREW*.

* *Thomas Carew*] "was the younger brother of a good family, "and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in "France and Italy; and, returning from travel, followed the court, "which the modesty of that time disposed men to do some time, "before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much es- "teemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked "upon by the king himself, some years before he could obtain to be "sewer to the king; and when the king conferred that place upon "him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch na- "tion, which united themselves in recommending another gentle- "man to it; and of so great value were those relations held in that "age, when majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. "He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many "poems, especially in the amorous way, which, for the sharp- "ness of the fancy, and the elegancy of the language in which that "fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of "that time: but his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, "spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, "he died with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the "greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could "desire." *Life of Clarendon*, 8vo. edit. 1759, vol. I. p. 36. He died in the year 1639.

THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

The KING.
VIRRO, *an old rich count.*
POLYMETES, *an old lord.*
EUGENIO, *his son.*
LEUCOTHOE, *his daughter.*
ROSCIO, *his man.*
EUPHUES, *another lord.*
PHILOCLES, *his son.*
CLERIMONT, *a gentleman, friend to Philocles.*
FRANKLIN, *an old rich gentleman.*
LUCE,* *his daughter.*
FRANCISCO, *a young man.*
ALPHONSO.
SHALLOW, *a foolish gentleman.*
NICANOR, *a courtier.*
MATHO, *a lawyer.*
PSECTAS†, *a waiting gentlewoman.*
A PARSON.
A SUMNER.
A CONSTABLE *and* WATCH.
SERVANTS.

Scene Sicily.

* The author calls her *Luce* throughout, which the modern editor changed to Lucy. As a matter of taste, *Lucy* may be preferable to *Luce;* but the author ought to be allowed to judge for himself, and sometimes the measure of the lines has been spoiled by the needless alteration. C.

† *Psectas.*] *i. e. Vituperator,* which answers to her character. Former editions read *Psecas.* S. P.

PROLOGUS.

Judicious friends, if what shall here be seen
May taste your sense, or ope your tickled spleen,
Our author has his wish: he does not mean
To rub your galls with a satirick scene;
Nor toil your brains, to find the fustian sense,
Of those poor lines that cannot recompence
The pains of study: Comedy's soft strain
Should not perplex, but recreate the brain;
His strain is such, he hopes it, but refers
That to the test of your judicious ears.

THE HEIR*.

ACT I.

Enter POLYMETES, ROSCIO.

Polymetes. Roscio.
Roscio. My lord.
Polymetes. Hast thou divulg'd the news
That my son died at Athens?
Roscio: Yes, my lord,
With every circumstance, the time, the place,
And manner of his death; that 'tis believ'd,
And told for news with as much confidence
As if 'twere writ in Gallo-belgicus[1].

* There are two title pages to this comedy, in the year 1633, but they are both the same edition. The one has the words "*the se-*" *cond impression*" upon it (see the end of the play) from which the reprint was made, under the care of Mr. Reed. The other is without them; but in all other respects they are precisely similar. Whether the performance did not sell well in the first instance, and the stationer resorted to this expedient to get rid of copies remaining on hand, must be matter of conjecture only. C.

[1] *Gallo-belgicus.*] Gallo-belgicus was the name of the first newspaper published in England. *Cleveland* in the *Character of a London Diurnal*, says, "The original sinner of this kind was *Dutch, Gallo-*" *belgicus*, the *Protoplast*, and the *Modern Mercuries* but Hans en "Kelders." The exact time when they were printed, I am unable to discover; but they certainly were as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth; some intelligence given by *Mercurius Gallo belgicus* being mentioned in *Carew's Survey of Cornwall*, p. 126, originally published in 1602. Dr. Donne, in his verses upon Thomas Coryat's Crudities, 1611, says,

——— "To *Gallo Belgicus* appear
"As deep a Statesman as a Gazetteer."

See upon this point Mr. Gifford's note to Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, v. 185, where he shews that Gallo-Belgicus was not a newspaper nor was it printed in England. C.

Polymetes. That's well, that's very well: now Roscio,
Follows my part; I must express a grief
Not usual; not like a well-left heir
For his dead father, or a lusty widow
For her old husband, must I counterfeit:
But in a deeper, a far deeper strain,
Weep like a father for his only son.
Is not that hard to do, ha! Roscio?

Roscio. Oh no, my lord,
Not for your skill; has not your lordship seen
A player personate Hieronimo[2]?

Polymetes. By th' mass, 'tis true, I have seen the knave paint grief
In such a lively colour, that for false
And acted passion he has drawn true tears
From the spectators. Ladies in the boxes
Kept time with sighs and tears to his sad accents,
As he had truly been the man he seem'd.
Well then, I'll ne'er despair: but tell me thou,
Thou that hast still been privy to my bosom,
How will this project take?

Roscio. Rarely, my lord;
Even now, methinks, I see your lordship's house
Haunted with suitors of the noblest rank,
And my young lady, your supposed heir,
Tir'd more with wooing than the Grecian queen (2),
In the long absence of her wandering lord.
There's not a ruinous nobility
In all this kingdom, but conceives a hope
Now to rebuild his fortunes on this match.

Polymetes. Those are not they I look for: no, my nets
Are spread for other game; the rich and greedy,
Those that have wealth enough, yet gape for more,
They are for me.

Roscio. Others will come, my lord,
All sorts of fish will press upon your nets;

[2] *Hieronimo.*] See *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.
(2) *Grecian Queen.*] Penelope.

Then in your lordship's wisdom it must lie
To cull the great ones, and reject the fry.
Polymetes. Nay, fear not that; there's none shall have access
To see my daughter, or to speak to her,
But such as I approve, and aim to catch.
Roscio. The jest will be, my lord, when you shall see
How your aspiring suitors will put on
The face of greatness, and belie their fortunes,
Consume themselves in shew, wasting like merchants
Their present wealth in rigging a fair ship
For some ill-ventur'd voyage that undoes 'em.
Here comes a youth with letters from the court,
Bought of some favourite, at such a price
As will for ever sink him; yet alas
All's to no purpose, he must lose the prize.
Polymetes. 'Twill feed me fat with sport that it shall make,
Besides the large adventures it brings home
Unto my daughter, How now!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My lord, Count Virro is come to see you.
Polymetes. Conduct him in. So, so, it takes already.
See, Roscio, see, this is the very man
My project aim'd at, the rich count, that knows
No end of his large wealth, yet gapes for more.
There was no other loadstone could attract
His iron heart; for could beauty have mov'd him,
Nature has been no niggard to my girl.
But I must to my grief: here comes the count.

Enter COUNT VIRRO.

Virro. Is your lord asleep?
Roscio. No sir; I think not.
My lord, Count Virro!
Virro. How do you, sir?
Polymetes. I do intreat your lordship pardon me:
Grief, and some want of sleep, have made me
At this time unmannerly, not fit to entertain

43367

Guests of your worth.

Virro. Alas, sir, I know your grief.

Roscio. 'Twas that that fetch'd you hither. [*Aside.*

Virro. Y' have lost a worthy and a hopeful son;
But Heaven, that always gives, will sometimes take,
And that the best. There is no balsam left us
To cure such wounds as these, but patience;
There is no disputing with the acts of Heaven;
But if there were, in what could you accuse
Those Powers that else have been so liberal to you,
And left you yet one comfort in your age,
A fair and virtuous daughter.

Roscio. Now it begins. [*Aside.*

Virro. Your blood is not extinct, nor your age childless:
From that fair branch that's left may come much fruit,
To glad posterity: think on that, my lord.

Polymetes. Nay, Heaven forbid I should repine
At what the justice of those Powers ordain;
It has pleas'd them to confine my care
Only to one, and to see her well bestow'd
Is all the comfort that I now must look for;
But if it had pleas'd Heaven that my son,
Ah my Eugenio!— [*He weeps.*

Virro. Alas, good gentleman!

Roscio. 'Fore Heaven, he does it rarely!

Virro. But, sir, remember yourself, remember your daughter; let not your grief for the dead make you forget the living, whose hopes and fortunes depend upon your safety.

Polymetes. Oh my good lord, you never had a son.

Roscio. Unless they were bastards, and for them no doubt but he has done as other lords do. [*Aside.*

Polymetes And therefore cannot tell what 'tis to lose a son,
A good son, and an only son.

Virro. I would, my lord I could as well redress,
As I can take compassion of your grief,
You should soon find an ease.

Polymetes. Pray pardon me, my lord,

If I forget myself toward you at this time;
If it please you to visit my house ofter,
You shall be welcome.

Virro. You would fain sleep, my lord, I'll take my leave.
Heaven send you comfort! I shall make bold shortly
To visit you.

Polymetes. You shall be wondrous welcome.
Wait on my lord out there. [*Exit Virro.*
So, now he's gone: how thinkest thou, Roscio,
Will not this gudgeon bite?

Roscio. No doubt, my lord,
So fair a bait would catch a cunning fish.

Polymetes. And such a one is he; he ever lov'd
The beauty of my girl, but that's not it
Can draw the earth-bred thoughts of his gross soul.
Gold is the god of his idolatry,
With hope of which I'll feed him, till at length
I make him fasten, and, Ixion-like,
For his lov'd Juno grasp an empty cloud.

Roscio. How stands my young lady affected to him?

Polymetes. There's all the difficulty; we must win her to love him. I doubt the peevish girl will think him too old; he's well near fifty. In this business I must leave somewhat to thy wit and care: praise him beyond all measure.

Roscio. Your lordship ever found me trusty.

Polymetes. If thou effect it, I will make thee happy.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILOCLES, CLERIMONT.

Philocles. Eugenio's sister then is the rich heir
By his decease?

Clerimont. Yes, and the fair one too:
She needs no gloss that fortune can set on her,
Her beauty of itself were prize enough
To make a king turn beggar for.

Philocles. Hey-day!
What in love, Clerimont? I lay my life 'tis so;
Thou could'st not praise her with such passion else.

Clerimont. I know not; I slept well enough last night:
But if thou saw'st her once, I would not give
A farthing for thy life; I tell thee, Philocles,
One sight of her would make thee cry, ay me!
Sigh, and look pale: methinks I do imagine
How like an idolatrous lover thou wouldst look
Through the eye-lids—know nobody.

Philocles. 'Tis very well, but how did your worship 'scape?
You have seen her.

Clerimont. True, but I have an antidote, and I can teach it thee.

Philocles. When I have need on't, I'll desire it.

Clerimont. And 'twill be worth thy learning, when thou shalt see the tyranny of that same scurvy boy, and what fools he makes of us. Shall I describe the beast?

Philocles. What beast?

Clerimont. A lover.

Philocles. Do.

Clerimont. Then, to be brief, I will pass over the opinion of your ancient fathers, as likewise those strange loves spoken of in the authentic histories of chivalry, Amadis de Gaul, Parismus, the Knight of the Sun, or the witty knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, where those brave men whom neither enchantments, giants, wind-mills, nor flocks of sheep, could vanquish, are made the trophies of triumphing love.

Philocles. Pr'ythee come to the matter.

Clerimont. Neither will I mention the complaints of Sir Guy for the fair Phelis, nor the travels of Parismus for the love of the beauteous Laurana; nor, lastly, the most sad penance of the ingenious knight Don Quixote upon the mountains of Sierra Morena,* moved by the unjust disdain of the lady Dulcinia del Toboso. As for our modern authors, I will not so much as name them;

* In the quarto, 1633, it stands *Sienna Morenna*, and so Mr. Reed allowed it to remain. C.

no, not that excellent treatise of Tully's love, written by the master of art.[3]

Philocles. I would thou wouldst pass over this passing over of authors, and speak thine own judgment.

Clerimont. Why then, to be brief, I think a lover looks like an ass.

Philocles. I can describe him better than so myself: he looks like a man that had sitten up at cards all night, or a stale drunkard waken'd in the midst of his sleep.

Clerimont. But, Philocles, I would not have thee see this lady, she has a bewitching look.

Philocles. How dar'st thou venture, man? What strange medicine hast thou found? Ovid ne'er taught it thee: I doubt I guess thy remedy for love; go to a bawdy-house, or so, is it not?

Clerimont. Faith, and that's a good way, I can tell you; we younger brothers are beholden to it: alas, we must not fall in love, and chuse whom we like best; we have no jointures for them, as you blest heirs can have.

Philocles. Well, I have found you, sir. And pr'ythee tell me, how gett'st thou wenches?

Clerimont. Why I can want no panders; I lie in the constable's house.

Philocles. And there you may whore by authority.
But, Clerimont, I doubt this paragon
That thou so praisest, is some ill-favoured wench
Whom thou wouldst have me laugh'd at for commending.

Clerimont. Believe it, I spoke in earnest: trust your eyes,
I'll shew you her.

Philocles. How canst thou do it?
Thou know'st this lady's father is to mine
A deadly enemy; nor is his house
Open to any of our kindred.

Clerimont. That's no matter:

[3] *Tully's love, written by the master of art.*] The work here mentioned is entitled "*Tullies Love*, wherein is discovered the prime of "Ciceroe's youth," &c. &c. By Robert Greene. *In artibus magister.* I have seen no earlier edition of it than that in 1616. S.

My lodging's the next door to this lord's house,
And my back window looks into his garden;
There every morning fair Leucothoë
(For so I hear her nam'd) walking alone,
To please her senses, makes Aurora blush,
To see one brighter than herself appear.

Philocles. Well, I will see her then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKLIN, FRANCISCO, *and* LUCE.*

Francisco. Yet for her sake be advised better, sir.

Franklin. Impudent rascal, can'st look me i' th' face, and know how thou hast wrong'd me? thou hast dishonoured my daughter, made a whore of her.

Francisco. Gentle sir,
The wrong my love has made to your fair daughter
'Tis now too late to wish undone again;
But if you please, it may be yet clos'd up
Without dishonour; I will marry her.

Franklin. Marry her! she has a hot catch of that: marry a beggar!
What jointure canst thou make her?

Francisco. Sir, I am poor, I must confess;
Fortune has blest you better: but I swear
By all things that can bind, 'twas not your wealth
Was the foundation of my true-built love;
It was her single uncompounded self,
Herself without addition that I lov'd,
Which shall for ever in my sight outweigh
All other women's fortunes, and themselves;
And were I great, as great as I could wish
Myself for her advancement, no such bar
As fortune's inequality should stand
Betwixt our loves.

Luce. Good father, hear me.

Franklin. Dost thou not blush to call me father, strumpet?
I'll make thee an example.

Luce. But hear me sir; my shame will be your own.

* The situation of Luce is expressed, after her name in the old copy, by the word *gravida*, and there seems no reason for omitting it. The conclusion of the play shews the necessity of making her condition obvious. C.

Franklin. No more, I say. Francisco, leave my house,
I charge you come not here.

Francisco. I must obey, and will. Dear Luce be constant.

Luce. 'Till death. [*Exit Francisco.*

Franklin. Here's a fine wedding towards! The bridegroom, when he comes for his bride, shall find her great with child by another man! Passion-a-me, minion, how have you hid it so long?

Luce. Fearing your anger, sir, I strove to hide it.

Franklin. Hide it one day more then, or be damn'd. Hide it till Shallow be married to thee, and then let him do his worst.

Luce. Sir, I should too much wrong him.

Franklin. Wrong him! there be great ladies have done the like; 'tis no news to see a bride with child.

Luce. Good sir.

Franklin, Then be wise, lay the child to him: he's a rich man, t'other's a beggar.

Luce. I dare not, sir.

Franklin. Do it I say, and he shall father it.

Luce. He knows he never touch'd me, sir.

Franklin That's all one; lay it to him, we'll outface him 'tis his: but hark, he is coming, I hear the musick. Swear thou wilt do thy best to make him think 'tis his, only for this time; swear quickly.

Luce. I do

Franklin. Go step aside, and come when thy cue is; thou shalt hear us talk. [*Luce aside.*

Enter SHALLOW *with musick.*

Shallow. Morrow, father.

Franklin. Son bridegroom, welcome; you have been look'd for here.

Shallow. My tailor a little disappointed me; but is my bride ready?

Franklin. Yes, long ago; but you and I will talk a little. Send in your musick.

Shallow. Go wait within. And tell me, father, did she not think it long till I came?

Franklin. I warrant her she did; she loves you not a little.

Shallow. Nay, that I dare swear; she has given me many tastes of her affection.

Franklin. What, before you were married?

Shallow. I mean, in the way of honesty, father.

Franklin. Nay, that I doubt; young wits love to be trying, and to say truth I see not how a woman can deny a man of your youth and person upon those terms: you'll not be known on't now.

Shallow. I have kiss'd her, or so.

Franklin. Come, come, I know you are no fool, I should think you a very ass: nay, I tell you plainly, I should be loth to marry my daughter to you, if I thought you had not tried her in so long acquaintance: but you have tried her, and she poor soul could not deny you.

Shallow. Ha, ha, he!

Franklin. Faith, tell me, son, 'tis but a merry question: she's yours.

Shallow. Upon my virginity, father——

Franklin. Swear not by that, I'll ne'er believe you.

Shallow. Why then, as I am a gentleman, I never did it, that I remember.

Franklin. That you remember! oh is't thereabouts?

Luce. He'll take it upon him presently. [*Aside.*

Franklin. You have been so familiar with her, you have forgot the times: but did you never come in half fuddled, and then in a kind humour, *cætera quis nescit?*

Shallow. Indeed I was wont to serve my mother's maids so, when I came half fox'd, as you said, and then next morning I should laugh to myself.

Franklin. Why there it goes; I thought to have chid you, son Shallow; I knew what you had done, 'tis too apparent: I would not have people take notice of it; pray God she hide her great belly as she goes to church to-day.

Shallow. Why, father, is she with child?

Franklin. As if you knew not that! fie, fie, leave your dissembling now.

Shallow. Sure it cannot be mine.

Franklin. How's this; you would not make my daughter a whore, would you? This is but to try if you can stir my choler: you wits have strange tricks, do things over night when you are merry, and then deny 'em. But stay, here she comes alone: step aside, she shall not see us. [*They step aside.*

Luce. Ah my dear Shallow, thou need'st not have made
Such haste, my heart thou know'st was firm enough
To thee; but I may blame my own fond love,
That could not deny thee.

Shallow. She's with child indeed, it swells.

Franklin. You would not believe me. 'Tis a good wench, she does it handsomely. [*Aside.*

Luce. But yet I know, if thou hadst been thyself, thou wouldst ne'er have offer'd it; 'twas drink that made thee.

Shallow. Yes sure I was drunk when I did it, for I had forgot it. I lay my life 'twill prove a girl, because 'twas got in drink.

Luce. I am ashamed to see any body.

Franklin. Alas, poor wretch, go comfort her. Luce!

Shallow. Sweetheart! nay, never be ashamed. I was a little too hasty, but I'll make thee amends; we'll be married presently.

Franklin. Be cheery, Luce; you were man and wife before; it wanted but the ceremony of the church, and that shall be presently done.

Shallow. Ay, ay, sweetheart, as soon as may be.

Franklin. But now I think on't, son Shallow, your wedding must not be publick, as we intended it.

Shallow. Why so?

Franklin. Because I would not have people take notice of this fault: we'll go to church, only we three, the minister and the clerk, that's witnesses enough; so, the time being unknown, people will think you were married before.

Shallow. But will it stand with my worship to be married in private?

Franklin. Yes, yes, the greatest do it, when they have been nibbling beforehand; there is no other way to save your bride's credit.

Shallow. Come let's about it presently

Franklin. This is clos'd up beyond our wishes.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet LUCE.

Luce. I am undone, unless thy wit, Francisco,
Can find some means to free me from this fool.
Who would have thought the sot could be so gross,
To take upon him what he never did,
To his own shame? I'll send to my Francisco,
And I must lose no time; for I am dead,
If not deliver'd from this loathed bed.

ACT II.

Enter PHILOCLES, CLERIMONT *at the window.*

Clerimont. See, Philocles, yonder's that happy shade
That often veils the fair Leucothoë,
And this her usual hour; she'll not be long:
Then thou shalt tell me, if so rare an object
E'er blest thine eyes before.

Philocles. Well, I would see her once,
Wer't but to try thy judgment, Clerimont.

Clerimont. And when thou dost, remember what I told thee,
I would not be so sick*; but soft, look to thy heart,
Yonder she comes, and that's her waiting-woman.

[*Leucothoë, and Psectas in the garden.*

Now gaze thy fill; speak man, how lik'st thou her?

Leucothoë Psectas!

Psectas. Madam.

Leucothoë. What flower was that,

* The original edition reads *sick*, which Mr. Reed changed to *fickle*. C.

That thou wer't telling such a story of
Last night to me?

Psectas. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam:
It bears the name of that too beauteous boy,
That lost himself by loving of himself;
Who, viewing in a fair and crystal stream
Those lips that only he could never kiss,
Doats on the shadow, which to reach in vain
Striving, he drowns: thus, scorning all beside,
For the lov'd shadow the fair substance dy'd.

Leucothoë. Fie, fie, I like not these impossible tales;
A man to fall in love with his own shadow,
And die for love, 'tis most ridiculous!

Psectas. Madam, I know not; I have often seen
Both men and women court the looking-glass
With so much seeming contentation,
That I could think this true; nay, wear it about 'em
As lovers do their mistress' counterfeit[4].

Leucothoë. That's not for love, but to correct their beauties,
And draw from others admiration;
For all the comfort that our faces give
Unto ourselves is but reflection
Of that fair liking that another takes.

Clerimont. I would we were a little nearer 'em,
We might but hear what talk these wenches have
When they are alone; I warrant, some good stuff.

Philocles. 'Tis happiness enough for me to see
The motion of her lips.

Clerimont. I'faith is't thereabouts?
Why, Philocles, what lost already, man?
Struck dead with one poor glance! Look up, for shame,
And tell me how thou lik'st my judgment now,
Now thou dost see.

Philocles. Ah, Clerimont, too well;
Too well I see what I shall never taste,
Yon lady's beauty: she must needs be cruel
(Though her fair shape deny it) to the son

[4] *counterfeit.*] See note 18 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

Of him that is her father's enemy.
That, Clerimont, that fatal difference
Checks my desire, and sinks my rising hopes;
But love's a torrent violent if stopt,
And I am desperately mad: I must,
I must be her's, or else I must not be.

Clerimont. Contain that passion, that will else o'erwhelm
All virtue in you, all that is call'd man,
And should be your's; take my advice, my heart,
My life, to second you: let us consult;
You may find time to speak to her and woo her.

Philocles. Nay, nay, I will, in spite of destiny.
Let women and faint-hearted fools complain
In languishing despair; a manly love
Dares shew itself, and press to his desires
Through thickest troops of horrid opposites.
Were there a thousand waking dragons set
To keep that golden fruit, I would attempt
To pluck and taste it; 'tis the danger crowns
A brave atchievement! what if I should go
And boldly woo her in her father's house,
In spite of enmity, what could they say?

Clerimont. 'Twere madness that, not wisdom: rash attempts
Betray the means, but never work the end.

Philocles. She would not hate a man for loving her;
Or if she did, better be once deny'd
Than live for ever hapless.

Clerimont. But take time;
The second thoughts, our wise men say, are best.

Philocles. Delay's a double death; no, I have thought
A means that straight I'll put in execution:
I'll write a letter to her presently,
Take how it will.

Clerimont. A letter! who shall carry it?

Philocles. I'll tell thee when I have done: hast thou pen and ink in thy chamber?

Clerimont. Yes, there is one upon the table. I'll stay here at the window, and watch whether she stay or not. What a sudden change is this!

Leucothoë. Did not Count Virro promise to be here
To-day at dinner?

Psectas. Yes, madam, that he did; and I dare swear
He will not break.

Leucothoë. He needs not, he is rich enough; unless he should break in knavery, as some of our merchants do now-a-days.

Psectas. Break promise, madam, I mean; and that he will not for your sake: you know his business.

Leucothoë I would I did not: he might spare his pains,
And that unusual cost that he bestows
In pranking up himself, and please me better.

Psectas. He would not please his taylor and his barber;
For they got more for your sake by their lord
Than they have got this twenty years before.

Leucothoë. Ah, Psectas, Psectas, can my father think
That I can love Count Virro? one so old
(That were enough to make a match unfit)
But one so base; a man that never lov'd
For any thing call'd good, but dross and pelf.
One that would never, had my brother liv'd,
Have mov'd this suit: no, I can never love him:
But canst thou keep a secret firmly, Psectas?

Psectas. Doubt me not, madam.

Leucothoë. Well, I'll tell thee then.
I love, alas! I dare not say I love him;
But there's a young and noble gentleman,
Lord Euphues' son, my father's enemy,
A man whom nature's prodigality
Stretch'd even to envy in the making up.
Once from a window my pleas'd eye beheld
This youthful gallant as he rode the street
On a curvetting courser, who it seem'd
Knew his fair load, and with a proud disdain
Check'd the base earth: my father being by,
I ask'd his name, he told me Philocles,
The son and heir of his great enemy.

Judge, Psectas, then, how my divided breast
Suffer'd between two meeting contraries,
Hatred and love: but Love's a deity,
And must prevail 'gainst mortals, whose command
Not Jove himself could ever yet withstand.

Clerimont. What is the letter done already? I see these lovers have nimble inventions; but how will you send it?

Philocles. What a question's that! Seest thou this stone?

Clerimont. Ah! then I see your drift; this stone must guide,
Your fleeting letter in the air, and carry it
To that fair mark you aim at.

Philocles. Hard by her.

Clerimont. I think you would not hit her with such stones as this; lady, look to yourself, now it comes to proof.

Philocles. But pr'ythee tell me what dost thou think this letter may do?

Clerimont. Well, I hope.
'Tis ten to one this lady oft hath seen you,
You never liv'd obscure in Syracuse,
Nor walk'd the streets unknown, and who can tell
What place you bear in her affections,
Lov'd or mislik'd? if bad, this letter sent
Will make her shew her scorn: if otherwise,
Fear not a woman's wit: she'll find a time
To answer your kind letter, and express
What you desire she should; then send it boldly,
You have a fair mark there.

Philocles. Cupid, guide my arm;
Oh be as just, blind god, as thou art great.
And with that powerful hand, that golden shaft
That I was wounded, wound yon tender breast!
There is no salve but that, no cure for me.

Clerimont. See what a wonder it strikes 'em in, how it should come.

Philocles. She'll wonder more to see what man it comes from.

Clerimont. I like her well, she is not afraid to open it. She starts; stay, mark her action when she has read the letter.

She reads.

" Let it not wrong this letter, that it came
" From one that trembled to subscribe his name,
" Fearing your hate: O let not hate descend,
" Nor make you cruel to so vow'd a friend.
" If you'll not promise love, grant but access,
" And let me know my woes are past redress.
" Be just then, beauteous judge, and, like the laws,
" Condemn me not till you have heard my cause;
" Which, when you have, from those fair lips return
" Either my life in love, or death in scorn."

Yours, or not Philocles.

Am I awake, or dream I? Is it true,
Or does my flattering fancy but suggest
What I most covet?

Psectas. Madam, the words are there,
I'll swear it can be no illusion.

Leucothoë. It is too good for truth.

Philocles. Mock me not, fortune!
She kiss'd it; saw'st thou her? Oh, friend, she kiss'd it!

Clerimont. And with a look that relish'd love, not scorn.

Leucothoë. This letter may be forged, I much desire to know the certainty; Psectas, thy help must further me.

Psectas. I'll not be wanting.

Leucothoë. Here comes my father; he must not see this.

Psectas. No, nor your t'other sweetheart, he is with him yonder.

Enter POLYMETES, VIRRO, ROSCIO.

Polymetes. Nay, noble Count, you are too old a soldier
To take a maid's first no, for a denial;
They will be nice at first, men must pursue,
That will obtain: woo her, my lord, and take her,

You have my free consent if you get her's.
Yonder she walks alone, go comfort her.
Virro. I'll do the best I may, but we old men
Are but cold comfort: I thank your lordship's love.
Polymetes. I wonder, Roscio, that the peevish girl
Comes on so slowly; no persuasions
That I can use, do move: the setting forth
Count Virro's greatness, wealth, and dignity,
Seems not to affect her, Roscio.
Roscio. I doubt the cause, my lord;
For were not that, I dare engage my life
She would be won to love him; she has plac'd
Already her affections on some other.
Polymetes. How should I find it out?
Roscio. Why thus, my lord.
There's never man nor woman that e'er lov'd,
But chose some bosom friend, whose close converse
Sweeten'd their joys, and eas'd their burden'd minds
Of such a working secret. Thus no doubt
Has my young lady done; and but her woman,
Who should it be? 'tis she must out with it:
Her secrecy, if wit cannot o'er-reach,
Gold shall corrupt; leave that to me, my lord.
But if her lady's heart do yet stand free
And unbequeath'd to any, your command,
And father's jurisdiction interpos'd,
Will make her love the Count. No kind of means
Must want to draw her.
Polymetes. Thou art my oracle,
My brain, my soul, my very being, Roscio,
Walk on and speed, while I but second thee.
Clerimont. It is even so; Count Virro is your rival;
See how the old ape smugs up his mouldy chaps
To seize the bit.
Philocles. He must not, if I live;
But yet her father brings him: he has the means
That I shall ever want.
Clerimont. If he do marry her,
Revenge it nobly, make him a cuckold, boy.

Philocles. Thou jest'st, that feel'st it not. Pr'ythee let's go.

Clerimont. Stay, I'll but curse him briefly for thy sake.

If thou dost marry her, may'st thou be made
A cuckold without profit, and ne'er get
An office by it, nor favour at the court;
But may thy large ill-gotten treasury
Be spent in her bought lust, and thine own gold
Bring thee adulterers; so farewel, good count.

[*Exeunt Philocles, Clerimont.*

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My lord, there's a messenger within
Desires access, has business of import,
Which to no ear but yours he must impart.

Enter EUGENIO *disguised.*

Polymetes. Admit him. Now, friend, your business with me.

Servant. If you be the Lord Polymetes.

Polymetes. The same.

Eugenio. My lord, I come from Athens with such news
As I dare say is welcome, though unlook'd for;
Your son Eugenio lives, whom you so long
Thought dead, and mourn'd for.

Polymetes. How? lives!

Eugenio. Upon my life, my lord, I saw him well
Within these few days.

Polymetes. Thanks for thy good news.
Reward him, Roscio. But now tell me, friend,
Hast thou reveal'd this news to any man
In Syracuse but me?

Eugenio. To none, my lord:
At every place where I have staid in town,
Enquiring for your lordship's house, I heard
These tragic, but false news; the contrary
I still conceal'd, though knew, intending first
Your lordship's ear should drink it.

Polymetes. Worthy friend,
I now must thank your wisdom as your love,

In this well-carried action; I'll requite it:
Mean time pray use my house, and still continue
Your silence in this business. Roscio, make him welcome,
And part as little from him as you can, for fear.

Roscio. Think it done, my lord.

Polymetes. Psectas, come hither.

Virro. Be like yourself, let not a cruel doom
Pass those fair lips, that never were ordain'd
To kill, but to revive.

Leucothoë. Neither, my lord, lies in their power to do.

Virro. Yes, sweet to me,
Whom your scorn kills, and pity will revive.

Leucothoë. Pity is shew'd to men in misery.

Virro. And so am I, if not reliev'd by you.

Leucothoë. 'Twere pride in me, my lord, to think it so.

Virro. I am your beauty's captive.

Leucothoë. Then, my lord,
What greater gift than freedom can I give?
'Tis that that captives most desire, and that
You shall command: y'are free from me, my lord.

Virro. Your beauty contradicts that freedom, lady.

Polymetes. Come, noble count, I must for this time interrupt you; you'll find enough within to talk.

Virro. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Manet EUGENIO *solus.*

Eugenio. Thus in disguise I have discover'd all,
And found the cause of my reported death,
Which did at first amaze me; but 'tis well:
'Tis to draw on the match between my sister
And this rich count: Heaven grant it be content
As well as fortune to her, but I fear
She cannot love his age: how it succeeds
I shall perceive, and, whilst unknown I stay,
I cannot hurt the project, help I may. [*Exit.*

Enter FRANCISCO, SUMNER [5]

Francisco. This will make good work for you in the spiritual court; Shallow is a rich man.

[5] *Sumner.*] Or *Sompner*, now called *an apparitor*. He is an officer whose proper business and employment is to attend the Spiritual

Sumner. Those are the men we look for; there's somewhat to be got: the court has many businesses at this time, but they are little worth: a few waiting-women got with child by serving-men or so, scarce worth citing.

Francisco. Do not their masters get 'em with child sometimes?

Sumner. Yes, no doubt, but they have got a trick to put 'em off upon the men, and for a little portion save their own credits; besides, these private marriages are much out of our way, we cannot know when there is a fault.

Francisco. Well these are no starters; I warrant you, Shallow shall not deny it, and for the wench she need not confess it, she has a mark that will betray her.

Sumner. I thank you, sir, for your good intelligence, I hope 'tis certain.

Francisco. Fear not that. Is your citation ready?

Sumner. I have it here.

Francisco. Well, step aside, and come when I call; I hear 'em coming. [*Exit Sumner.*

Enter FRANKLIN, SHALLOW, LUCE, PARSON.

Franklin. Set forward there. Francisco, what make you here?

Francisco. I come to claim my right: Parson take heed.

Thou art the author of adultery
If thou conjoin this couple; she's my wife,

Franklin. Your's sauce-box!

Shallow. Father, I thought she had been mine; I hope I shall not lose her thus.

Franklin. Francisco,
Dare not to interrupt us, for I swear
Thou shalt endure the law's extremity
For thy presumption.

Court, to receive such commands as the Judge shall please to issue forth; to convene and cite the defendants into court; to admonish or cite the parties in the production of witnesses, and the like; and to make due return of the process by him executed.

Francisco. Do your worst, I fear not; I was contracted to her.

Franklin. What witness have you?

Francisco. Heaven is my witness, whose impartial eye
Saw our contract.

Shallow What an ass is this, to talk of contracting! He that will get a wench, must make her bigger, as I have done, and not contract.

Francisco. Sir, you are abus'd.

Shallow. Why so?

Francisco. The wife you go to marry is with child,
And by another.

Shallow. A good jest i'faith, make me believe that.

Francisco. How comes this fool possest? he never touch'd her,
I dare swear.

Franklin. No more, Francisco, as you will answer it.
Parson, set forward there.

Francisco. Stay.
If this will not suffice, Sumner, come forth,

Franklin. A Sumner! we are all betray'd.

Enter SUMNER.

Sumner. God save you all! I think you guess my business;
These are to cite to the spiritual court
You master Shallow, and you mistress Luce:
Ask not the cause, for 'tis apparent here,
A carnal copulation *ante matrimonium.*

Franklin. This was a bar unlook'd for. Spiteful Francisco!

Francisco. Injurious Franklin, could the laws divine,
Or human, suffer such an impious act,
That thou shouldst take my true and lawful wife,
And great with child by me, to give to another,
Gulling his poor simplicity?

Shallow. Do you mean me, sir?

Sumner. Gallants farewel; my writ shall be obey'd.

Franklin. Sumner, it shall. [*Exit Sumner.*

Parson. I'll take my leave, there's nothing now for me to do. [*Exit Parson.*

Francisco. Farewel, good master parson.

Franklin. Francisco,
Canst thou say thou ever lov'dst my daughter,
And wouldst thou thus disgrace her openly?

Francisco. No, I would win her thus;
And, did you hold her credit half so dear
As I, or her content, you would not thus
Take her from me, and thrust her 'gainst her will
On this rich fool.

Shallow. You are very bold with me, sir.

Francisco, Let me have news what happens, dearest Luce.

Luce. Else let me die. [*Exit Francisco.*

Franklin. This was your doing, Luce, it had been impossible he should e'er have known the time so truly else; but I'll take an order next time for your blabbing.

Shallow. What's the matter, father?

Franklin. We may thank you for it, this was your haste, that will now shame us all; you must be doing afore your time!

Shallow. 'Twas but a trick of youth, father.

Franklin. And therefore now you must e'en stand in a white sheet for all to gaze at.

Shallow. How! I would be loth to wear a surplice now: 'tis a disgrace the house of the Shallows never knew.

Franklin. All the hope is, officers may be brib'd; and so they will: 'twere a hard world for us to live in else.

Shallow. You say true, father; if 'twere not for corruption, every poor rascal might have justice as well as one of us, and that were a shame.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Luce.*

Franklin. This was a cunning stratagem well laid;
But yet, Francisco, th' hast not won the prize.
What should I do? I must not let this cause
Proceed to trial in the open court,
For then my daughter's oath will cast the child
Upon Francisco: no, I have found a better,

I will before the next court-day provide
Some needy parson, one whose poverty
Shall make him fear no canons; he shall marry
My daughter to rich Shallow: when 'tis done,
Our gold shall make a silence in the court. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILOCLES, PSECTAS.

Psectas. I must return your answer to my lady;
I'll tell her you will come.

Philocles. Come?
And such an angel call, I should forget
All offices of nature, all that men
Wish in their second thoughts, ere such a duty.
Commend my service to her, and to you
My thanks for this kind message. [*Exit Psectas.*
I never breath'd till now, never till now
Did my life relish sweetness. Break not, heart,
Crack not, ye feeble ministers of nature,
With inundation of such swelling joy,
Too great to bear without expression.
The lady writes that she has known me long
By sight, and lov'd me, and she seems to thank
Her stars, she loves, and is belov'd again.
She speaks my very thoughts! How strange it is,
And happy, when affections thus can meet!
She further writes, at such an hour to day,
Her father's absence, and all household spies
Fitly remov'd, shall give access to me
Unmark'd to visit her; where she alone
Will entertain discourse, and welcome me.
I hope 'tis truly meant; why should I fear?
But wisdom bids me fear: fie, fie, 'tis base
To wrong a creature of that excellence
With such suspicion; I should injure her.
I will as soon suspect an angel false;
Treason ne'er lodg'd within so fair a breast.
No, if her hand betray me, I will run
On any danger: 'tis alike to me
To die, or find her false; for on her truth
Hangs my chief being. Well, I'll lose no time,
No not a minute: dearest love, I come!

To meet my sweetest wishes I will fly,
Heaven and my truth shield me from treachery. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter POLYMETES, ROSCIO, EUGENIO, *and* PSECTAS.

Polymetes. I cannot credit it, nor think that she,
Of all the noble youth of Sicily,
Should make so strange a choice; that none but he,
None but the son of my vow'd enemy,
Must be her mate: it strikes me to amaze.
Minion, take heed, do not belie your mistress.

Psectas. Mercy forsake me if I do, my lord:
You charg'd me to confess the truth to you,
Which I have fully done; and presently
I'll bring you where, conceal'd, you shall both see
Their privacy, and hear their conference.

Polymetes. Well, I believe thee, wench, and will reward
Thy trust[6] in this: go get thee in again,
And bring me word when Philocles is come.
[*Exit Psectas.*
Sir, you'll be secret to our purpose?

Eugenio. As your own breast, my lord?

Polymetes. I shall rest thankful to you:
This stranger must be sooth'd lest he mar all.

Roscio. This was well found out, my lord: you now have means to take your enemy.

Polymetes. Which blest occasion I will so pursue,
As childless Euphues shall for ever rue.
Rise in thy blackest look, direst Nemesis,
Assistant to my purpose, help me glut
My thirsty soul with blood! This bold young man
To his rash love shall sacrifice his life.

Roscio. What course do you intend, to ruin him:

Polymetes. Why, kill him presently.

[6] *Thy trust, &c.*] *i. e.* trustiness or fidelity, or perhaps we should read *truth*. S. P.

Roscio. Oh no, my lord,
You'll rue that action: think not that the law
Will let such murder sleep unpunished.
Polymetes. Should I then let him go, when I have caught him?
Roscio. Yes, sir, to catch him faster, and more safely.
Polymetes. How should that be? Speak, man.
Roscio. Why thus, my lord.
You know the law speaks death to any man
That steals an heir, without her friends' consent:
Thus must he do, his love will prompt him to it.
For he can never hope, by your consent,
To marry her; and she, 'tis like, will give
Consent, for women's love is violent:
Then mark their passage, you shall easily find
How to surprize them at your will, my lord.
Polymetes. Thou art my oracle, dear Roscio.
Enter PSECTAS.
Here's Psectas come again. How now, what news?
Psectas. My lord, they both are coming; please you withdraw,
You shall both hear and see what you desire.
Enter PHILOCLES *and* LEUCOTHOE.
Leucothoë. Y'are welcome, noble sir; and, did my power
Answer my love, your visitation
Should be more free, and your deserved welcome
Exprest in better fashion.
Philocles. Best of ladies,
It is so well, so excellently well,
Coming from your wish'd love, my barren thanks
Want language for't: there lies in your fair looks
More entertainment than in all the pomp
That the vain Persian ever taught the world.
Your presence is the welcome I expected,
That makes it perfect.
Leucothoë. 'Tis your noble thought
Makes good what's wanting here; but, gentle friend,
For so I now dare call you——

Polymetes. 'Tis well, minion; you are bold enough, I see,
To chuse your friends without my leave. [*Aside.*
Philocles. 'Tis my ambition ever to be yours.
Leucothoë. Think me not light, dear Philocles, so soon
To grant thee love, that others might have sought
With eagerest pursuit, and not obtain'd.
But I was yours by fate, and long have been:
Before you woo'd Leucothoë was won,
And yours without resistance.
Philocles. Oh my stars!
'Twas your kind influence, that, whilst I slept
In dullest ignorance, contriv'd for me
The way to crown me with felicity.
Polymetes. You may be deceiv'd though; you have no such great reason to thank your stars, if you knew all. [*Aside.*
Philocles. And know, fair mistress, you have met a love,
That time, nor fate, nor death can ever change;
A man that but in you can have no being.
Let this kiss seal my faith.
Leucothoë. And this mine.
Polymetes. Nay, to't again; your sweet meat shall have sour sauce.
Philocles. But, sweet, 'mongst all these roses there's one thorn
That pricks and galls me; our parents' enmity
Will cross our loves: I do assure myself
Thy father never will give his consent.
Leucothoë. No, so I think; he moves me still to Virro,
That old craz'd count, and with such vehemency
I dare scarce 'bide his presence if I deny him:
Therefore we must be speedy in our course,
And take, without his leave, what he denies.
Polymetes. I thank you for that, good daughter.
Roscio. I told you, sir, 'twould come to this at last.

Philocles. Oh thou hast spoke my wishes, and hast shew'd
Thyself in love as good as beautiful;
Then let's away, dearest Leucothoë.
My fortunes are not poor, then fear no want.
This constant love of ours may prove so happy,
To reconcile our parents' enmity.

Leucothoë. Heaven grant it may!

Polymetes. Never by this means, youngster.

Leucothoë. But soft; now I think better on't, I'll not go.

Philocles. Why, dearest, is thy love so quickly cold?

Leucothoë. No, but I'll not venture thee, thine is the danger.
Thou know'st 'tis death by law to steal an heir,
And my dear brother's most untimely death
Hath lately made me one: what if thou shouldst be taken?

Philocles. Oh fear not that; had I a thousand lives,
They were too small a venture for such prize.
I tell thee, sweet, a face not half so fair
As thine, hath arm'd whole nations in the field,
And brought a thousand ships to Tenedos,
To sack lamented Troy: and should I fear
To venture one poor life, and such a life
As would be lost in not possessing thee?
Come, come, make that no scruple: when shall we go?

Leucothoë. This present evening; for to-morrow morning
My father looks that I should give consent
To marry with the count.

Philocles. Best of all, would 'twere this present hour;
I'll go prepare: but shall I call thee here?

Leucothoë Oh no, we'll meet.

Philocles Where, dearest?

Leucothoë. East from the city, by a river's side,
Not distant half a mile, there stands a grove,
Where often riding by, I have observ'd
A little hermitage; there will I stay

If I be first; if you, do you the like:
Let th' hour be ten, then shall I best escape.

Philocles. Ne'er sweeter comfort came from angel's lips!
I know the place, and will be ready there
Before the hour. I'll bring a friend with me
As true as mine own heart, one Clerimont,
That may do us good, if danger happen.

Leucothoë. Use your pleasure.

Philocles. Dearest, farewel;
Hours will seem years till we are met again. [*Exeunt.*

Polymetes. Ah sirrah, this geer goes well: god-a-mercy, girl, for thy intelligence; why this is as much as a man could desire, the time, place, and every thing; I warrant 'em they pass no further. Well, go thou in and wait upon thy mistress, she's melancholy 'till she see her sweetheart again, but when she does, she shall not see him long. Not a word of what's past among us for your life.

Psectas. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

Polymetes. I'll not so much as shew an angry look, or any token that I know of any of their proceedings. But, Roscio, we must lay the place strongly: if they should 'scape us, I were prettily fool'd now after all this.

Roscio. Why 'tis impossible, my lord; we'll go strong enough: besides, I think it fit we took an officer along with us, to countenance it the better.

Polymetes. Thou say'st well, go get one. I'll go myself along with you too, I love to see sport though I am old. You'll go along with us too, sir?

Eugenio. Aye, sir; you shall command my service when you are ready.

Polymetes. Now, Euphues, what I did but barely act,
Thy bleeding heart shall feel, loss of a son,
If law can have his course, as who can let it[7]?
I know thou think'st mine dead, and in thy heart

[7] *let it.*] *i. e.* hinder it.

Laugh'st at my falling house; but let them laugh
That win the prize, things ne'er are known till ended.

[*Exeunt Polymetes and Roscio.*

EUGENIO *solus.*

Eugenio. Well, I like my sister's choice, she has taken a man whose very looks and carriage speak him worthy: besides, he is noble, his fortune's sufficient, they both love each other; what can my father more desire, that he gapes so after this old Count, that comes for the estate, as t'other, upon my soul, does not, but pure spotless love? but now his plot is for revenge upon his old enemy. Fie, fie, 'tis bloody and unchristian, my soul abhors such acts; this match may rather reconcile our houses, and I desire, where worth is, to have friendship, as on my soul 'tis there. Well, Philocles, I hope to call thee brother. Somewhat I'll do: I'll go persuade Count Virro not to love her, I know the way; and I'll but tell him truth, her brother lives, that will cool his love quickly. But soft, here comes the Count as fit as may be.

Enter VIRRO.

Virro. She loves me not yet, but that's no matter; I shall have her, her father says I shall, and I dare take his word; maids are quickly over-rul'd. Ah ha, methinks I am grown younger than I was by twenty years: this fortune cast upon me, is better than Medea's charm, to make an old man young again, to have a lord's estate freely bestowed, and with it such a beauty as would warm Nestor's blood, and make old Priam lusty. Fortune, I see, thou lovest me now; I'll build a temple to thee shortly, and adore thee as the greatest deity. Now, what are you?

Eugenio. A poor scholar, my lord, one that am little beholding to fortune.

Virro. So are most of your profession. Thou shouldest take some more thriving occupation: be a judge's man, they are the bravest now-a-days; or a cardinal's pander, that were a good profession, and gainful.

Eugenio. But not lawful, my lord.

Virro. Lawful! that cardinal may come to be pope, and then he could pardon thee and himself too.

Eugenio. My lord, I was brought up a scholar, and I thank you for your counsel, my lord: I have some for you, and therefore I came.

Virro. For me! what I pr'ythee?

Eugenio. 'Tis weighty, and concerns you near.

Virro. Speak, what is't?

Eugenio. My lord, you are to marry old Polymetes's daughter.

Virro. And heir.

Eugenio. No heir, my lord; her brother is alive.

Virro. How! thou art mad.

Eugenio. My lord, what I speak is true; and to my knowledge his father gives it out in policy to marry his daughter the better; to hook in suitors, and specially aim'd at you, thinking you rich and covetous; and now he has caught you.

Virro. But dost thou mock me?

Eugenio. Let me be ever miserable if I speak not truth: as sure as I am here, Eugenio lives; I know it, and know where he is.

Virro. Where, pr'ythee?

Eugenio. Not a day's journey hence, where his father injoin'd him to stay till your match, and sends word to him of this plot: besides, I overheard the old lord, and his man Roscio, laughing at you for being caught thus.

Virro. Why, wer't thou at the house then?

Eugenio. Yes, but had scurvy entertainment, which I have thus reveng'd.

Virro. Beshrew my heart, I know not what to think on't. 'Tis like enough: this lord was always cunning beyond measure, and it amaz'd me that he should grow so extreme kind to me on the sudden, to offer me all this. Besides, this fellow is so confident, and on no ends of cozenage, that I can see. Well, I would fain enjoy her, the wench is delicate; but I would have the estate too, and not be gull'd. What shall I do? Now, brains, if ever you will, help your master.

Eugenio. It stings him.

Virro. Well, so sir, what may I call your name?

Eugenio. Irus, my lord.

Virro. Your name, as well as your attire, speaks you poor.

Eugenio. I am so.

Virro. And very poor.

Eugenio. Very poor.

Virro. Would you not gladly take a course to get money, and a great sum of money?

Eugenio. Yes gladly, if your lordship would but shew me the way.

Virro. Hark ye.*

Eugenio. Oh! my lord, conscience!

Virro. Fie, never talk of conscience; and for law thou art free; for all men think him dead, and his father will be ashamed to follow it, having already given him for dead; and then who can know it? Come, be wise, five hundred crowns I'll give.

Eugenio. Well, 'tis poverty that does it, and not I: when shall I be paid?

Virro. When thou hast done it.

Eugenio. Well, give me your hand for it, my lord.

Virro. Thou shalt.

Eugenio. In writing, to be paid when I have poison'd him; and think it done.

Virro. Now thou speak'st like thyself: come in, I'll give it thee.

Eugenio. And this shall stop thy mouth for ever, count. [*Exeunt.*

LEUCOTHOE *sola.*

Leucothoë. There is no creature here, I am the first.
Methinks this sad and solitary place
Should strike a terror to such hearts as mine;
But love has made me bold. The time has been[a],

* Virro here whispers the supposed Irus, and makes the proposition for killing Eugenio. C.

[a] See *The Old Couple*, Act II. vol. X. where May has borrowed from this passage the same sentiment.

" ——— The time has been,
" In such a solitary place as this,
" I should have trembled at each moving leaf;

In such a place as this I should have fear'd
Each rolling leaf, and trembled at a reed
Stirr'd in the moonshine: my fearful fancy
Would frame a thousand apparitions,
And work some fear out of my very shadow.
I wonder Philocles is tardy thus;
When last we parted, every hour, he said,
Would seem a year till we were met again;
It should not seem so by the haste he makes.
I'll sit and rest me; come, I know, he will.

Enter PHILOCLES *and* CLERIMONT.

Philocles. This, Clerimont, this is the happy place
Where I shall meet the sum of all my joys,
And be possest of such a treasury
As would enrich a monarch.

Leucothoë. This is his voice! My Philocles!

Philocles. My life! my soul! what here before me?
Oh thou dost still outgo me, and dost make
All my endeavours poor in the requital
Of thy large favours. But I forget myself;
Sweet, bid my friend here welcome; this is he
That I dare trust next mine own heart with secrets.
But why art thou disguised thus?

Leucothoë. I durst not venture else to make escape.

Philocles. Even now, methinks, I stand as I would wish,
With all my wealth about me; such a love
And such a friend, what can be added more
To make a man live happy? Thou dark grove,
That hast been call'd the seat of melancholy,
And shelter for the discontented spirits,
Sure thou art wrong'd; thou seem'st to me a place
Of solace and content; a paradise,
That giv'st me more than ever court could do,
Or richest palace. Blest be thy fair shades;
Let birds of musick ever chant it here,
No croaking raven, or ill-boding owl
Make here their baleful habitation,

" But sorrow, and my miserable state,
" Have made me bold."

Frighting thy walks, but may'st thou be a grove
Where love's fair queen may take delight to sport:
For under thee two faithful lovers meet.
Why is my fair Leucothoë so sad?

Leucothoë. I know no cause; but I would fain be gone.

Philocles. Whither, sweet?

Leucothoë. Any whither from hence,
My thoughts divine of treason, whence I know not.
There is no creature knows our meeting here,
But one, and that's my maid; she has been trusty,
And will be still, I hope, but yet I would
She did not know it: pr'ythee let's away;
Any where else we are secure from danger.
Then let's remove, but pr'ythee be not sad.
What noise is that? [*Noise within.*

Leucothoë. Ah me!

Philocles. Oh fear not, love! [*Draws.*

Enter POLYMETES, ROSCIO, EUGENIO, *and* OFFICERS.

Polymetes. Upon 'em, officers, yonder they are.

Philocles. Thieves! villains!

Polymetes. Thou art the thief, and the villain too.
Give me my daughter, thou ravisher.

Philocles. First take my life.

Polymetes. Upon 'em, I say; knock 'em down, officers, if they resist. [*Fight. They are taken.*

Leucothoë. Oh they are lost! ah wicked, wicked Psectas!

Polymetes. So, keep 'em fast; we'll have 'em faster shortly: and for you, minion, I'll tie a clog about your neck for running away any more.

Leucothoë. Yet do but hear me, father.

Polymetes. Call me not father, thou disobedient wretch,
Thou run-away; thou art no child of mine,
My daughter ne'er wore breeches.

Leucothoë. O, sir, my mother would have done as much
For love of you, if need had so requir'd:
Think not my mindtransformed as my habit.

Polymetes. Officers, away with him: peace strumpet!
You may discharge him[9], he's but an assistant.
Leucothoë. O stay and hear me yet, hear but a word,
And that my last it may be: do not spill
The life of him in whom my life subsists;
Kill not two lives in one! remember, sir,
I was your daughter once, once you did love me;
And tell me then, what fault can be so great,
To make a father murderer of his child;
For so you are in taking of his life.
Oh think not, sir, that I will stay behind him,
Whilst there be asps, and knives, and burning coals.
No Roman dame shall in her great example
Outgo my love.
Philocles. Oh, where will sorrow stay!
Is there no end in grief, or in my death
Not punishment enough for my offence,
But must her grief be added to afflict me?
Dry up those pearls, dearest Leucothoë,
Or thou wilt make me doubly miserable:
Preserve that life, that I may after death
Live in my better part. Take comfort, dear,
People would curse me if such beauty should
For me miscarry: no, live happy thou,
And let me suffer what the law inflicts.
Leucothoë. My offence was as great
As thine, and why should not my punishment?
Polymetes. Come, have you done? Officers, away with him. [*Exit Philocles.*
I'll be your keeper, but I'll look better to you.
But, Roscio, you and I must about the business:
Sir, let it be your charge to watch my daughter,
And see she send no message any whither,
Nor receive any. [*Exeunt Polymetes and Roscio.*
Eugenio. It shall, my lord, I'll be an Argus: none shall come here, I warrant you.—My very heart bleeds to see two such lovers, so faithful, parted so. I must condemn my father, he's too cruel in this action: and,

[9] *You may discharge him.*] i. e. Clerimont. S. P.

did not nature forbid it, I could rail at him; to wreak his long-foster'd malice against lord Euphues thus upon his son, the faithful lover of his own daughter: and upon her, for should it come to pass, as he expects it shall, I think it would kill her too, she takes it so. See in what strange amazement now she stands! her grief has spent itself so far, that it has left her senseless. It grieves me thus to see her; I can scarce forbear revealing of myself to her, but that I keep it for a better occasion, when things shall better answer to my purpose. Lady!

Leucothoë. What are you?

Eugenio. One that my lord your father has appointed
To give attendance on you.

Leucothoë. On me! alas, I need no attendance:
He might bestow his care better for me.

Eugenio. I came but lately to him, nor do I mean
Long to stay with him; in the mean time, lady,
Might I but do you any service.

Leucothoë. All service is too late, my hopes are desperate.

Eugenio. Madam, I have a feeling of your woe,
A greater, your own brother could not have;
And think not that I come suborn'd by any
To undermine your secrets: I am true.
By all the gods, I am! for further trial,
Command me any thing, send me on any message,
I'll do it faithfully, or any thing else
That my poor power can compass.

Leucothoë. Oh strange fate!
Have I lost pity in a father's heart,
And shall I find it in a stranger? Sir,
I shall not live to thank you, but my prayers
Shall go with you.

Eugenio. 'Tis not for thanks or meed,
But for the service that I owe to virtue,
I would do this.

Leucothoë. Surely this man
Is nobly bred, howe'er his habit give him.

But, sir, all physick comes to me too late;
There is no hope my Philocles should live.
Eugenio. Unless the king were pleas'd to grant his pardon.
'Twere good that he were mov'd.
Leucothoë. Ah! who should do it?
I fear me 'tis in vain: Count Virro,
And my father, both will cross it; but I would venture
If I could but get thither.
Eugenio. 'Tis in my power.
To give you liberty; your father left
Me to be your keeper: but in an act
So meritorious as this, I will not hinder you;
Nay, I will wait upon you to the court.
Leucothoë. A thousand thanks to you; well, I will go.
Grant, oh ye powers above, if virgin's tears,
If a true lover's prayers had ever power
To move compassion, grant it now to me!
Arm with so strong a vigour my weak words,
They may pierce deep into his kingly breast,
And force out mercy in spite of all opposers!
Eugenio. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter FRANCISCO, *reading a letter.*

Francisco. My dearest Luce, were thy old sire as just
As thou art truly constant, our firm love
Had never met these oppositions.
All my designs as yet, all practices
That I have us'd, I see are frustrated;
For, as my fair intelligencer writes,
He will before the next court-day provide
Some careless parson, that in spite of laws
Shall marry her to Shallow: this being done,
He means to hold the court's severity
In by a golden bit, and so he may.
Alas! it is too true; I must prevent it,

And that in time, before it grow too far:
But how? there lies the point of difficulty:
But what strange sight is this that greets mine eyes?
Alphonso, my old captain! sure 'tis he.

Enter ALPHONSO.

Alphonso. Thus once again from twenty years exile,
Tost by the storms of fortune to and fro,
Has gracious Heaven given me leave to tread
My native earth of Sicily, and draw
That air that fed me in my infancy.

Francisco. 'Tis he! Most noble captain, oh, what power
Has been so gracious, as to bless mine eyes
Once more with sight of my most honour'd master?

Alphonso. Kind youth, the tears of joy that I have spent
To greet my native country, have quite robb'd
Mine eyes of moisture, and have left me none
To answer thy affection. But tell me,
Tell me how thou hast liv'd in Syracuse
These five years here, since that unlucky storm
Divided us at sea.

Francisco. Faith poorly, sir,
As one that knows no kindred or alliance,
Unknown of any, have I shifted out.
But I have heard you say that I was born
In Syracuse, tell me what stock I come of,
What parentage; how mean soe'er they be,
They cannot well be poorer than myself:
Speak, do you know them, sir?

Alphonso. Yes, very well,
And I am glad the fates have brought me home,
For thy dear sake, that I may now disclose
Thy honourable birth.

Francisco. Honourable!

Alphonso Yes, noble youth, thou art the second son
To old lord Euphues; a man more worthy
And truly noble never drew this air.
Thy name's Lysandro: this discovery
Will be as welcome to your friends as you.

Francisco. You do amaze me, sir.

Alphonso. I'll tell you all.
It was my fortune, twenty years ago,
Upon the Tyrrhene shore, whose sea divides
This isle from Italy, to keep a fort
Under your noble father, where yourself,
Then but a child, was left to my tuition:
When suddenly the rude assailing force
Of strong Italian pirates so prevail'd,
As to surprisal of the fort and us.
Your name and noble birth I then conceal'd,
Fearing some outrage from the enmity
Of those fell pirates; and since from yourself
I purposely have kept the knowledge of it,
As loth to grieve your present misery
With knowledge of what fortunes you had lost.
That this is true, you straight shall see th' effect:
I'll go acquaint your father with the tokens.
And make his o'erjoy'd heart leap to embrace
Thee, his new-found and long-forgotten son.

Francisco. Worthy captain, your presence was always
Welcome to me, but this unlook'd for news
I cannot suddenly digest.

Alphonso. Well, I'll go to him presently.
[*Exit Alphonso.*

Francisco. Now, my dear Luce, I shall find means to 'quite
Thy love, that could'st descend so low as I,
When I was nothing, and with such affection.
This was my suit still to the powers above,
To make me worthy of thy constant love.
But I'll about the project I intended. [*Exit Francisco.*

Enter VIRRO *and* POLYMETES.

Polymetes. Why now, my lord, you are nearer to her love than ever you were yet; your rival by this accident shall be remov'd out of the way; for before, the scornful girl would never fancy any man else.

Virro. I conceive you, sir.

Polymetes. I labour'd it, for your sake as much as

for my own, to remove your rival and my enemy: you have your love, and I have my revenge.

Virro. I shall live, my lord, to give you thanks. But 'twill be after a strange manner, if Irus has dispatch'd what he was hired to: then, my kind lord, I shall be a little too cunning for you. [*Aside.*

Polymetes. My lord, you are gracious with the king.

Virro. I thank his majesty, I have his ear before another man.

Polymetes. Then see no pardon be granted, you may stop any thing; I know Euphues will be soliciting for his son.

Virro. I warrant you, my lord, no pardon passes whilst I am there, I'll be a bar betwixt him and the king. But hark, the king approaches.

Enter KING *with attendants.*

Ambo. Health to your majesty.

King. Count Virro, and lord Polymetes, welcome:
You have been strangers at the court of late,
But I can well excuse you, count; you are about a wife,
A young one, and a fair one too, they say.
Get me young soldiers, count: but speak,
When is the day? I mean to be your guest;
You shall not steal a marriage.

Virro. I thank your majesty; but the marriage that I intended is stolen to my hand, and by another.

King. Stolen! how, man?

Virro. My promised wife
Is lately stol'n away by Philocles,
Lord Euphues' son, against her father's will;
Who follow'd 'em, and apprehended them:
The law may right us, sir, if it may have course.

King. No reason but the law should have its course.

Enter EUPHUES.

Euphues. Pardon, dread sovereign, pardon for my son.

King. Your son, lord Euphues! what is his offence?

Euphues. No heinous one, my liege, no plot of treason

Against your royal person or your state:
These aged cheeks would blush to beg a pardon
For such a foul offence: no crying murder
Hath stain'd his innocent hands; his fault was love,
Love, my dear liege. Unfortunately he took
The daughter and heir of lord Polymetes;
Who follows him, and seeks extremity.

Polymetes. I seek but law; I am abus'd, my liege,
Justice is all I beg: my daughter's stol'n,
Staff of my age; let the law do me right.

Virro. To his just prayers do I bend my knee.
My promis'd wife is stol'n, and by the son
Of that injurious lord: justice I crave.

Euphues. Be like those powers above, whose place on earth
You represent; shew mercy, gracious king,
For they are merciful.

Polymetes. Mercy is but the king's prerogative,
'Tis justice is his office: doing that
He can wrong no man, no man can complain;
But mercy shew'd, oft takes away relief
From the wrong'd party, that the law would give him.

Euphues. The law is blind, and speaks in general terms.
She cannot pity where occasion serves:
The living law can moderate her rigour,
And that's the king.

Polymetes. The king I hope in this will not do so.

Euphues. 'Tis malice makes thee speak,
Hard-hearted lord: Hadst thou no other way
To wreak thy canker'd and long-foster'd hate
Upon my head but thus, thus bloodily
By my son's suffering, and for such a fault
As thou should'st love him rather? Is thy daughter
Disparag'd by his love? is his blood base,
Or are his fortunes sunk? This law was made
For such-like cautions, to restrain the base
From wronging noble persons by attempts
Of such a kind; but, where equality
Meets in the match, the fault is pardonable.

Enter LEUCOTHOE.

Leucothoë. Mercy, my sovereign; mercy, gracious king!

Polymetes. Minion, who sent for you? 'twere modesty
For you to be at home.

King. Let her alone. Speak, lady:
I charge you no man interrupt her.

Leucothoë. If ever pity touch'd that princely breast,
If ever virgin's tears had power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd, and felt the pangs
That other lovers do, pity, great king,
Pity and pardon two unhappy lovers.

King. Your life is not in question.

Leucothoë. Yes, royal sir,
If law condemn my Philocles, he and I
Have but one heart, and can have but one fate.

Euphues. Excellent virtue! thou hadst not this from thy father.

King. There's musick in her voice, and in her face
More than a mortal beauty: Oh my heart!
I shall be lost in passion if I hear her.
I'll hear no more: convey her from my presence:
Quickly, I say.

Euphues. This is strange!

Virro. I told you what he would do; I knew
He would not hear of a pardon, and I against it;
He respects me.

Polymetes. No doubt he does, my lord:
I like this passage well.

King. But stay,
Stay, lady, let me hear you. Beshrew my heart,
My mind was running of another matter.

Virro. Where the devil hath his mind been all this while? Perhaps he heard none of us neither, we may e'en tell our tales again.

Polymetes. No, sure he heard us; but 'tis very strange.

King. 'Tis such a tempting poison I draw in,
I cannot stay my draught. Rise up, lady.

Leucothoë. Never, until your grace's pardon raise me.
There's pity in your eye, oh shew it, sir;
Say pardon, gracious king; 'tis but a word,
And short, but welcome as the breath of life.
King. I'll further hear the manner of this fact.
Avoid the presence, all but the lady,
And come not till I send.
Polymetes. I like not this.
Virro. Nor I; here is mad dancing.
Euphues. Heaven bless thy suit, thou mirror of thy sex,
And best example of true constant love,
That in the sea of thy transcendant virtues
Drown'st all thy father's malice, and redeem'st
More in my thoughts than all thy kin can lose.
[*Exeunt.*
King. Now, lady, what would you do to save the life
Of him you love so dearly?
Leucothoë. I cannot think that thought I would not do.
Lay it in my power, and beyond my power
I would attempt.
King. You would be thankful then to me,
If I should grant his pardon?
Leucothoë. If ever I were thankful to the gods
For all that I call mine, my health and being,
Could I to you be unthankful for a gift
I value more than those, and without which
These blessings were but wearisome?
King. Those that are thankful, study to requite
A courtesy; would you do so? Would you
Requite this favour?
Leucothoë. I cannot, sir;
For all the service I can do your grace
Is but my duty; you are my sovereign,
And all my deeds to you are debts, not merits.
But to those powers above, that can requite,
That from their wasteless treasures heap rewards
More out of grace than merits on us mortals,

To those I'll ever pray, that they would give you
More blessings than I have skill to ask.
King. Nay, but Leucothoë, this lies in thy power to requite:
Thy love will make requital; wilt thou love me?
Leucothoë. I ever did, my lord:
I was instructed from my infancy
To love and honour you, my sovereign.
King. But in a nearer bond of love?
Leucothoë. There is no nearer, nor no truer love
Than that a loyal subject bears a prince.
King. Still thou wilt not conceive me, I must deal
Plain with you: wilt thou lie with me?
And I will seal his pardon presently;
Nay more, I'll heap upon you both all favours,
All honours that a prince can give.
Leucothoë. Oh me unhappy!
In what a sad dilemma stands my choice,
Either to lose the man my soul most loves,
Or save him by a deed of such dishonour
As he will ever loath me for, and hate
To draw that breath that was so basely kept!
Name any thing but that to save his life;
I know you do but tempt my frailty, sir,
I know your royal thoughts could never stoop
To such a foul, dishonourable act.
King. Bethink thyself, there is no way but that.
I swear by Heaven never to pardon him
But upon those conditions.
Leucothoë. Oh I am miserable!
King. Thou art not, if not wilful; yield, Leucothoë,
It shall be secret: Philocles for his life
Shall thank thy love, but never know the price
Thou paid'st for it. Be wise; thou heard'st me swear:
I cannot now shew mercy, thou may'st save him,
And if he die, 'tis thou that art the tyrant.
Leucothoë. I should be so if I should save him thus:
Nay, I should be a traitor to your grace,
Betray your soul to such a foe as lust.

But, since your oath is past, dear Philocles,
I'll shew to thee an honest cruelty,
And rather follow thee in spotless death,
Than buy, with sinning, a disbonour'd life.
King. Yet pity me, Leucothoë; cure the wound
Thine eyes have made: pity a begging king!
Uncharm the charms of thy bewitching face,
Or thou wilt leave me dead. Will nothing move thee?
Thou art a witch, a traitor, thou hast sought
By unresisted spells thy sovereign's life.
Who are about us? Call in the lords again;
Enter POLYMETES, VIRRO, EUPHUES, *&c.*
Lord Polymetes, take your daughter to you,
Keep her at home.
Polymetes. I will, my liege; Roscio, see her there.
I wonder what is done.
King. Euphues, I have ta'en a solemn oath
Never to grant a pardon to thy son.
Euphues. Oh say not so, my liege: your grace I know
Has mercy for a greater fault than this.
King. My oath is past, and cannot be recall'd.
Polymetes. This is beyond our wishes.
Virro. What made him swear this, I wonder?
Euphues. A heavy oath to me, and most unlook'd for.
Your justice, sir, has set a period
Unto a loyal house, a family
That have been props of the Sicilian crown,
That with their bloods in many an honour'd field,
'Gainst the hot French, and Neapolitan,
Have serv'd for you, and your great ancestors:
Their children now can never more do so.
Farewel, my sovereign! whilst I in tears
Spend the sad remnant of my childless age,
I'll pray for your long life, and happy reign,
And may your grace, and your posterity,
At need, find hands as good, and hearts as true,
As ours have ever been!
King. Farewel, good old man.
Euphues. For you, my lord, your cruelty has deserv'd

A curse from me, but I can utter none:
Your daughter's goodness has weigh'd down your malice,
Heaven prosper her! [*Exit Euphues.*
Polymetes. Amen.
King He is an honest man, and truly noble.
Oh my rash oath, my lust that was the cause:
Would any price would buy it in again!
Virro. Your majesty is just.
Polymetes. 'Tis a happy land
Where the king squares his actions by the law.
King. Away! you are base and bloody,
That feed your malice with pretence of justice.
'Tis such as you make princes tyrannous,
And hated of their subjects: but look to't,
Look your own heads stand fast; for if the law
Do find a hole in your coats, beg no mercy.
Virro. Pardon us, my lord, we were wrong'd.
Polymetes. And sought redress but by a lawful course.
King. Well, leave me alone.
Virro. Farewel, my liege. Now let him chafe alone.
Polymetes. Now we have our ends. [*Exeunt.*
King. Is there no means to save him, no way
To get a dispensation for an oath?
None that I know, except the court of Rome
Will grant one: that's well thought on:
I will not spare for gold, and that will do it.
Nicanor!

Enter NICANOR.

Nicanor. Sir!
King. What book is that
Thou hadst from Paris, about the price of sins?
Nicanor. 'Tis called the Taxes of the Apostolical Chancery [10].

[10] *'Tis called the Taxes of the Apostolical Chancery.*] This book, entitled, *The Tax of the Roman Chancery*, which has been several times translated into English, was first published at Rome in the year 1514. It furnishes the most flagrant instances of the abominable profligacy of the Roman court at that time. Among other passages in it are the following, "Absolutio a lapsu carnis super

King. Is there a price for any sin set down?

Nicanor. Any, sir: how heinous e'er it be,
Or of what nature, for such a sum of money
As is set down there, it shall be remitted.

King. That's well; go fetch the book presently.

Nicanor. I will, my lord. [*Exit Nicanor.*

King. Sure there is perjury
Among the rest, and I shall know what rate
It bears, before I have committed it.

Re-enter NICANOR.

How now, hast brought it?

Nicanor. Yes, sir.

King. Read; I would know the price of perjury.

Nicanor. I shall find it quickly, here's an index.—[*He reads.*] *Imprimis.* For murder of all kinds, of a clergyman, of a layman, of father, mother, son, brother, Sister, wife——

King. Read till you come at perjury.

Nicanor. Item, for impoisoning, enchantments, witchcraft, sacrilege, simony. and their kind and branches.

Item, pro lapsu carnis, fornication, adultery, incest without any exception or distinction; for sodomy, brutality, or any of that kind.

King. My heart shakes with horror
To hear the names of such detested sins.
Can these be bought for any price of money?
Or do these merchants but deceive the world
With their false wares? No more of that foul book;

" quocunque actu libidinoso commisso per clericum, etiam cum " monialibus, intra et extra septa monasterii; aut cum consanguineis vel affinibus, aut filia spirituali, aut quibusdam aliis, sive " ab unoquoque de per se, sive simul ab omnibus absolutio petatur " cum dispensatione ad ordines et beneficia, cum inhibitione tur. " 86. duc 3. Si verò cum illis petatur absolutio etiam a crimine " commisso contra naturam, vel cum brutis, cum dispensatione ut " supra, et cum inhibitione tur. 90. duc 12. car. 16. Si verò petatur tantum absolutio a crimine contra naturam, v l cum brutis, " cum dispensatione et inhibitione, turon 3.. duc. 9. Absolutio " pro moniali qui se permisit pluries cognosci intra vel extra septa " monasterii, cum rehabilitate ad dignitates illius ordinis etiam " abbatialem, turon 36. duc. 9." In the edition of Bois le Duc there is " Absolutio pro eo, qui interfecit patrem, matrem, sororem, " uxorem. . . . . g. 5. vel. 7." Vide Bayle, art. Banck.

I will not now know what I came to know.
I would not for the world redeem my oath
By such a course as this. No more, Nicanor,
Unless thou find a price for Atheism.
Well, this is not the way to help, I see;
I have thought of another that may prove,
And both discharge my oath, and save his life.
Nicanor, run presently, call Matho hither,
Matho the lawyer: command him to make haste,
I long to be resolv'd.

Nicanor. I run, sir.

King. He is a subtle lawyer, and may find
Some point, that in the law's obscurity
Lies hid from us, some point may do us good.
I have seen some of his profession
Out of a case as plain, as clear as day
To our weak judgments, and no doubt at first
Meant like our thoughts by those that made the law,
Pick out such hard, inextricable doubts,
That they have spun a suit of seven years long,
And led their hood-wink clients in a wood,
A most irremeable labyrinth,
Till they have quite consum'd them; this they can do
In other cases, why not as well in this?
I have seen others could extend the law
Upon the rack, or cut it short again
To their own private profits, as that thief,
Cruel Procrustes, serv'd his hapless guests,
To fit them to his bed. Well, I shall see.
I would Nicanor were return'd again,
I would fain ease my conscience of that oath,
That rash and inconsiderate oath I took.
But see! here they are coming.

Enter MATHO, *and* NICANOR.

Matho. Health to my sovereign!

King. Matho, welcome.
I sent for thee about a business
I would entreat thy help in.

Matho. Your highness may command my service in that,

Or any thing lies in my power.

King. 'Tis to decide a case that troubles me.

Matho. If it lie within the compass of my knowledge, I will resolve your highness presently.

King. Then thus it is. Lord Euphues' son, Young Philocles, has lately stol'n away The daughter and heir of lord Polymetes, Who is his enemy: he, following him hard, Has apprehended him, and brings him to his trial To-morrow morning. Thou hast heard this news.

Matho. I have, my liege, with every circumstance That can be thought on in the business.

King. And what will be the issue of the law?

Matho. He must die for't: the case is plain, unless Your grace will grant his pardon.

King. But can there be no means thought upon To save him by the law?

Matho. None, my lord.

King. Surely there may; speak, man, I'll give thee double fees.

Matho. It cannot be, my liege, the statute is plain.

King. Nay, now thou art too honest; thou should'st do As other lawyers do, first take my money, And then tell me thou canst do me no good.

Matho. I dare not undertake it; could it be done, I'd go as far as any man would do.

King. Yes, if it were to cut a poor man's throat, you could; For some rich griping landlord you could grind The face of his poor tenant, stretch the law To serve his turn, and, guided by his angels, Speak oracles more than the tongues of men. Then you could find exceptions, reservations, Stand at a word, a syllable, a letter, Or coin some scruples out of your own brains: But in a case so full of equity, So charitable as this, you can find nothing. I shall for ever hate all your profession.

Matho. I do beseech your highness to excuse me:

I cannot do more than your laws will let me;
Nor falsify my knowledge, nor my conscience.
King. Then I am miserable. Rise, Matho, rise,
I do not discommend thy honesty,
But blame my own hard fate. Ah Philocles,
I would redeem thy life at any price,
But the stars cross it, cruel fate condemns thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CONSTABLE *and* WATCH.[11]

Constable. Come, fellow-watchmen, for now you are my fellows.

Watch. It pleases you to call us so, master constable.

Constable. I do it to encourage you in your office, it is a trick that we commanders have: your great captains call your soldiers fellow-soldiers, to encourage them.

2*d Watch.* Indeed, and so they do. I heard master curate reading a story-book t'other day to that purpose.

Constable. Well, I must shew now what you have to do, for I myself, before I came to this prefermity, was as simple as one of you; and, for your better destruction, I will deride my speech into two parts. First, what is a watchman? Secondly, what is the office of a watchman? For the first, if any man ask me what is a watchman? I may answer him, he is a man as others are; nay, a tradesman, as a vintner, a tailor, or the like, for they have long bills.

3*d Watch.* He tells us true, neighbour, we have bills * indeed.

[11] *Constable and Watch.*] This constable and watch are poor imitations of Shakspeare's Dogberry, &c. *in Much Ado about Nothing.* S.

* A pun upon the word bills is here intended, by confounding the *bills* of tradesmen with the *bills* or arms formerly carried by watchmen. Thus in the curious old comedy, recently discovered and obviously translated from the Italian; with some adaptations to English customs, called *The Two Italian Gentlemen,* we meet with the following direction:

"Enter Fedele with 'Pedante, and with them two *Watchmen with bitls.*' A. 4. S. 5. Sign. F 2. C.

Constable. For the second, what is his office? I answer, he may by virtue of his office reprehend any person or persons that walk the streets too late at a seasonable hour.

4th Watch. May we indeed, master constable?

Constable. Nay, if you meet any of those rogues at seasonable hours, you may, by virtue of your office, commit him to prison, and then ask him whither he was going.

1st Watch. Why that's as much as my Lord Mayor does.

Constable. True, my Lord Mayor can do no more than you, in that point.

2d Watch. But, master constable, what if he should resist us?

Constable. Why, if he do resist, you may knock him down, and then bid him stand, and come before the constable. So, now I think you are sufficiently instructed concerning your office. Take your stands, you shall hear rogues walking at these seasonable hours, I warrant you: stand close.

Enter EUGENIO.

Eugenio. Now do I take as much care to be apprehended, as others do to 'scape the watch: I must speak to be overheard, and plainly too, or else these dolts will never conceive me.

Constable. Hark, who goes by?

Eugenio. Oh my conscience, my conscience! the terror of a guilty conscience!

Constable. How, conscience talks he of? he's an honest man, I warrant him, let him pass.

2d Watch. Aye, aye, let him pass. Good night, honest gentleman.

Eugenio. These are wise officers! I must be plainer yet. That gold, that cursed gold, that made me poison him, made me poison Eugenio.

Constable. How, made me poison him! he's a knave I warrant him.

3d Watch. Mr. constable has found him already.

Constable. I warrant you a knave cannot pass me. Go reprehend him, I'll take his excommunication myself.

1*st Watch.* Come afore the constable.

2*d Watch.* Come afore the constable.

Constable. Sirrah, sirrah, you would have scap'd, would you? no, sirrah, you shall know the king's officers have eyes to hear such rogues as you. Come, sirrah, confess who it was you poison'd. He looks like a notable rogue.

1*st Watch.* I do not like his looks.

2*d Watch.* Nor I.

Constable. You would deny it, would you, sirrah? we shall sift you.

Eugenio. Alas, Mr. Constable, I cannot now deny what I have said, you over-heard me; I poison'd Eugenio, son to lord Polymetes.

1*st Watch.* Oh rascal!

2*d Watch.* My young landlord!

Constable. Let him alone, the law shall punish him; but, sirrah, where did you poison him?

Eugenio. About a day's journey hence; as he was coming home from Athens I met him, and poisoned him.

Constable. But, sirrah, who set you a work? confess, I shall find out the whole nest of these rogues; speak.

Eugenio. Count Virro hired me to do it.

Constable. Oh lying rascal!

1*st Watch.* Nay, he that will steal will lie.

2*d Watch.* I'll believe nothing he says.

3*d Watch.* Belie a man of worship!

4*th Watch.* A nobleman!

Constable. Away with him! I'll hear no more. Remit him to prison. Sirrah, you shall hear of these things to-morrow, where you would be loth to hear them. Come, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter FRANKLIN, SHALLOW, LUCE, FRANCISCO *in a Parson's habit, and a true* PARSON *otherwise attired.*

Franklin. I'll take your counsel, sir, I'll not be seen in't but meet you when 'tis done: you'll marry them?

Francisco. Fear not that, sir, I'll do the deed.

Franklin. I shall rest thankful to you; till then I'll leave you.

Shallow. I pray, father, leave us, we know how to behave ourselves alone; methinks, Luce, we are too many by two yet.

Luce. You are merry, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Manet FRANKLIN.

Franklin. Now they are sure, or never! poor Francisco,
Thou met'st thy match when thou durst undertake
To over-reach me with tricks. Where's now your Sumner?
'Fore Heaven I cannot but applaud my brain,
To take my daughter even against her will,
And great with child by another, her shame publish'd,
She cited to the court, and yet bestow her
On such a fortune as rich Shallow is:
Nay, that which is the master-piece of all,
Make him believe 'tis his, though he ne'er touch'd her.
If men ne'er met with crosses in the world,
There were no difference 'twixt the wise and fools.
But I'll go meet them; when 'tis done, I fear not.
[*Exit.*

Enter FRANCISCO, PARSON, SHALLOW, LUCE.

Francisco. Nay, fret not now; you had been worse abus'd
If you had married her: she never lov'd you.

Luce. I ever scorn'd thy folly, and hated thee, though sometimes afore my father I would make an ass of thee.

Shallow. Oh women, monstrous women! little does her father know who has married her.

Luce. Yes, he knows the parson married me, and you can witness that.

Francisco. And he shall know the parson will lie with her.

Shallow. Well, parsón, I will be reveng'd on all thy coat: I will not plough an acre of ground for you to tythe, I'll rather pasture my neighbour's cattle for nothing.

Parson. Oh be more charitable, sir; bid God give them joy.

Shallow I care not greatly if I do: he is not the first parson that has taken a gentleman's leavings.

Francisco. How mean you, sir?

Shallow. You guess my meaning. I hope to have good luck to horse-flesh now she is a parson's wife?

Francisco. You have lain with her then, sir?

Shallow. I cannot tell you that: but if you saw a woman with child without lying with a man, then perhaps I have not.

Luce. Impudent coxcomb! darest thou say that ever thou lay'st with me? Did'st thou ever so much as kiss my hand in private?

Shallow. These things must not be spoken of in company.

Luce. Thou know'st I ever hated thee.

Shallow. But when you were i' th' good humour you would tell me another tale.

Luce. The fool is mad; by Heaven, my Francisco, I am wrong'd. [*He discovers himself.*

Francisco. Then I must change my note. Sirrah, unsay what you have spoken; swear here, before the parson and myself, you never touch'd her, or I'll cut thy throat: it is Francisco threatens thee.

Shallow. I am in a sweet case, what should I do now? Her father thinks I have lain with her: if I deny it, he'll have a bout with me; if I say I have, this young rogue will cut my throat.

Francisco. Come, will you swear?

Shallow. I would I were fairly off, I would lose my wench with all my heart. I swear.

Francisco. So, now thou art free from any imputation that his tongue can stick upon thee.

Enter FRANKLIN.

Franklin. Well, now I see 'tis done.

Shallow. Here's one shall talk with you.

Franklin. God give you joy, son Shallow.

Francisco. I thank you, father.

Franklin. How's this, Francisco, in the parson's habit?

Francisco. I have married her, as you bad me, sir; but this was the truer parson of the two, he tied the knot, and this gentleman is our witness.

Franklin. I am undone! strumpet, thou hast betrayed thyself to beggary, to shame besides, and that in open court: but take what thou hast sought, hang, beg, and starve, I'll never pity thee.

Luce. Good sir!

Shallow. I told you what would come on't.

Franklin. How did your wisdom lose her?

Shallow. E'en as you see; I was beguil'd, and so were you.

Franklin. Francisco, take her; thou seest the portion thou art like to have.

Francisco. 'Tis such a portion as will ever please me: but for her sake, be not unnatural.

Luce. Do not reject me, father.

Francisco. But for the fault that she must answer for, or shame she should endure in court, behold her yet an untouch'd virgin. Cushion, come forth; here signior Shallow, take your child unto you, make much of it, it may prove as wise as the father.

[*He flings the cushion at him.*

Franklin. This is more strange than t'other: ah Luce, wer't thou so subtle to deceive thyself, and me? Well, take thy fortune, 'tis thine own choice.

Francisco. Sir, we can force no bounty from you, and therefore must rest content with what your pleasure is.

Enter EUPHUES, ALPHONSO.

Alphonso. Yonder he is, my lord, that's he in the

parson's habit; he is thus disguis'd about the business I told you of. Lysandro, see your noble father.

Euphues. Welcome, my long-lost son, from all the storms
Of frowning fortune that thou hast endur'd,
Into thy father's arms.

Luce. Is my Francisco noble?

Franklin. Lord Euphues' son! I am amaz'd.

Euphues. I hear, Lysandro, that you are married.

Francisco. Yes, my lord, this is my bride, the daughter and heir of this rich gentleman. 'Twas only she, that when my state was nothing, my poor self and parentage unknown, vouchsafed to know, nay, grace me with her love, her constant love.

Euphues. Such merit must not be forgot, my son. Daughter, much joy attend upon your choice.

Francisco. Now, wants but your consent.

Franklin. Which, with a willing heart I do bestow. Pardon me, worthy son, I have so long
Been hard to you: 'twas ignorance
Of what you were, and care I took for her.

Francisco. Your care needs no apology.

Euphues. But now, Lysandro, I must make thee sad
Upon thy wedding-day, and let thee know
There is no pure and uncompounded joy
Lent to mortality: in depth of woe
Thou met'st the knowledge of thy parentage;
Thy elder brother Philocles must die:
And in his tragedy our name and house
Had sunk for ever, had not gracious Heaven
Sent, as a comfort to my childless age,
Thy long-lost self, supporter of the name.

Francisco. But can there be no means to save his life?

Euphues. Alas, there's none! the king has taken an oath
Never to pardon him; but since, they say,
His majesty repents, and fain would save him.

Francisco. Then am I wretched: like a man long blind,

That comes at last to see the wish'd-for sun,
But finds it in eclipse: such is my case,
To meet in this dark woe, my dearest friends.

Euphues. Had you not heard this news before, Lysandro?

Francisco. Yes, sir, and did lament,
As for a worthy stranger, but ne'er knew
My sorrow stood engag'd by such a tie
As brotherhood. Where may we see him, sir?

Euphues. This morning he's arraign'd. Put off that habit you are in, and go along with me; leave your friends here awhile.

Francisco. Farewel, father;
Dear Luce, till soon, farewel: nought but so sad
A chance could make me cloudy now. [*Exeunt.*

Franklin. Well, Luce, thy choice has prov'd better than we expected; but this cloud of grief has dimm'd our mirth, but will, I hope, blow over. Heaven grant it may! And, signior Shallow, though you have miss'd what my love meant you once, pray be my guest.

Shallow. I thank you, sir; I'll not be strange.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, NICANOR.

King. Nicanor, I would find some privy place,
Where I might stand unseen, unknown of any,
To hear th' arraignment of young Philocles.

Nicanor. The judges are now entering: please you, sir,
Here to ascend, you may both hear and see.

King. Well, I'll go up;
And, like a jealous husband, hear and see
That that will strike me dead. Am I a king,
And cannot pardon such a small offence?
I cannot do't, nor am I Cæsar now.
Lust has uncrown'd me, and my rash-ta'en oath
Has reft me of a king's prerogative.
Come, come, Nicanor, help me to ascend,
And see that fault, that I want power to mend.
[*They ascend.*

Enter three JUDGES, VIRRO, POLYMETES, EUPHUES, FRANCISCO, LEUCOTHOE, CLERIMONT, ROSCIO.

1*st Judge.* Bring forth the prisoner: where are the witnesses?

Polymetes. Here, my lords. I am the wrong'd party, and the fact, my man here, besides the officers that took them, can justify.

2*d Judge.* That's enough.

Enter PHILOCLES, *with a guard.*

1*st Judge.* Philocles, stand to the bar, and answer to such crimes
As shall be here objected against thy life.
Read the indictment.

Philocles. Spare that labour;
I do confess the fact that I am charg'd with,
And speak as much as my accusers can,
As much as all the witnesses can prove.
'Twas I that stole away the daughter and heir
Of lord Polymetes, which, wer't to do again,
Rather than lose her, I again would venture.
This was the fact: your sentence, honour'd fathers.

Clerimont. 'Tis brave and resolute.

1*st Judge.* A heavy sentence, noble Philocles;
And such a one, as I could wish myself
Off from this place some other might deliver;
You must die for it, death is your sentence.

Philocles. Which I embrace with willingness. Now, my lord,
Is your hate glutted yet, or is my life [*To Polymetes.*
Too poor a sacrifice to appease the rancour
Of your inveterate malice? If it be, to[12]
Invent some scandal, that may after blot
My reputation.——Father, dry your tears,
[*To Euphues.*
Weep not for me, my death shall leave no stain

[12] —— *If it be,* to *Invent some scandal,* &c.] I think we should read *go.* S. P. Thes yllable *to,* is more than is required either for the sense or th measure. C.

Upon your blood, nor blot on your fair name:
The honour'd ashes of my ancestors,
May still rest quiet in their tear-wet urns
For any fact of mine. I might have liv'd,
If Heaven had not prevented it, and found
Death for some foul dishonourable act.
Brother, farewel; no sooner have I found
[*To Francisco.*
But I must leave thy wish'd-for company.
Farewel, my dearest love; live thou still happy;
And may some one of more desert than I,
Be blest in the enjoying what I lose!
I need not wish him happiness that has thee,
For thou wilt bring it; may he prove as good
As thou art worthy.

Leucothoë. Dearest Philocles,
There is no room for any man but thee,
Within this breast. Oh good my lords,
Be merciful, condemn us both together,
Our faults are both alike; why should the law
Be partial thus, and lay it all on him?

1*st Judge.* Lady, I would we could as lawfully
Save him as you, he should not die for this.

Enter CONSTABLE, *leading* EUGENIO.

How now, who's that you have brought there?

Constable. A benefactor, an't please your lordships, I reprehended him in my watch last night.

Virro. Irus is taken.

2*d Judge.* What's his offence?

Constable. Murder.

Watch. No, Mr. constable, 'twas but poisoning of a man.

Constable. Go, thou art a fool.

Virro. I am undone for ever, all will out.

3*d Judge.* What proofs have you against him?

Constable. His own profession, if it please your honour.

3*d Judge.* And that's an ill profession, to be a murderer. Thou meanest he has confest the fact?

Constable. Yes, my lord, he cannot deny it.

1*st Judge.* Did he not name the party, who it was that he had poison'd.

Constable. Marry, with reverence be it spoken, it was Eugenio, my lord Polymetes' son.

Polymetes. How's this?

1*st Judge.* He died long since, at Athens.

Polymetes. I cannot tell what I should think of it:
This is the man that lately brought me news
My son was living.

2*d Judge.* Fellow, stand to the bar: thou hear'st thy accusation, what canst thou say?

Eugenio. Ah, my good lord,
I cannot now deny what I have said.
This man o'erheard me, as my bleeding heart
Was making a confession of my crime.

Constable. I told him, an't shall please your lordships, the king's officers had eyes to hear such rascals.

1*st Judge.* You have been careful in your office, constable;
You may now leave your prisoner.

Constable. I'll leave the felon with your lordship.

1*st Judge.* Farewel, good constable; murder I see will out,
Why didst thou poison him? [*Exit Constable.*

Eugenio. I was poor, and want made me be hir'd.

2*d Judge.* Hir'd by whom?

Eugenio. By count Virro; there he stands.

Virro. I do beseech your lordships not to credit what this base fellow speaks: I am innocent.

1*st Judge.* I do believe you are. Sirrah, speak truth, You have not long to live.

Eugenio. Please it, your lordship, I may relate the manner.

3*d Judge.* Do.

Eugenio. Eugenio was alive, when first the news
Was spread in Syracuse that he was dead;
Which false report Count Virro crediting,
Became an earnest suitor to his sister,
Thinking her heir; but finding afterwards
Her brother liv'd, and coming home

Not a day's journey hence, he sent me to him,
And with a promise of five hundred crowns
Hir'd me to poison him. That this is true,
Here's his own hand to witness it against him:
Please it your lordships to peruse the writing.

1st Judge. This is his hand.

2d Judge. Sure as I live, I have seen warrants from him with just these characters.

3d Judge. Besides, methinks this fellow's tale is likely.

Polymetes. 'Tis too true;
This fellow's sudden going from my house
Put me into a fear.

1st Judge. Count Virro, stand to the bar.
What can you say to clear you of this murder?

Virro. Nothing, my lords, I must confess the fact.

2d Judge. Why then against you both do I pronounce
Sentence of death.

Ambo. The law is just.

Polymetes. Wretch that I am, is my dissembled grief
Turn'd to true sorrow? Were my acted tears
But prophecies of my ensuing woe,
And is he truly dead? Oh, pardon me,
Dear ghost of my Eugenio, 'twas my fault
That call'd this hasty vengeance from the gods,
And shorten'd thus thy life; for, whilst with tricks
I sought to fasten wealth upon our house,
I brought a cannibal to be the grave
Of me and mine. Base, bloody, murderous count.

Virro. Vile cozener! cheating lord! dissembler!

1st Judge. Peace! stop the mouth of malediction there!
This is no place to rail in.

Euphues. Ye just powers,
That to the quality of man's offence
Shape your correcting rods, and punish there
Where he has sinn'd! did not my bleeding heart
Bear such a heavy share in this day's woe,
I could with a free soul applaud your justice.

Polymetes. Lord Euphues, and Philocles, forgive me.

To make amends, I know's impossible,
For what my malice wrought; but I would fain
Do somewhat that might testify my grief
And true repentance.

Eugenio. That is that I look'd for.

Euphues. Y' are kind too late, my lord: had you been thus
When need requir'd, y' had sav'd yourself and me,
Our hapless sons; but if your grief be true,
I can forgive you heartily.

Philocles. And I.

Eugenio. Now comes my cue. My lord Polymetes, Under correction, let me ask one question.

Polymetes. What question? speak.

Eugenio. If this young lord should live, would you bestow your daughter willingly upon him? would you, my lord?

Polymetes. As willingly as I would breathe myself.

Eugenio. Then dry all your eyes,
There's no man here shall have a cause to weep.
Your life is sav'd, Leucothoë is no heir; [*To Philocles.*
Her brother lives, and that clears you, Count Virro,
Of your supposed murder.

All. How! lives?

Eugenio. Yes, lives to call thee brother, Philocles.

Leucothoë. Oh, my dear brother! [*He discovers himself.*

Polymetes. My son, welcome from death.

Eugenio. Pardon me, good my lord, that I thus long
Have from your knowledge kept myself conceal'd;
My end was honest.

Polymetes. I see it was.
And now, son Philocles, give me thy hand.
Here take thy wife, she loves thee, I dare swear;
And for the wrong, that I intended thee,
Her portion shall be double what I meant it.

Philocles. I thank your lordship.

Polymetes. Brother Euphues,
I hope all enmity is now forgot
Betwixt our houses.

Euphues. Let it be ever so, I do embrace your love.

Virro. Well, my life is sav'd yet, though my wench be lost.
God give you joy.
Philocles. Thanks, good my lord.
1*st Judge.* How suddenly this tragic scene is chang'd,
And turn'd to comedy!
2*d Judge.* 'Tis very strange!
Polymetes. Let us conclude within.
King. Stay, and take my joy with you.
[*The King speaks from above:*
Euphues. His majesty is coming down, let us attend.
Enter KING.
King. These jars are well clos'd up: now, Philocles,
What my rash oath deny'd me, this blest hour
And happy accident has brought to pass,
The saving of thy life.
Philocles. A life, my liege,
That shall be ever ready to be spent
Upon your service.
King. Thanks, good Philocles.
But where's the man whose happy presence brought
All this unlook'd-for sport? where is Eugenio?
Eugenio. Here, my dread liege.
King. Welcome to Syracuse,
Welcome, Eugenio; pr'ythee ask some boon
That may requite the good that thou hast done.
Eugenio. I thank your majesty; what I have done
Needs no requital; but I have a suit
Unto lord Euphues, please it your majesty
To be to him an intercessor for me,
I make no question but I shall obtain.
King. What is it? speak; it shall be granted thee.
Eugenio. That it would please him to bestow on me
His niece, the fair and virtuous lady, Leda.
Euphues. With all my heart: I know 'twill please her well,
I have often heard her praise Eugenio.
It shall be done within.
King. Then here all strife ends.

I'll be your guest myself to-day, and help
To solemnize this double marriage.

Polymetes. Your royal presence shall much honour us.

King. Then lead away: the happy knot you tie,
Concludes in love two houses' enmity.

THE EPILOGUE.

Our Heir is fall'n from her inheritance;
But has obtain'd her Love: you may advance
Her higher yet; and from your pleas'd hands give
A dowry, that will make her truly live.

EDITION.

The Heire: a Comedie. As it was acted by the Company of the Revels, 1620. Written by T. M. The second impression. London: Printed by Augustine Mathewes, for Thomas Jones; and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstans Church-yard, in Fleet-street. 1633. 4to.

THE HISTORY

OF

FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY.

ROBERT GREENE, the son, it is said, of a citizen of Norwich, was born there about the year 1560; it can hardly be supposed that he was younger than eighteen when he took his degree of B. A. at the University of Cambridge in 1578. He became M. A. of Clare Hall five years afterwards, and it is probable that he spent the interval in travelling upon the continent.[1] Having entered the church, he was presented to the vicarage of Tollesbury, Essex, on June, 19, 1584, and he relinquished it in 1585, from some unexplained cause.[2] It has been said that his misconduct led to this event, but there is no evidence against him upon this point beyond his general character, and that has been too much collected from the accusations of his enemies. His admission to the same degree at Oxford in 1588, as that which he had taken at Cambridge in 1583, may perhaps be accepted as some slight testimony in his favour.[3]

At what date he married has not been ascertained;[4]

[1] In the address to the reader before his *Notable Discoveris of Coosnage*, 1591, he says: "France, Germany, Poland, Denmark, I "know them all, yet not affectioned to any in the form of my life: "only I am English born, and I have English thoughts; not a devil "incarnate because I am Italianate, but hating the pride of Italy "because I know their peevishness: yet in all these countries, where "I have travelled, I have not seen more excess of vanity than we "Englishmen practise through vain glory."

[2] See note to p. 22 of Mr. Gilchrist's Examination of the Charges of Enmity, &c. against Ben Jonson. In 1584 and 1585, perhaps while Greene held the living of Tollesbury, he published two serious works: the one the translation of a Funeral Sermon by Pope Gregory XIII. and the other the *Mirror of Modesty*, which is a prose narrative of the story of Susanna and the Elders, with various moral reflections.

[3] The title pages of several of his tracts state that they are written by Robert Greene, *Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister*; and Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in 1592, so entitles a supposed epitaph by Greene upon himself.

[4] Gabriel Harvey has preserved a note, said to have been written to his wife by Greene on his death-bed, from which it seems that her christian name was Dorothea.

but, according to the character left of his wife, it is not very likely that she would have thrown herself away upon a prodigal and a profligate. It is therefore to be inferred, that at that period he had not degenerated into a course of vice, in which, if we give full credit to the statements of Gabriel Harvey, he persevered to the day of his death.[5] He incurred the bitter and lasting enmity of Harvey by calling him, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, the son of a rope-maker; and this animosity pursued Greene to his death, and was continued with greater virulence even after he was laid in his grave.[6] To shew what was thought of this malignity

[5] Greene's assertion in his own favour is certainly as questionable; but, in the dedication of his *Farewell to Folly*, printed the year before his death, if not earlier, he thus speaks of himself and his productions: "*Follies* I term them (his works) because their subjects have "been superficial and their intents amorous; yet mixed with such "moral principles, that the precepts of virtue seemed to crave par- "don for all those vain opinions love sets down in her period. "Seeing, then, my works have been counted *Follies*, and *Follies* the "fruit of youth, many years having bitten me with experience, and "age growing on, bidding me *petere graviora, to satisfy the hope of "my friends, and to make the world privy to my private resolution*, I "have made a book called my *Farewell to Follies*: wherein, as I re- "nounce love for a fool, and vanity as a vein unfit for a gentle- "man, so I discover the general abuses that are ingrafted in the "minds of courtiers and scholars, with a cooling card of counsel "suppressing those actions that stray from the golden mean of "virtue."

[6] The following is only a small part, and a moderate specimen, of the abuse Harvey heaped upon Greene, within a very few days after he knew he had breathed his last:—

"I was altogether unacquainted with the man, and never once "saluted him by name: but who in London hath not heard of his "dissolute and licentious living; his fond disguising of a Master of "Art with ruffianly hair, unseemly apparel, and more unseemly "company; his vain-glorious and thrasonical braving; his piperly "extemporizing and Tarltonizing; his apish counterfeiting of every "absurd and ridiculous toy; his fine cozening of jugglers, and finer "juggling with cozeners; his villainous cogging and foisting; his "monstrous swearing and horrible forswearing; his impious pro- "faning of sacred texts; his other scandalous and blasphemous "raving; his riotous and outrageous surfeiting; his continual shift- "ing of lodgings; his plausible mustering and banqueting of roys- "terly acquaintance at his first coming; his beggarly departing in

by contemporaries, we may quote the striking expressions of Francis Meres, who published his *Palladis Tamia* in 1598: "As Achilles tortured the dead body "of Hector, and as Antonius and his wife Fulvia tor- "mented the lifeless corpse of Cicero, so Gabriel Har- "vey hath shewn the same inhumanity to Greene, who "now lies full low in his grave." (fo. 286.) Nevertheless Harvey does not scruple to declare in the same sheet that contains the bitterest attack on his deceased enemy, "I am not one of those that bite the dead!"

Mr. Malone informs us that Greene died on the 3d September, 1592, and refers to Gabriel Harvey as his authority; but the precise day is uncertain, as Harvey merely says, that, while writing on the 5th September, he was "suddenly certified that the king of the paper "stage had played his last part, and was gone to Tarle- "ton." His death is represented to have been caused by a surfeit of Rhenish and red-herrings. Meres, referring to this event, cites Thomas Nash as a witness; and Gabriel Harvey had previously said that Nash was present at the banquet. If only a small part of what Harvey asserts regarding the last moments of Greene be true, he expired in the most abject poverty, and in the utmost misery.[7] His burial took place "in the new "church-yard, near Bedlam," on the 4th September, 1592.

"every hostess's debt; his infamous resorting to the Bankside, "Shoreditch, Southwark, and other filthy haunts," &c. *Four Letters and certain Sonnets.* 1592.

In the next year, in his *New Letter of Notable Contents*, Gabriel Harvey pursues this agreeable theme, charging Greene with being an atheist, and coupling him with Marlow. This accusation was reiterated in 1594 by the translator of the second part of *the French Academy*, who improved upon it, and pretended to give the very expressions of Greene upon his death-bed, denying the judgments of God and the existence of hell.

[7] He probably had maintained himself very much by his pen, and it has been said that he was the first author who wrote for his bread. That sustenance was one great object with him is quite clear, and Gabriel Harvey, in a sonnet put into the mouth of his brother's ghost, who is supposed to welcome Greene to the shades, says:

"Come on! I pardon thy offence to me;
"*It was thy living.*"

If Greene were born in 1560, he was no more than thirty-two years old at the time of his death, which is hardly consistent with what we find in his *Farewell to Folly*, 1591, when he observes, that "many years had "bitten him with experience;" and that "age was "growing on." During the interval between the abandonment of his living, in 1585, and his death, nothing is known of the events of his life. Some parts of his tracts, especially of his *Groat's-worth of Wit*, are supposed to be auto-biographical; but the difficulty is, to separate the fact from the fable. From the terms used by Gabriel Harvey, that Greene "had played his last part," and consequently, that his "piperly extemporizing "and Tarltonizing[8]" were at an end, we might infer that he had tried the profession of a player. The style of *The Pinner of Wakefield* certainly resembles that of Greene; and a note (for the first time inserted in the present edition, vol. III. p. 3.) is here very much in point. A copy of this play was sold in 1825, with an old inscription on the title page, undoubtedly genuine, stating, on the authority of Edward Juby, an actor and author, that it was the production of Greene; while, on the other hand, Shakespeare had informed the person who inserted the MS. note, that the writer of *The Pinner of Wakefield*, was "a minister who acted "the Pinner's part in it himself." Both these statements, apparently contradictory, may be reconciled when we recollect that Greene had undoubtedly been in orders, and had probably been on the stage.

Among Greene's various performances, there are two that have excited particular notice, because they are both intimately connected with Shakespeare: the one is *Dorastus and Fawnia*, (first printed in 1588), on which the *Winter's Tale* is founded[9]; and the other, his

[8] Tarlton, as is well known, was famous for his extemporal wit on the stage. See Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, fo. 285, b.

[9] In the prefatory matter to *Amadis de Gaul*, Mr. Southey observes, that "in Amadis of Greece may be found the Zelmane of "the Arcadia, the Masque of Cupid, of the Fairy Queen, and the "Florizel of the Winter's Tale. These resemblances are not "imaginary—(Florizel indeed is there with the same name) any

Groat's-worth of Wit, (published after his death, in 1592, by Henry Chettle), which contains the earliest mention of Shakespeare as a writer for the theatre. Greene there addresses (according to Mr. Malone's opinion) Marlow, Lodge, and Peele, and he terms Shakespeare " an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers." These words are supposed to allude to the use Shakespeare had made of some plays by Greene, Marlow, Lodge, or Peele, when he altered them for the Globe. It is somewhat singular after this charge, that he should have so far " beautified " himself with Greene's " fea- " thers," as to borrow largely from *Dorastus and Fawnia;* and were not the evidence conclusive that *The Winter's Tale* was not produced until long after Greene's death, we might almost be tempted to imagine that he referred to this obligation. Lodge's *Rosalynde* (1590) was followed still more closely in *As you like it;* but that play also was not written until several years after the death of Greene.

In deciding upon the merits of Robert Greene, as a dramatic poet, we are of course not to forget that he left off writing about the year when Shakespeare is believed to have begun; and if fault be found with the monotony of his versification, and its similarity to rhyme, (excepting in the absence of the mere jingle of the sound) we are to recollect how recently blank verse had been brought upon the stage. The constant recurrence of rhyme in the earlier productions of Shakespeare is a relic of the old custom, which could only be gradually abandoned. Marlow is, perhaps the single poet, preceding our great dramatist, who at all approaches him in the facility and variety of his measure. Greene had been accused of not being able to write good blank verse, and the Epistle to his *Perimedes* (1588) contains a curious passage in reply. He tells

" person who will examine, will be convinced beyond a doubt, that " Sidney, Spencer, and Shakespeare, each of them imitated this " book. Was ever book honoured by three such imitators!" The Florizel of Amadis of Greece is called Dorastus by Greene, so that Shakespeare probably obtained the name at least from the romance.

us that his motto—*omne tulit punctum*, &c. (see the end of *Friar Bacon*) which is prefixed or appended to many of his genuine works, had been " had in derision, for " that I could not make my verses jet upon the stage " in tragical buskins; every word filling the mouth like " the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven, " with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the " mad Priest of the Sun. But let me rather openly " pocket up the ass at Diogenes' hand, than wantonly set " out such impious instances of intolerable poetry, such " mad and scoffing poets, that have prophetical spi- " rits, as bred of Merlin's race: if there be any in " England that set the end of scholarism in an English " blank verse, I think either it is the humour of a novice " that tickles them with self-love, or too much fre- " quenting the hot-house (to use a German proverb) " hath sweat out all the greatest part of their wits, which " waste *gradatim*, as the Italians say, *poco á poco*. If " I speak darkly, gentlemen, and offend with this di- " gression, I crave pardon, in that I but answer in " print what they have offered on the stage."

Much of this answer, particularly the latter part of the closing sentence, is not very explicable at the present day; but it seems as if Marlow, the author of *Tamerlane*, had made the charge against Greene of not being able to write blank verse, and in the prefatory matter to the *Farewel to Folly*, Greene again attacks the life of Tamerlane, asserting that the copies left on hand had been bought cheap by pedlars, to be used for the purpose of wrapping up their commodities.

It remains to subjoin as perfect a list as can now be formed of the dramatic and undramatic works of Greene, acknowledging no slight obligation on this point to the author of the article in Censura Literaria, vol. viii. p. 380. Greene's dramatic pieces are the following:

1. The honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 4to. 1594, 1599, 1630, 1655.[10]

[10] The *History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* is the first play mentioned in Henslowe's papers, under date of the 19th February, 1591, when it was played by Lord Strange's men. Greene seems

2. The History of Orlando Furioso, one of the Twelve Peers of France, 4to. 1594, 1599.

3. The comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon, 4to. 1597, 1599.

4. The Scottish History of James the Fourth, slain at Flodden, 4to. 1598, 1599.

5. A Looking Glass for London and England, (assisted by T. Lodge,) 4to. 1594, 1598.[11]

Of the other works by Greene the subsequent is the most correct statement that at the present date can perhaps be made out:

1. The Mirror of Modesty, 8vo. 1584.

2. Monardo, the Tritameron of Love, 1584, 1587.

3. Planetomachia: or the first part of the general opposition of the seven Planets, 1585.

4. Translation of a funeral sermon by Pope Gregory XIII. 1585.

5. Arcadia or Menaphon: Camillaes alarum to slumbering Euphues in his melancholy cell at Silexedra, 1587, 1589, 1599, 1605, 1610, 1616, 1634.[12]

6. Euphues, his Censure to Philantus, 1587, 1634.

7. The Card of Fancy, 1587, 1593, 1608.

8. Debate between Folly and Love, 1587, 1608.

9. Perimedes, the Blacksmith: a golden method how to use the mind, &c. 1588.

to have written for this company, and his pieces are mentioned at various periods: they were probably all written considerably before the earliest notice of them yet discovered.

[11] Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, states without qualification, that Greene was also the author of *Fair Emme*, not printed till 1681, although it is mentioned by Henslowe in his MSS. In conjunction with Lodge, Phillips adds, that Greene produced four other dramatic pieces, viz. *The Law of Nature, Lady Alimony, Liberality and Prodigality*, (no doubt the play printed in 1602, under the title of *The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*,) and a Masque called *Luminalia*. In Mr. Warburton's List of MS. plays destroyed by his servant is *The History of Jobe*, by Robert Greene. To these in future may be added *The Pinner of Wakefield*.

[12] Of this Tract Harvey speaks thus contemptuously in his *Four Letters*, &c. "Even Guicciardine's silver history, and Ariosto's golden cantos grow out of request; and the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia* is not *green* enough for queasy stomacks, but they must have *Greene's Arcadia*; and, I believe, most eagerly longed for *Greene's Fairy Queen*."

10. Pandosto, the triumph of time, 1588, 1629.

11. The pleasant and delightful History of Dorastus and Fawnia, 1588, 1607, 1655, 1664, 1675, 1723, 1735.

12. The Spanish Masquerado, 1589.

13. The Royal Exchange: containing sundry aphorisms of philosophy, 1590.

14. Never too late: in two parts, 1590, 1600, 1607, 1616, 1631.

15. Mourning Garment, given him by Repentance at the funerals of Love, 1590, 1616. [13]

16. Farewel to Folly, 1591, 1617.

17. A Notable Discovery of Cozenage, 1591, 1592.

18. The ground-work of Coney-catching, 1591. [14]

19. The second part of Coney-catching, 1591, 1592.

20. The third and last part of Coney-catching, 1592.

21. Disputation between a he coney-catcher and a she coney-catcher, 1592. [15].

22. Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of repentance, 1592, 1600, 1616, 1617, 1621, 1629, 1637. [16]

[13] This piece, and that which follows it, are thus alluded to in the Epistle Dedicatory by R. W. before *Martine Mar-Sixtus*, after he has been mentioning iale ballads and "unhonest amorous discourses," by *a Graduate in Cambridge, in Artibus Magister.* "Fie "upon this wit! thus affecting to be famous they become notorious, "that it may be said of them as of the sophisters at Athens, *dum "volunt haberi celebriter docti, innotescunt insigniter asinini;* and "when with shame they see their *folly*, they are fain to put on a "*mourning garment*, and cry *farewel*." *Martine Mar-Sixtus* was printed in 1592.

[14] It is little more than a reprint of Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursitors*, with nothing in it to prove the authorship of Greene.

[15] In Luke Hutton's *Black Dog of Newgate* (no date, but obviously printed before 1600,) is the subsequent tribute to Greene's labours in exposing cheats and knaves: "Maister Greene, God "be with thee, for if thou hadst been alive, knowing what I know, "thou would'st as well have made work as matter; but for my part I am a plain fellow."

[16] This popular production is not unfrequently mentioned in old plays. In R. Broome's *City Wit*, Crazy says,

"——— ——Have I no refuge
To fly to now? yes here: about a groatsworth
Of paper it was once. Would I had now
Greene's Groatsworth of Wit for it!"

23. Ciceronis Amor: Tully's Love, 1592, 1611, 1615, 1616, 1628, 1639.

24. A Quip for an upstart Courtier, or a dispute between velvet breeches and cloth breeches, 1592, 1620, 1625, 1635.

25. Philomela: the Lady Fitz-waters Nightingale, 1592, 1615, 1631.

26. The Black-book's Messenger, or the Life and Death of Ned Browne, 1592.

27. The Repentance of Robert Greene, 1593.

28. Mamillia; or the Triumph of Pallas, 1593.

29. The Second Part of the same, 1593.

30. News both from Heaven and Hell, 1593.

31. Orpharion, 1599.[17]

32. Penelope's Web, 1601.

33. A Pair of Turtle Doves; or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio, 1606.

34. Thieves falling out, true men come to their goods, 1615, 1637.

35. The History of Erbasto, King of Denmark, 1617, 1626.[18]

This list, although made out from all the extant authorities, is no doubt yet very incomplete: other tracts may hereafter be discovered, and several additions might be made to the dates. Of the last eight

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, Tristram exclaims, "Be sure you burn *Green's Groatsworth of Wit*. I scorn to keep "the name of wit about me."

[17] Greene promises his *Orpharion* in the prefatory matter to his *Perimedes*, 1588, as forthcoming "in the next term," and it was licensed to E. White in 1589, but no earlier edition is at present known than that of 1599.

[18] Many other productions, with which Greene unquestionably had nothing to do, have been hitherto inserted among his works; such, for instance, as *Greene's Ghost haunting Coney-catchers*, which is by S. R. who signs the Epistle, and in a prefatory sonnet says,

"I tell, not I, what foreign men have done,
"But follow that which others have begun."

The subsequent pieces have also been mistakenly ascribed to Greene:—

"Greene's Vision at the instant of his death," n. d.
"Greene's Funerals," 1594.
"Mihil Mumchance, his discovery," n. d.
"Greene in conceit raised from his grave," 1598.

articles, copies only are known of years subsequent to the death of Greene; and, unless they were posthumous productions, earlier editions were certainly printed. Some editions without dates have been omitted, as it was not possible to place them with any precision in the catalogue. The *History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* is now, for the first time, inserted in what has been called "Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY THE THIRD, *King of England.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales.*
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
KING OF CASTILLE.
LACY, *Earl of Lincoln.*
WARREN, *Earl of Sussex.*
ERMSBY.
RALPH SIMNELL, *the king's fool.*
FRIAR BACON.
MILES, *his man.*
FRIAR BUNGAY.
JAQUES VANDERMAST.
BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT, } *doctors of Oxford.*
LAMBERT, SERLSBY, } *gentlemen.*
Two SCHOLARS, *their sons.*
KEEPER.
THOMAS.
RICHARD.
DEVIL, HERCULES, &c.

ELINOR OF CASTILLE.
MARGARET, *the fair maid of Fresingfield.*
JOAN, *a country wench.*
HOSTESS *of the Bell at Henley.*

THE HONORABLE HISTORY

OF

FRIAR BACON.[19]

Enter EDWARD *the First,*[20] *malcontented, with* LACY, *Earl of Lincoln,* JOHN WARREN, *Earl of Sussex, and* ERNSBY, *Gentleman,* RALPH SIMNELL, *the King's fool.*

Lacy. WHY looks my lord like to a troubled sky,
When heaven's bright shine, is shadow'd with a fog?
Alate we ran the deer, and through the lawns
'Stript[21] with our nags the lofty frolic bucks,

[19] There is a prose tract regarding Friar Bacon of which the following is the title: "The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, con- "taining the wonderfull things that he did in this life. Also the "manner of his death, with the lives and deaths of the two Con- "jurors, Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightfull "to be read. Printed at London by E. A. for Francis Grove." It is in black letter, without date, though unquestionably printed subsequent to the year 1600; but there no doubt were earlier editions of it. The initials E. A. may mean Elizabeth Allde, the printer of the edition of Greene's Play in 1630; and it is to be observed in confirmation, that the identical wood-cut is used upon both. Whether the tract were founded on the play, or the play upon the tract it is not now easy to decide; probably the latter is the fact, as we know that it was the practice of Shakespeare, and of nearly all his contemporaries to raise their structures upon foundations already laid. There are very strong resemblances between the two, some of which are pointed out in notes in the course of the present reprint.

[20] Though called "Edward *the first*" he was only at this time Prince of Wales; he is subsequently spoken of as Prince Edward.

[21] *'Stript* is only abbreviated for the sake of the measure: it means *outstript*.

That scudded 'fore the teizers[22] like the wind.
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fresingfield,
So lustily pull'd down by jolly mates,
Nor shar'd the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt this hundred years before:
Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,
And now chang'd to a melancholy dump.

Warren. After the prince got to the keeper's lodge:
And had been jocund in the house awhile,
Tossing of ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel fill'd us drink
That seem'd so stately in her stammel[23] red,
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,
But straight he fell into his passions.

Ermsby. Sirrah, Ralph, what say you to your master,
Shall he thus all amort[24] live malcontent?

Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned? nay look if he will speak to me.

Edward. What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph. I pr'ythee tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the keeper's daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Ralph. Why then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive love.

[22] The *teizers* are probably the *dogs;* it may be is a forgotten term of the chase, but it is not found in any dictionary or glossary. The word is used again afterwards.

[23] *Stammel* is sometimes used for a red colour, and sometimes for a species of cloth: in this instance it means the latter, as the colour of the *stammel* is noted by the adjective.

" I'll not quarrel with the gentleman
" For wearing *stammel* breeches,"

is a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer.* It was probably worn by persons in the lower ranks of life: thus in Eastward Hoe, (vol IV. p. 195.) we find Girtred saying to her sister: " I tell you I cannot endure it; I must be a lady: do you " wear your quoif with a London licket? your *stammel* petticoat with two guards?"

[24] See note 22 to Ram Alley, vol. V. where this line is quoted to shew that *amort* means melancholy. *Tout à la mort.*

Edward. How, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put on thy cloaths, and thy sword, and so thou shalt be my fool.

Edward. And what of this?

Ralph. Why so thou shalt beguile love; for love is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

Edward. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lively in her country weeds she look'd?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield:—
All Suffolk? nay all England holds none such.

Ralph. Sirrah, Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Ermsby. Why Ralph?

Ralph. He says all England hath no such, and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

Warren. How provest thou that Ralph?

Ralph. Why, is the abbot a learned man, and hath he read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to chuse a bonny wench? yes, warrant I thee, by his whole grammar.

Ermsby. A good reason, Ralph.

Edward. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair:
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks:
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence:
Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,
Richly enclos'd with ruddy coral cliffs.
Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.

Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair,
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield;
But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enrich'd with honor's tint,

Whose beauties stand upon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the court of love.
Edward. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.
Ermsby. Why how watch'd you her, my lord?
Edward. When as she swept like Venus through the house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts;
Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine,
As Pallas, 'mongst her princely housewifery:
She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her cheese;
But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
Checked with lines of azure, made her blush,
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsby, if thou hadst seen as I did note it well,
How beauty play'd the housewife, how this girl
Like Lucrece laid her fingers to the work,
Thou wouldst with Tarquin hazard Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Fresingfield.
Ralph. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her?
Edward. I, Ralph.
Ralph. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her already.
Edward. I'll give thee a new coat and learn me that.
Ralph. Why, sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to Friar Bacon: oh, he is a brave scholar, sirrah; they say he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.
Edward. And how then, Ralph?
Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to him: and because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall turn me to thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock.
Edward. But how shall I have the maid?
Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse

full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great press of people, for fear of the cut-purse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her placket; then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself.

Ermsby. Excellent policy.

Edward. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then being turn'd from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

Edward. Ralph shall have a new coat.

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.

Edward. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;
For why our country Marg'ret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells,
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl:
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar;
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed.

Warren. Content my lord; and that's a speedy way
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

Edward. I am unknown, not taken for the prince:
They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game;
Therefore I have devis'd a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is St. James',
And then the country flocks to Harlston fair:
Then will the keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids,
That come to see, and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee disguis'd among the country swains,
Feign th'art a farmer's son, not far from thene,
Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;

Coat him, and court her to control the clown;
Say that the courtier 'tired all in green,
That helpt her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting for the maid:
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush:
Oh then she loves, but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge,
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

Edward. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news.

Ralph. And sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bells.

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him: so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry, that his son, and my master Ned, is become love's morris dance.

Edward. Well, Lacy look with care unto thy charge,
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,
May'st make me lord of merry Fresingfield.

Lacy. God send your honour your heart's desire.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR BACON, *with* MILES, *his poor scholar, with books under his arm; with them* BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT, *three doctors.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum doctissime et reverendissime doctor.*

Bacon. *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia.*

Miles. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum.*

Bacon. Now masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, vice-roys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,

Spending your time in depth of learned skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stall'd in Brazen-nose?
Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.

Burden. Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magic's mystery,
In Pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell by hydromatic, ebbs and tides;
By Aeromancy to discover doubts,
To plain out questions, as Apollo did.

Bacon. Well master Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marry sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; that which is above us, pertains nothing to us.

Burden. I tell thee Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay England, and the court of Henry says,
Th'art making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy:
And by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, master? why he doth speak mystically, for he knows if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet mother Water's strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose.

Clement. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,
But joying that our academy yields
A man suppos'd the wonder of the world;
For if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Eternize Friar Bacon for his art.

Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you, doctors, Bacon can by books,
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.

The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What art can work, the frolic friar knows,
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep.
I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass,
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff)
And that by art shall read philosophy;
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grass of English ground.
The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strond,
From Dover to the market place of Rye.

Burden. Is this possible?

Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.

Burden. What be those?

Miles. Marry sir, three or four as honest devils, and good companions as any be in hell.

Mason. No doubt but magic may do much in this,
For he that reads but mathematic rules,
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men.

Burden. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach[25],
And tells of more than magic can perform;
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? yet to think,
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy,
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus;
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies:

[25] To *rove a bow beyond his reach* is equivalent to the proverbial phrase of shooting with a long bow: the bow is too long for the stretch of his arms.

But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

Burden. I will: ask what thou canst.

Miles. Marry sir, he'll straight be on your pickpack, to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday, master Burden, at Henley upon Thames?

Burden. I was; what then?

Bacon. What book studied you thereon all night?

Burden. I? none at all; I read not there a line.

Bacon. Then doctors, friar Bacon's art knows nought.

Clement. What say you to this, master Burden? doth he not touch you?

Burden. I pass not of his frivolous speeches.

Miles. Nay, master Burden, my master ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave you no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.

Bacon. Masters, for that learn'd Burden's skill is deep,
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
I'll shew you why he haunts to Henley oft:
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art.
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my saying true, I'll shew you straight,
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll shew you but his book. [*Here he conjures.*

Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter a WOMAN *with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a Devil.*

Miles. Oh master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all, for here's a she devil come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit: you have marr'd the devil's supper, but

no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to it exceed.

Hostess. Oh where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostess. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.

Bacon. How cam'st thou here?

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,
Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guests,
A motion mov'd me to look forth of door:
No sooner had I pry'd into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? know you not master Burden?

Hostess. Oh yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.
What, master Burden, 'twas but yesternight,
That you and I at Henley play'd at cards.

Burden. I know not what what we did. A pox of all conjuring friars.

Clement. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?

Bacon. It is; but Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post?

Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden,
What are you mated[26] by this frolic friar?

[26] *Mated* is confounded: thus Shakespeare:
"My mind she has *mated*, and amaz'd my sight."
Macbeth, A. 5. S. 1.
The commentators on the line endeavour to shew that the expression is from chess. It is sometimes written *amate* when another syllable is wanted. See note 40 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

Look how he droops; his guilty conscience
Drives him to bash, and makes his hostess blush.

Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you miss'd,
You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper 'gin. Burden, bid her adieu:
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes.
Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley? [*Exeunt Hostess and the Devil.*

Burden. The devil take thee and Henley too.

Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. What's that?

Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure another spirit, and send doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;
And as the college called Brazen-nose,
Is under him, and the master there,
So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd,
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms:
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.

Miles. So be it, *et nunc et semper*; amen.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter MARGARET, *the fair maid of Fresingfield, with* THOMAS *and* JOAN, *and other clowns:* LACY *disguised in country apparel.*

Thomas. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father whoreson: if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at Harlston will bear no price.

Margaret. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay;
When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely[27] upon the racks.
Then let our fathers prize it as they please,

[27] *Safely* is omitted in the later impressions of this play, but found in the quarto of 1594.

We country sluts of merry Fresingfield,
Come to buy needless noughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blithe and frolic, looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,[28]
Swearing the pedlars shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

Lacy. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries,
And seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shews all his glories for to court yourself.

Margaret. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To sooth me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad before.
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fresingfield.

Joan. Margaret,
A farmer's daughter for a farmer's son:
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church:
But Thomas, what's the news? what in a dump?
Give me your hand, we are near a pedlar's shop;
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.

Thomas. Faith, Joan, and shall: I'll bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

[*All this while Lacy whispers Margaret in the ear.*

Margaret. Whence are you, sir? of Suffolk? for your terms
Are finer than the common sort of men.

Lacy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint,

[28] Nothing can be more out of place than these pedantic allusions, when put into the mouth of such a character as Margaret: indeed, most of the classical references in this play fall under the censure of Mr. Malone, in his dissertation on the three parts of Henry VI. that they are thrust in merely for the sake of displaying the writer's learning.

But that he could do court'sy to such dames:
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge,
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison,
'Tired in green: he sent you this rich purse,
His token that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milk-house chatted with yourself.

Margaret. To me? You forget yourself.[29]

Lacy. Women are often weak in memory.

Margaret. Oh pardon, sir, I call to mind the man:
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

Joan. What, Marg'ret, blush not: maids must have their loves.

Thomas. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she were angry.

Richard. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth goodman Cob? my father bought a horse of him: I'll tell you, Margaret, a were good to bē a gentleman's jade, for all things the foul hilding[30] could not abide a dung-cart.

Margaret. How different is this farmer from the rest,
That erst as yet hath pleas'd my wand'ring sight:
His words are witty, quicken'd with a smile,
His court'sy gentle, smelling of the court,
Facile and debonaire in all his deeds;
Proportion'd as was Paris, when in gray,
He courted Æenon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love,
Who but the keeper's lass of Fresingfield?.
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son,
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine eye;
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,

[29] The words "You forget yourself," seem rather to belong to Lacy, and are consistent with what follows from him:

"Women are often weak in memory."

He imagines that she forgets the man "'tired in green."

[30] This term of contempt is often found in Shakespeare and other writers of his time. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, A. 3. S. 6. *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 2. S. 1. *Henry IV.* P. 2. A. 1. S. 1. &c.

And shew as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love:
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To shew the grief wherein thy heart doth burn.
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair?
You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as you.

Margaret. Well, if you chance to come by Fresingfield,
Make but a step into the keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.

Lacy. Gramercies Peggy; look for me ere long.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter HENRY THE THIRD, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILLE, ELINOR *his daughter*, JAQUES VANDERMAST, *a German.*

Henry. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the West,
Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surges like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome brave western kings,
To England's shore, whose promontory cliffs,
Shew Albion is another little world:
Welcome says English Henry to you all.
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep,
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

Castille. England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castille in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dar'd to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Eolus:
Then may fair England welcome her the more.

Elinor. After that English Henry by his lords

Had sent prince Edward's lovely counterfeit[31],
A present to the Castille Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links,
To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake.

Emperor. Where is the prince, my lord?

Henry. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Fremingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer:
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-house,
We hear the prince is ridden with his lords,
To Oxford, in the academy there
To hear dispute amongst the learned men.
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford the court.

Emperor. Nay, rather, Henry, let us as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your academy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk,
To hold dispute with English orators:
This doctor, surnam'd Jaques Vandermast,
A German born, pass'd into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bolonia,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
In magic, and the mathematic rules:

[31] So in the Merchant of Venice, Bassanio says,
"——————— What find I here?
"Fair Portia's *counterfeit?*"
meaning her portrait. It is used in the same sense by Lyly, in *Alexander and Campaspe*: "Then doth he show me *counterfeits*, such "as have surfeited with their filthy and loathsome vomits, &c." A number of instances of the same kind are collected in the note vol II. p. 100.

Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.
Henry. He shall, my lord; this motion likes me well.
We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our academy brings.
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me:
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,
Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower.
Set him but non plus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland, made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst then we set to Oxford with our troops,
Let's in and banquet in our English court. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RALPH SIMNELL, *in Edward's apparel;* EDWARD, WARREN, ERMSBY, *disguised.*

Ralph. Where be these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

Edward. If it please your honour, we are ready at an inch.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse to ride on: I'll have another fetch.

Ermsby. I pray you how is that, my lord?

Ralph. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord: now upon their backs will I have a fair field bed, with a canopy, and so when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will be easy.

Warren. Your honour hath said well; but shall we to Brazen-nose college, before we pull off our boots?

Ermsby. Warren, well motion'd, we will to the friar
Before we revel it within the town.
Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a prince.

Ralph. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting knaves[32] to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my

[32] "*Cutting* knaves," are swaggering knaves: for as is shewn in note 15 to *A Match at Midnight*, vol. VII. a cutter and a swaggerer were the same thing.

countenance against all mine enemies? have you not good swords and bucklers?

Enter BACON *and* MILES.

Brmsby. Stay, who comes here?

Warren. Some scholar; and we'll ask him where friar Bacon is.

Bacon. Why thou errant dunce, shall I never make thee a good scholar? doth not all the town cry out and say, friar Bacon's subsizer is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? why thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles. No sir? yes, what is this else; *Ego sum tuus homo,* I am your man: I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come, sirrah; what part of speech is *Ego?*

Miles. Ego, that is I; marry, *nomen substantivo.*

Bacon. How prove you that?

Miles. Why sir, let him prove himself and a will; I can be heard, felt, and understood.

Bacon. O gross dunce. [*Here beat him.*

Edward. Come, let us break off this dispute between these two. Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose college?

Miles. Not far from copper-smith's hall.

Edward. What, dost thou mock me?

Miles. Not I, sir; but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Ermsby. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Ermsby. Marry scholar, here's our master.

Ralph. Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows: mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparel?

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawk; for here's the master fool, and a covey of cockscombs: one wise man I think would spring you all.

Edward. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

Warren. Why Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsby. Nor I mine: 'zwounds, Ned, I think I am bewitch'd.

Miles. A company of scabs! the proudest of you all draw your weapon if he can. See how boldly I speak now my master is by.

Edward. I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut,
And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain here is my fist. [*Strike him a box on the ear.*

Miles. Oh! I beseech you, conjure his hand too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-finger'd.

Ralph. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What means the English prince to wrong my man?

Edward. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.

Edward. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,
That friar Bacon was not far from hence?
Edward, King Henry's son, and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself:
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou com'st in post from merry Fresingfield,
Fast fancied to the keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succour of the jolly friar;
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left,
To 'treat fair Marg'ret to allow thy loves:
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

Warren. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

Ermsby. Apollo could not utter more than this.

Edward. I stand amaz'd to hear this jolly friar,
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts.
But learned Bacon since thou know'st the cause,
Why I did post so fast from Fresingfield.
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Marg'ret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

Warren. Good friar help the prince in this.

Ralph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it? Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike: they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

Ermsby. What doctor in a dump? tush help the prince, And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will my lord strain out my magic spells,
For this day comes the earl to Fresingfield,
And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothed each to other fast.
But come with me, we'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective I will shew
What's done this day in merry Fresingfield.

Edward. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy pain.

Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into the town:
My scholar shall go bring them to their inn;
Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.

Edward. Warren leave me, and Ermsby take the fool;
Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and friar Bacon talk awhile.

Warren. We will, my lord.

Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest: I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black pots in Oxford. [*Exeunt.*

BACON *and* EDWARD *go into the study.*

Bacon. Now frolic, Edward; welcome to my cell:
Here tempers friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fresingfield,
Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

Edward. Friar, thou glad'st me: now shall Edward try

How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.

Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the glass.

Enter MARGARET *and Friar* BUNGAY.

Bacon. What sees my lord?

Edward. I see the keeper's lovely lass appear,
As bright-sun * as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.

Bacon. Sit still and keep the crystal in your eye.

Margaret. But tell me, friar Bungay, is it true,[33]
That this fair courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?

Bungay. Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both do fail,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves:
For he in green that help'd to run your cheese,
Is son to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.

Margaret. Be what he will his lure is but for lust:
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble hand-maid be,
And for great wealth quite him with courtesy.

Bungay. Why, Margaret, dost love him?

Margaret. His pers'nage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch to shadow Helen's cape:[34]
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles.
Trust me I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he is England's paramour.

* It would improve the sense to read,
"As *brightsome* as the paramour of Mars."
So in *The Jew of Malta*:
"But rather let the *brightsome* heavens be dim."
All the copies have it *bright-sunne*.

[33] What passes between Bungay and Margaret, and afterwards with Lacy, must have been represented on a sort of inner stage, or perhaps at the back of the stage, while Edward and Bacon were in front, Edward looking at them in the "glass prospective."

[34] Qy. Ought we not to read "Helen's *rape*?"

Bungay. Hath not each eye that view'd thy pleasing face,
Surnamed thee fair maid of Fresingfield?
Margaret. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earl
Had that in *esse*, that so many sought.
Bungay. Fear not, the friar will not be behind,
To shew his cunning to entangle love.
Edward. I think the friar courts the bonny wench:
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
Bacon. Now look, my lord.

Enter LACY.

Edward. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!
Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.
Bungay. Here's Lacy, Marg'ret; step aside awhile.
Lacy. Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,
And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
As is fair Marg'ret to the Lincoln earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust:
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?
Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince, but as a man.
Honor bids me control him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to intrap her and beguile the lass.
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better[35] die, than see her live disgrac'd.
Margaret. Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps.
How cheer you, sir? a penny for your thought:
You're early up, pray God it be the near.
What! art come from Beccles in a morn so soon?
Lacy. Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.

[35] The word *better* is restored from the oldest of the copies, all the others omitting it.

I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harlston fair,
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.
Margaret. A trusty man, that court it for your friend:
Woo you still for the courtier all in green?
I marvel that he sues not for himself.
Lacy. Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous looks,
Love, like a wag, straight div'd into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
Margaret. You are very hasty, for to garden well:
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely[36] ripe, is rotten, too, too soon.
Bungay. *Deus hic:* room for a merry friar.
What, youth of Beccles, with the keeper's lass?
'Tis well; but tell me, hear you any news?
Margaret. No, friar: what news?
Bungay Hear you not how the pursuivants do post
With proclamations through each country town?
Lacy. For what, gentle friar? tell the news.
Bungay. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not these news?
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguised like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln earl shall have,
Paid in the exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.
Lacy. The Earl of Lincoln? Friar, thou art mad:

[36] *Timely* here is to be understood in the sense of *early*: as in a passage quoted by Mr. Douce from Macbeth, A. 2. S. 3.
"He did command me to call *timely* on him."
Untimely ripe might have suited the sense, but not the metre, better.
In the letter to Margaret afterwards, *timely* is used with the same signification.

It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.
The Earl of Lincoln? why it cannot be.
Margaret. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:
The keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your jailor once.
Edward. How familiar they be, Bacon.
Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.
Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself:
Peggy, I yield, but are these news in jest?
Margaret. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why, these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah! how these earls and noblemen of birth,
Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!
Lacy. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln earl:
I not deny, but 'tired thus in rags,
I liv'd disguis'd to win fair Peggy's love.
Margaret. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
Lacy. I meant, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.
Margaret. I little think that earls will stoop so low.
Lacy. Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?
Margaret. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself:
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
Lacy. The Lincoln countess, for it shall be so:
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
Edward. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss, I'll stab them.
Bacon. Oh, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass.
Edward. Choler to see the traitors 'gree so well
Made me to think the shadows substances.
Bacon. 'Twere a long poignard, my lord, to reach between
Oxford and Fresingfield; but sit still and see more.
Bungay. Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.

I'll take my portace[37] forth, and wed you here;
Then go to bed and seal up your desires.
Lacy. Friar, content: Peggy, how like you this?
Margaret. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
Bungay. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.
Bacon. What sees my lord now?
Edward. I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portace there,
To wed them both: then am I quite undone!
Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd:
Help, Bacon! stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar,
For mumbling up his orisons this day.
Lacy. Why speak'st not Bungay? Friar, to thy book.
[*Bungay is mute, crying hud, hud.*[38]
Margaret. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?
'Reft of thy senses, Bungay? shew by signs
If thou be dumb, what passion holdeth thee.
Lacy. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease,
Or apoplexy hath possess'd his lungs:
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.
Margaret. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
Edward. Why stands friar Bungay[39] so amaz'd?
Bacon. I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honor please,

[37] *Portace*, or breviary. See a sufficient explanation of the word in note 16 to *New Custome*, vol. I.

[38] This only means that he makes some inarticulate noises, in the same way as the clown in the *Birth of Merlin*, (attributed to Shakespeare and Rowley) is suddenly struck dumb by the enchanter, crying "Hum, hum," &c.

[39] The edition of 1594 reads *Bacon*, but it is unquestionably an error of the press.

I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fresingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
Edward. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.
Lacy. Of court'sy, Marg'ret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge to comfort him
With broths to bring him from this hapless trance.
Margaret. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.
Enter a DEVIL, *and carries* BUNGAY *on his back.*
Margaret. O help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back.
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad. [*Exeunt.*
Edward. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear.
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
I will in post hie me to Fresingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere 't be long.
Bacon. So be it, my lord, but let us to our dinner;
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose.
[*Exeunt.*
Enter three Doctors, BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT.
Mason. Now that we are gather'd in the regent-house,
It fits us talk about the king's repair,
For he, trooped with all the western kings,
That lie along the Dantzick seas by east,
North by the frosty clime of Germany,
The Almaine monarch, and the Scocon duke,[40]
Castille and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their jests resolv'd for Oxford town.
Burden. We must lay plots for stately tragedies,
Strange comic shews, such as proud Roscius
Vaunted before the Roman emperors.

[40] So all the copies of this play; but one has generally adopted and multiplied the errors of the other. *Saxon* duke is suggested as the true reading.

Clement. To welcome all the western potentates.
But more; the king by letters hath foretold,
That Frederick, the Almaine emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skilful in magic and those secret arts.

Mason. Then must we all make suit unto the friar,
To friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill
The German; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.

Burden. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do.
The devil I think dare not dispute with him.

Clement. Indeed mas[41] doctor, he pleasured you,
In that he brought your hostess with her spit,
From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.

Burden. A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let us to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this task in hand.

Clement. Stay; what rumour is this? The town is up in a mutiny: what hurly burly is this?

Enter a CONSTABLE, *with* RALPH, WARREN, ERMSBY, *and* MILES.

Constable. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanour.

Burden. What's the matter, fellow?

Constable. Marry sir, here's a company of rufflers, that drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and almost kill'd the vintner.

Miles. Salve, Doctor Burden:
This lubberly lurdan,
Ill shap'd and ill fac'd,
Disdain'd and disgrac'd,

[41] *Mas* is not an unusual abbreviation of *master*, but the line is nevertheless defective in all the copies: the sense and the metre seem both to require that instead of *pleasured* we should read *displeasured.*

What he tells unto *vobis*
Mentitur de nobis.

Burden. Who is the master and chief of this crew?

Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi,*
Figura rotundi,
Neat, sheat and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.

Burden. What are you?

Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bellwether of this company: these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.

Clement. Are you Edward the king's son?

Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and I warrant when they see how soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done by no less man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

Warren. And why so, sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.

Warren. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?
Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

Ermsby. Whose face, shining with many a sugar'd smile,
Bewray's that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, master doctor,
To speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you,
What is veriment and true:
To cease of this quarrel,
Look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis,
He is great Prince of Walis,
The chief of our *gregis*
And *filius Regis:*
Then ware what is done,
For he's Henry's white son[42].

[42] *White son* and *white boy* were formerly terms of endearment:

Ralph. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the niniversity with a fair wind, to the bankside in Southwark: how say'st thou Ned Warren, shall I not do it?

Warren. Yes my good lord; and if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantoufles, and with the cork make you a pinnace of five hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

Ermsby. And I, my lord, will have pioneers to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer walks.

Miles. And with *scientia*
And great *diligentia*,
Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm;
That *utrum horum mavis*,
Your very great *navis*,
Like Bartlet's ship[48],
From Oxford do skip,
With colleges and schools
Full loaden with fools.
Quid dices ad hoc,
Worshipful *Domine Dawcocke?*

thus in the recently discovered old comedy, by Nicholas Udall called *Ralphe Roister Doister*, A. 1. S. 1.

" Then must I sooth it, whatever it is,
" For what he sayth or doth can not be amisse.
" Holde by his yea and nay, be *his nowne white sonne*,
" Praise and rouse him well, and ye have his heart wonne."

Again in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, where the father kills his children.

Son. Oh, what will you do father? I am your *white boy*.

Husband. You shall be my red boy: take that.

See also Massinger's Virgin Martyr, A. 2. S. 3. where the same distinction is taken.

[48] In all the editions it is printed *Bartlet's* ship, but perhaps Miles is meant to err from ignorance. It ought to be, as is well known, *Barclay's* ship; Alexander Barclay having translated *The Ship of Fools of the World*, out of Latin, French, and Dutch. It was first printed Pynson, in 1509.

Clement. Why, harebrain'd courtiers, are you drunk or mad,
To taunt us up with such scurrility?
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son?
Call out the beadles and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo: let the roister's[44] lie
Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame.

Ermsby. Why, shall we to prison my lord?

Ralph. What say'st, Miles, shall I honour the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no, out with your blades
And hamper these jades;
Have a flirt and a crash,
Now revel, dash,
And teach these sacerdos,
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves,
Are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

Warren. Well (doctors) seeing I have sported me
With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attired like the Prince of Wales,
Is Ralph, King Henry's only loved fool:
I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,
One of the privy chamber to the King;
Who while the prince with friar Bacon stays,
Have revelled in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:
But courtiers may make greater 'scapes than these.
Wilt please your honour dine with me to day?

Warren. I will, master doctor, and satisfy the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way: only I

[44] *Roisters* are wild, lawless fellows: it is an old word in English, and is often employed.

will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say, that wisdom must go before majesty.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Prince EDWARD, *with his poignard in his hand:* LACY, *and* MARGARET.

Edward. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy trait'rous thought,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far,
As Lynceus from the shores of Grecia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fresingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,
And joining hand in hand had married you,
If friar Bacon had not struck him dumb,
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my lord, and thus I make reply.
At Harlston fair, there courting for your grace,
When as mine eye survey'd her curious shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fresingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife,
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

Edward. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephestion?
Did I unfold the passions of my love.
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' inchained fetters of such private friends?
Base coward! false, and too effeminate,
To be corrival with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I din'd,

To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep?
Margaret. 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry:
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still woo'd for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd:
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitch'd lov'd Lacy with my looks.
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cypher out by signs,
But that I lov'd lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If womens' favours will not force men fall?
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Is not of force to bury thoughts of friends?
Edward. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves:
Edward, or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigates bottom'd with rich seethin planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemm'd and incas'd with burnish'd ivory,
And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas in the purple streams.
Syrens with harps and silver psalteries,
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Marg'ret with their lays.
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee:
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.
Margaret. Pardon, my lord, if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danae;
If Phœbus tied in Latona's webs,
Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercury,
Not all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,
Should make me leave lord Lacy, or his love.

Edward. I have learn'd at Oxford then this point of schools;
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus.
Lacy, the cause that Marg'ret cannot love,
Nor fix her liking on the English prince:
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain! prepare thyself: for I will bathe
My poignard in the bosom of an earl.
Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Marg'ret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.
Margaret. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for royal deeds,
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;
Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy:
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he do cease your loves.
Edward. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.
Lacy. I have deserv'd it, Edward; act it well.
Margaret. What hopes the Prince to gain by Lacy's death?
Edward. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.
Margaret. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Marg'ret's love
Hangs in th'uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earl, and 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Marg'ret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.
Lacy. If ought betides to lovely Margaret,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europe's rich wealth, nor England's monarchy,
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.
Then Edward, short my life, and end her loves.
Margaret. Rid me, and keep a friend worth many loves.
Lacy. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.
Margaret. And if thy mind be such as fame hath blaz'd,

Then princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage:
Banish thou fancy, and embrace revenge,
And in one tomb knit both our carcases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.

Edward. Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Sarasens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?
And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?
Is 't princely to dissever lovers' leagues?[46]
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:
So in subduing fancy's passion,
Conquering thyself, thou get'st the richest spoil.
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand:
The Prince of Wales hath conquer'd all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fresingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And rich'd me with the Albion diadem.

Margaret. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto lord Lacy?

Edward. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.

Margaret. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Marg'ret, as mild and humble in her thoughts,
As was Aspatia unto Cyrus self,
Yields thanks, and next lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.

[46] The old copies after the first edition gave this line as follows:
" Is't princely to dissever lover's *loves*?"
which is just sense, but the old reading is better.

Edward. Gramercy, Peggy: now that vows are past,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,
Once, Lacy, friends again: come, we will post
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castille Elinor.
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife;
I pray God I like her as I lov'd thee.
Beside, lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute,
'Twixt friar Bacon, and learn'd Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.

Margaret. As't please lord Lacy; but love's foolish looks
Think footsteps miles, and minutes to be hours.

Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.
But please your honour go unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret wine:
Thus can we feast and entertain your grace.

Edward. 'Tis cheer, lord Lacy, for an emperor,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in, for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HENRY, EMPEROR, CASTILLE, ELINOR, VANDERMAST, BUNGAY.

Emperor. Trust me, Plantaganet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river side:
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The battling pastures[47] laid with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art.
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?

[47] Mr. Todd explains *to battel*, to render fertile, and quotes in his dictionary a subsequent line from this play by Greene, as an illustration:

"Whose *battling* pastures fatten all my flocks."

Batiel is still a college term, but it is now almost exclusively confined to the colleges of England: it means the expences for eating and drinking.

Vandermast. That lordly are the buildings of the town,
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for ought I can hear.
Bungay. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains:
There are within our academic state,
Men that may lecture it in Germany,
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.
Henry. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.
Vandermast. Wherein dar'st thou dispute with me?
Bungay. In what a doctor and a friar can.
Vandermast. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth
The doubtful question unto Vandermast.
Bungay. Let it be this: Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy, be most predominant in magic? [48]
Vandermast. I say, of pyromancy.
Bungay. And I, of geomancy.
Vandermast. The cabalists that write of magic spells,
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras,
Affirm that 'mongst the quadruplicity
Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought
To be a *punctum* squared to the rest;
And that the compass of ascending elements
Exceed in bigness as they do in height;
Judging the concave circle of the sun,
To hold the rest in his circumference:
If then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,
Purest, and only giveth shapes to spirits,
Then must these *demones* that haunt that place,
Be every way superior to the rest.
Bungay. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,

[48] Pyromancy is the art of divination by fire: geomancy the art of foretelling by figures.

Noting their essence, nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the grounds,
And those strange necromantic spells,
That work such shews and wond'ring in the world,
Are acted by those geomantic spirits,
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii.*
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiend's clos'd in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd,
Being more gross and massy in their power.

Vandermast. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him,
Retain'd their local essence as their faults,
All subjects under Luna's continent:
They which offended less hang in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends,
Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin, and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vile sorcerers;
Whereas the pyromantic genii,
Are mighty, swift, and of far reaching power.
But grant that geomancy hath most force;
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do.

Bungay. I will.

Emperor. Now, English Harry, here begins the game;
We shall see sport between these learned men.

Vandermast. What wilt thou do?

Bungay. Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,
Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.

Vandermast. Well done.

[*Here Bungay conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire.*

Henry. What say you, royal lordlings, to my friar?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

Vandermast. Each scholar in the necromantic spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd.
But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd [49] this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he liv'd,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,
And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.
Hercules! *Prodi, Prodi,* Hercules!

HERCULES *appears in his lion's skin.*

Hercules. Quis me vult?

Vandermast. Jove's bastard son, thou Lybian Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

Hercules. Fiat.

[*Here he begins to break the branches.*

Vandermast. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bungay. I cannot.

Vandermast. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.
Mighty commander of this English isle,
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells,
To find a man to match him in his art.
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvaine, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Lutrech,[50] and Orleans:

[49] The old copy of 1594, reads *ras'd*, or *raz'd*, but the later reprints convert it into *rais'd*, which directly alters the sense of the line.

[50] Perhaps *Utrecht* is meant.

And now must Henry, if he do me right,
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter BACON.

Bacon. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute.
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?
What, hath the German acted more than thou?

Vandermast. What art thou that questions thus?

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Vandermast. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learn'd;
Thy count'nance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.

Henry. Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match?

Emperor. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.

Vandermast. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon. No, unless he were more learn'd than Vandermast:
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

Vandermast. Rais'd Hercules to ruinate that tree,
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

Bacon. Set Hercules to work.

Vandermast. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task:
Pull off the golden branches from the root.

Hercules. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

Vandermast. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Hercules. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.

Henry. How now, Vandermast, have you met with your match?

Vandermast. Never before was't known to Vandermast,

That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.
Emperor. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.
Bacon. I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast:
I came to have your royalties to dine
With friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose:
And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds the audience with a long suspence,
I'll send him to his academy hence.
Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
That he may learn by travel 'gainst the spring,
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!
[*Exit the Spirit with Vandermast and the tree.*[51]
Emperor. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?
Bacon. To Hapsburg; there your highness at return,
Shall find the German in his study safe.
Henry. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art,
I will be English Henry to thyself.
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

[51] The following is an extract from a chapter in the prose tract of "*the famous history of Friar Bacon*," entitled; "How Friar "Bacon overcame the German conjuror Vandermast, and made a "spirit of his owne carry him into Germany."

"As Hercules was going to plucke the fruit, Friar Bacon held "up his wand, at which Hercules stayed and seemed fearfull. "Vandermast bid him for to gather the fruit or else he would tor- "ment him. Hercules was more fearfull and said, I cannot, nor "I dare not; for great Bacon stands, whose charms are farre more "powerfull than thine: I must obey him Vandermast. Hereat "Vandermast curst Hercules and threatened him; but Fryer Bacon "laughed and bid not to chafe himselfe ere that his journey was "ended: for seeing, said he, that Hercules will doe nothing at "your command, I will have him doe you some service at mine: "with that he bid Hercules carry him home into Germany. The "divell obeyed him, and tooke Vandermast on his backe and went "away with him in all their sights."

Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gracious as the morning-star of heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

Emperor. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets.

Henry. Ned, where hast thou been?

Edward. At Fremingham, my lord, to try your bucks
If they could scape the teizers or the toil;
But hearing of these lordly potentates
Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town,
I posted to give entertain to them:
Chief to the Almaine monarch; next to him,
And joint with him, Castille, and Saxony,
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men; but see, Venus appears,
Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!
Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
Rich nature's glory, and her wealth once
Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

Elinor. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,
And so as in so short time I may;
Yet so, as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

Castille. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creep into their wanton eyes:
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspence, as my adopted son.

Henry. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
And glory in these honours done to Ned,
Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES *with a cloth and trenchers, and salt.*

Miles. *Salvete omnes Reges,*
That govern your *greges*,

In Saxony, and Spain,
In England, and in Almaine;
For all this frolic rable
Must I cover the table,
With trenchers, salt, and cloth,
And then look for your broth.

Emperor. What pleasant fellow is this?

Henry. 'Tis, my lord, doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

Miles. My master hath made me sewer of these great lords, and (God knows) I am as serviceable at a table, as a sow is under an apple tree: 'tis no matter, their cheer shall not be great, and therefore what skills[52] where the salt stand, before or behind? [*Exit.*

Castille. The scholars know more skill in axioms,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Enter MILES *with a mess of pottage and broth, and after him* BACON.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop before in my life?
By your leave, *nobile decus*,
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordlings, admire not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign:
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

Emperor. Presumptuous friar! what, scoff'st thou at a king?
What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasant's fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains?
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a pittance of such price?

[52] i. e. what signifies where the salt stands: the word *skills* is often used in this sense. See Mr. Gifford's notes in his Massinger, i. 239, ii. 321. and 331. The situation of the salt was formerly of importance as respected the rank of the guests. See note 33 to *The Honest Whore*, p. 1. vol. III.

Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long.
Henry. By Henry's honour, and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus.
Bacon. Content thee, Frederick, for I shew'd thee cates,
To let thee see how scholars use to feed;
How little meat refines our English wits.
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.
Miles. Marry sir, I will: this day shall be a festival day with me:
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. [*Exit Miles.*
Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,
As Bacon will present to Frederick.
The basest waiter that attends thy cups,
Shall be in honours greater than thyself:
And for thy cates rich Alexandria drugs,
Fetch'd by carvels from Ægypts richest streights,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king,
Wines richer than th' Ægyptian courtesan
Quaff'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feasts.
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes,
Persia, down her Volga by canoes,
Send down the secrets of her spicery:
The Afric dates, *mirabiles* of Spain,
Conserves, and suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Judea choiser than the lamp
That fired Rome with sparks of gluttony,
Shall beautify the board for Frederick;
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast. [*Exeunt.*[53]

Enter two gentlemen, LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY, *with the* KEEPER.

Lambert. Come frolic, keeper of our liege's game,

[53] The departure of these royal personages with Bacon from the stage is not mentioned in any of the old editions, but it is obvious.

Whose table spread hath ever venison,
And jacks of wine to welcome passengers,
Know I am in love with jolly Margaret,
That over-shines our damsels, as the moon
Dark'neth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies;
I'll make thy daughter jointure of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife,
And I can spend five hundred marks a year.

Serlsby. I am the lands-lord, keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me;
Laxfield did never see me raise my due,
I will enfeoff fair[84] Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire.

Keeper. Now courteous gentles, if the keeper's girl
Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,
'Tis doubtful to decide the question.
It joys me that such men of great esteem
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate,
To be a wife to meaner men than you;
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
I will, t'avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Marg'ret forth, and she shall make her choice.
[*Exit.*

Lambert. Content, keeper; send her unto us.
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead?
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out?

Serlsby. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her;
The grave ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET.

Lambert. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,

[84] The later quartos read
"I will enfeoff Marg'ret in all,"
by which the measure is spoiled, which is preserved in the copy of 1594,
"I will enfeoff *fair* Margaret in all."

Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty temper'd with her housewifry,
Makes England talk of merry Fresingfield.
Serlsby. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves;
But this believe me, Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all:
I cannot flatter; try me if thou please.
Margaret. Brave neighb'ring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,
A keeper's daughter is too base in 'gree [55]
To match with men accounted of such worth:
But might I not displease, I would reply.
Lambert. Say, Peggy; nought shall make us discontent.
Margaret. Then gentles, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire,
Be kindled but by fancy's motion;
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while I have debated with myself,
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.
Serlsby. Let it be me; and trust me, Margaret,
The meads environ'd with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatten all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool,
As Lempster cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and furnish'd heads, [56]
With strouting dugs that paggle to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy if thou wed with me.

[55] "Too base *in 'gree*" is "too base in *degree*," the first syllable being dropt for the measure. In a subsequent scene the verb *agree* is treated as unceremoniously.

[56] The quartos have it,

"And forty kine with fair and *burnish'd* heads,"

but *furnish'd*, in reference to their horns, seems to be the true reading: besides, Greene rather "affected the letter," and the change affords an alliteration.

Lambert. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroider'd silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head attire:
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.

Margaret. Content you, gentles, you have proffer'd fair,
And more than fits a country maid's degree;
But give me leave to counsel me a time,
For fancy blooms not at the first assault:
Give me but ten days respite, and I will reply,
Which or to whom myself affectionates.

Serlsby. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate:
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire;
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.

Lambert. Think'st thou with wealth to over-reach me?
Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves.
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier single in the field.

Serlsby. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouch'd.
Marg'ret, farewell, another time shall serve.

[*Exit Serlsby.*

Lambert. I'll follow. Peggy, farewel to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love.

[*Exit Lambert.*

Margaret. How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.

Before the term of ten days be expir'd,
When as they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fresingfield,
And end their fancies, and their follies both:
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post, *with a letter, and a bag of gold.*

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fresingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the keeper's lodge?

Margaret. Your way is ready, and this path is right:
Myself do dwell hereby in Fresingfield;
And if the keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

Post. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord,
No marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens,
The Lincoln earl hath sent you letters here,
And with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.
Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

Margaret. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,
Lives Lacy well, how fares my lovely lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

The Letter, and Margaret reads it.

The blooms of the almond tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmera (fair Peggy) take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fresingfield lov'd that which time had taught me to be but mean dainties: eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honorable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking, and for thy dowry I have sent

thee an hundred pounds, and ever assure thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and thine much.

Farewell. Not thine, nor his own.

EDWARD LACY.

Margaret. Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,[57]
That wraps proud fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou inchant my birth-day with such stars,
As lighten'd mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
To shew in me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all,
Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind.

Post. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forc'd
To love the lady by the king's command.

Margaret. The wealth combin'd within the English shelves,
Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from her lord.

Post. What answer shall I return to my lord?

Margaret. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I lov'd,
(Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought,)
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent;
For Marg'ret's resolution craves no dower:
The world shall be to her as vanity,
Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair:
For I will straight to stately Fremingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for thy news,
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for th' art Lacy's man, once Marg'ret's love.

Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
I'll make report of them unto the earl. [*Exit Post.*

[57] "Fond Ate, doomer of bad-*boding* fates," is the correct reading; but some of the old copies, absurdly enough, have misprinted it—

"Fond Ate, doomer of bad *boasting* fates."

Margaret. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
And prays that his misfortunes may be hers. [*Exit.*

Enter Friar BACON, *drawing the curtains with a white stick, a book in his hand, and a lamp lighted by him; and the brazen head, and* MILES, *with weapons by him.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. Here, here sir.

Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?

Miles. Think you that the watching of the brazen head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so arm'd myself, that if all your devils do come, I will not fear them an inch.

Bacon. Miles, thou know'st that I have div'd into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends,
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell:
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecate's [58] principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,
That by th' inchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest:
If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch Phobeter's night.

[58] Mr. Malone founds one of his arguments to prove that Shakespeare did not write the *first* part of Henry VI. upon the fact that *Hecate* is there used as a tri-syllable. Here, however, we see that Greene, whose works are as full of misplaced pedantry as those of any of his contemporaries, and though he of course well knew that *Hecate* was a tri-syllable, for the sake of the verse contracts it into a dissyllable; and, lest any mistake should be made, it is printed without the *e* final in the old copies.

Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honour and renown of all his life,
Hangs in the watching of this brazen head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak; then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work,
To end my seven years task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewel Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now for thy life,
Be watchful and— [*Here he falleth asleep.*

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon, and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watch'd just these ten and fifty days: now this is the night, and 'tis my task and no more. Now, Jesus bless me! what a goodly head it is and a nose! You talk of *nos autem glorificare*; but here's a nose, that I warrant may be call'd *nos autem populare* for the people of the parish. Well I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me if I chance to slumber. I thought, goodman head, I would call you out of your *memento*. Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate! Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown bill[58] in your hand, here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad. [*With this, a great noise.*

The HEAD *speaks.*

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is.—Why, master Brazen-head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, Time is? is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years study about Time is? Well, sir, it may be, we shall have some orations of it anon: well, I'll watch you as

[58] Brown-bills are described in note 48 to Marlow's *Edward II.* vol. II. In the copy of 1594, opposite this passage is a stage direction for Miles to take up his weapons. It is omitted in the later impressions.

narrowly as ever you were watch'd, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the glow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost kill'd myself! Up, Miles, list how they rumble.

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven years study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, Time was. Yea marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the brazen head. You shall lie while your arse ache, and your head speak no better: well, I will watch and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotles' stamp. What! a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

[*Here the Head speaks, and a lightning flasheth forth, and a hand appears that breaketh down the Head with a hammer.*[59]

Head. Time is past.

Miles. Master! master! up, hell's broken loose! your

[59] The resemblance between this scene in the play and in the tract is striking, and in the intervals between the three times that the brazen-head speaks, Miles in both makes very similar observations: thus, after the first speaking, Miles remarks, "thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all this paines about thee, and now thou dost requite him with two words, *Time is* * * *, if thou can'st speake no wiser, they shall sleepe till doomesday for me." In the tract, however, Miles diverts the time by singing songs appropriate to what is uttered by the head, and the following satirical piece is worth quoting.

TO THE TUNE OF A RICH MERCHANT-MAN

"*Time was* when thou a kettle
Wert fill'd with better matter;
But Fryer Bacon did thee spoyle
When he thy sides did batter.

"*Time was* when conscience dwelled
With men of occupation:
Time was when lawyers did not thrive
So well by mens' vexation.

head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed; take a brown bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come. O passing warily watch'd!
Bacon will make thee next himself in love.
When spake the head?

Miles. When spake the head? did you not say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft, I marry hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marry sir, the first time he said, Time is, as if Fabius Commentator should have pronounc'd a sentence: he said,[61] Time was: and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, Time is past.

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. A villain! time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
Thy seven year's study lieth in the dust:
Thy brazen-head lies broken through a slave
That watch'd, and would not when the head did will.
What said the head first?

Miles. Even, Time is.

Bacon. Villain! if thou had'st call'd to Bacon then,
If thou had'st watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy friar,
The brazen-head had utter'd aphorisms,

> "*Time was* when kings and beggars
> Of one poor stuffe had being:
> *Time was* when office kept no knaves;
> That time is worth the seeing.
>
> "*Time was* a bowle of water
> Did give the face reflection;
> *Time was* when women knew no paint,
> Which now they call complexion."

61 "The second time" is probably omitted before *he said* in this place, but the words are found in none of the old editions.

And England had been circled round with brass:
But proud Astmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should do so much.
Hell trembled at my deep commanding spells,
Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-match.
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast;
But now the braves of Bacon have an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end:
His seven year's practice sorteth to ill end:
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
I will appoint thee fatal to some end.
Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight:
Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why then, sir, you forbid me your service.

Bacon. My service? villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb, the more the fox is curs'd, the better he fares. God be with you, sir: I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion. [*Exit.*

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick to hell:
For Bacon shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his head. [*Exit.*

Enter EMPEROR, CASTILLE, HENRY, ELINOR, EDWARD, LACY, RALPH.

Emperor. Now lovely prince, the prince of Albion's wealth,
How fare the lady Elinor and you?
What, have you courted and found Castille fit
To answer England in equivalence?
Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

Edward. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus 'scape those piercing amorets,
That Daphne glanced at his deity?

Can Edward then sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we 'gree.

Henry. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Elinor. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
I come not, troop'd with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate,
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.

Castille. A match, my lord, these wantons needs must love:
Men must have wives, and women must be wed.
Let's haste the day to honour up the rites.

Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

Henry. I, Ralph, how then?

Ralph. Marry Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his necromancy, that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

Castille. But hear'st thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady?

Ralph. I, so she will promise me two things.

Castille. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me. Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.

Henry. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could hold both her tongue and her hands? no: but when egg-pies grow on apple-trees, then will thy grey mare prove a bag-piper.

Emperor. What say the lord of Castille and the earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

Castille. I stand, my lord, amazed at his talk:
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd for beauty's excellence,
The fair maid of merry Fresingfield.

Henry. 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear;
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,

Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned have told me miracles.

Castille. What says lord Lacy? shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else lord Lacy is unfit to live:
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fresingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouched often with my tongue,

Henry. Lacy, go to the 'querry of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn:
Hie thee to Fresingfield, and bring home the lass.
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elinor. We Castille ladies are not very coy;
Your highness may command a greater boon:
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln earl
With being partner of his marriage day.

Edward. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to myself in love.

Ralph. You love her? Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Elinor. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of Fresingfield once out of all ho[62]. Nay Ned, never wink upon me, I care not, I.

Henry. Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of him.
But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fresingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemn marriage day will be at hand.

Lacy. I go, my lord. [*Exit Lacy.*

Emperor. How shall we pass this day, my lord?

[62] "*Out of all ho*" means, beyond all measure of restraint; perhaps derived from *ho!* the exclamation, in calling after a person to stop him: *out of all ho*, therefore, may be out of power of being stopped. See several instances of the use of this expression in note 70 to the first part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Henry. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR BACON *with* FRIAR BUNGAY *to his cell.*

Bungay. What means the friar that frolick'd it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell[63],
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

Bacon. Ah Bungay, my brazen-head is spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon bruited though the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.

Bungay. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame,
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill,
I find this day shall fall out ominous.
Some deadly act shall 'tide[64] me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess.

Bungay. My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.

Enter two SCHOLARS, *sons to* LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY.
[*Knock.*

Bacon. Who's that knocks?

Bungay. Two scholars that desire to speak to you.

Bacon. Bid them come in. Now, my youths, what would you have?

1*st Scholar.* Sir, we are Suffolk men, and neighbouring friends,
Our fathers in their countries lusty squires:
Their lands adjoin; in Crackfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends.

Bacon. To what end is all this?

[63] This line is printed twice over in the quarto of 1594.

[64] The word *'tide*, of course stands for *betide*, and it is printed *betide* in the copies after the first, in 1594.

2d Scholar. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might see,
What so their thoughts, or hearts desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glass is free for every honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long,
How or in what state your friendly fathers live.
Meanwhile, tell me your names.

1st Scholar. Mine Lambert.

2d Scholar. And mine Serlsby.

Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

Enter LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY, *with rapiers and daggers.*[65]

Lambert. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:
Th'art worthy of the title of a squire;
That durst for proof of thy affection,
And for thy mistress' favour prize thy blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at Fresingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook.
I, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee Serlsby: one of us will die.

Serlsby. Thou seest I single thee the field,
And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out;
And if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates hall,
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

Lambert. And Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.

Bacon. Now lusty younkers, look within the glass,
And tell me if you can discern your sires.

[65] The fathers of the two scholars are seen in the same way as Edward beheld Lacy, Bungay, and Margaret, in the glass; viz. at the back of the stage.

1st Scholar. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.
2d Scholar. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is the abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father have harm.
Bungay. How goes it, sirs?
1st Scholar. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fresingfield.
Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.
Lambert. Why standst thou, Serlsby, doubt'st thou of thy life?
A veny,[66] man! fair Margaret craves so much.
Serlsby. Then this for her.
1st Scholar. Ah, well thrust!
2d Scholar. But mark the ward.
[*They fight and kill each other.*
Lambert. Oh, I am slain!
Serlsby. And I: Lord have mercy on me!
1st Scholar. My father slain? Serlsby ward that.
[*The two Scholars stab one another.*
2d Scholar. And so is mine: Lambert, I'll quite thee well.
Bungay. O strange stratagem!
Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead.
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:
This glass prospective worketh many woes,
And therefore seeing these lusty Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magic and thine art at once.
The poignard that did end the fatal lives,
Shall break the cause efficiat of their woes.
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows,
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.
[*He breaks the glass.*[67]

[66] Or *venue* as it is spelt in Massinger's Old Law. This term of fencing is explained in note 4 to *The Widow's Tears*, vol. VI.

[67] The last chapter but one of the prose tract from which quotations have before been made has this title: "How two young gentlemen that came to Fryer Bacon to know how their fathers did,

Bungay. What means learn'd Bacon thus to break his glass?

Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore,
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night
Of papers full of necromantic charms,
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,
With stole and albe, and strange pentageron;
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Sother, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd,
For using devils to countervail his God.
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair?
Sins have their salves, repentance can do much:
Think mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,
Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God,
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost. [*Exit.*

Enter MARGARET *in nun's apparel,* KEEPER, *her father, and their* FRIEND.

Keeper. Marg'ret, be not so headstrong in these vows.
Oh bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue.
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forego his lovely Margaret.

Margaret. Ah! father, when the harmony of heaven

" killed one another; and how Fryer Bacon for griefe did breake " his rare glasse, wherein he could see anything that was done " within fifty miles about him."

Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world,
Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I loved once; lord Lacy was my love,
And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
And doated more on him than on my God.
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents;
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heaven;
That beauty us'd for love is vanity.
The world contains nought but alluring baits,
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Fremingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed:
And for to wish all maids to learn of me,
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

Friend. And will you then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

Margaret. Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! welcome Christ.
Adieu to dainty robes; this base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God,
Then all the shew of rich habiliments.
Love, oh love! and with fond love farewell
Sweet Lacy, whom I loved once so dear:
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell.

Enter LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY, *booted and spurred.*

Lacy. Come on my wags, we're near the keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

Warren. Sirrah Ned, is not this the keeper?

Lacy. 'Tis the same.

Ermsby. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton[68] to him; a nun, my lord.

[68] See in note 98 to the first part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? 'holla man, what cheer?
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?
Keeper. Ah good my lord! oh, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Fremingham:
She leaves the world, because she left your love.
Oh good my lord, persuade her if you can.
Lacy. Why how now, Marg'ret, what a malcontent?
A nun? what holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life,
As die a maid? 'twere injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.
Margaret. Lord Lacy, thinking of thy former 'miss,
How fond the prime of wanton years were spent
In love (O fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye)
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of him.
Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence,
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept?
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows.
Margaret. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?
Lacy. 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?
Margaret. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss;
And life above sweeter than life in love?
Lacy. Why then, Marg'ret will be shorn a nun.
Margaret. Marg'ret hath made a vow which may not be revok'd.
Warren. We cannot stay, my lord: and if she be so strict,

various instances of the use of the word *mutton* in this sense by old writers.

Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.
Ermsby. Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours,
Either a solemn nunnery, or the court;
God, or lord Lacy: which contents you best,
To be a nun, or else lord Lacy's wife?
Lacy. A good motion. Peggy, your answer must be short.
Margaret. The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his inchanting face,
Whate'er betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Fremingham,
And all the show of holy nuns, farewel.
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.
Lacy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court:
That one day may both marry her and thee.
How says't thou, keeper? art thou glad of this?
Keeper. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fresingfield to me.
Ermsby. I pray thee, my lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?
Warren. To see the nature of women; that be they never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's arms.
Lacy. What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Fresingfield.
Margaret. Butter and cheese, and humbles of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.
Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?
Margaret. We'll find one for my lord.
Lacy. Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have more,

For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a DEVIL, *to seek* MILES.

Devil. How restless are the ghosts of hellish sprites,
When every charmer[69] with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold trenched Phlegeton,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post,
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man:
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones,
For careless watching of his brazen-head.
See where he comes: oh, he is mine!

Enter MILES, *with a gown and a corner cap.*

Miles. A scholar, quoth you; marry sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker, when I was made a scholar, for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor school-master; no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce; another saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal: thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunts me. Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him. What master Plutus, how cheer you?

Devil. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my mssster, doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Devil. Yes marry am I.

Miles. Good Lord, Mr. Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute. I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see; mark you, masters, here's a plain honest man, without welt or gard. But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

[69] A *charmer* was another name for a necromancer or enchanter. See note to *Othello*, A. III. S. 4. also note 63 to *Fuimus Troes*, vol. VII.

Devil. I, marry; how then?

Miles. Faith. 'tis a place I have desired long to see: have you not good tippling-houses there? may not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

Devil. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Devil. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Devil. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Devil. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself. But I pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Devil. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Devil. An amble.

Miles. 'Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot: but 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it.

Devil. What dost?

Miles. Marry friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot, or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop: I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Devil. Get up upon my back.

Miles. Oh Lord! here's even a good marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back. [*Exeunt roaring.*

Enter the EMPEROR *with a pointless sword; next the* KING OF CASTILLE, *carrying a sword with a point;* LACY *carrying the globe;* EDWARD; WARREN *carry-*

ing a rod of gold, with a dove on it; ERMSBY *with a crown and sceptre; the* QUEEN[70], *with the fair maid of Fresingfield on her left hand;* HENRY, BACON, *with other lords attending.*

Edward. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And for these favours on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honours unto Elinor.

Henry. Gramercies, lordlings, old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceited joys,
And vows requital, if his men at arms,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To Elinor, may quite his favorites.
But all this while what say you to the dames,
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

Emperor. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images,
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

Margaret. 'Tis I, my Lords, who humbly on my knee,
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove,
For lifting up his handmaid to this state;
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love,
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

Elinor. Thou martial man, that wears the Almaine crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fresingfield,

[70] By *the Queen*, is meant Elinor, now wife to the Prince of Wales: she is called so by anticipation, as Edward was called king in the opening scene of the play. King Henry also speaks of her as if she were already queen:

"Or what shall grow from Edward and his *Queen*?"

Fair Marg'ret, countess to the Lincoln earl,
Attends on Elinor: gramercies, lord, for her,
'Tis I give thanks for Marg'ret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.
Henry. Seeing the marriage is solemniz'd,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast.
But why stands friar Bacon here so mute?
Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.
Henry. Why, Bacon,
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?
Bacon. I find by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I temper'd in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king,
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then, Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladded wand'ring Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves,
That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower.
Apollo's heliotropian then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation in consort with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose. [70]

[70] This is an obvious compliment to Queen Elizabeth, but not half so fulsome and extravagant as many at the conclusion of plays acted previous to her death. The figure of a flower, under which she is spoken of, gives the poet a licence which renders his adulation less offensive. It calls to mind the prophecy at the conclusion of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, only in the latter the Queen

Henry. This prophesy is mystical.
But glorious commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle,
Circled with Gihen, and first Euphrates,
In royalizing Henry's Albion,
With presence of your princely mightiness,
Let's march: the tables all are spread,
And viands such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates,
It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time
Craves that we taste of nought but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

was certainly spoken of as *dead*, though Mr. Malone, against the clearest evidence, argues the contrary. Shakespeare would hardly have ventured to call her even "*an aged princess*," had she been living.

EDITION.

The honorable Historie of frier Bacon and frier Bongay, as it was plaid by her Majesties servants. Made by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. London, printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop at the little north dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594, 4to.

THE

JEW OF MALTA.

THIS play, by Christopher Marlow, is mentioned in the following epigram by Sir John Harington.

OF A DEVOUT USURER.

A merchant hearing that great preacher Smith
  Preach against usury, that art of biting,
The sermon done, embrac'd the man forthwith,
  Unto his board most friendly him inviting.
A friend of his, hoping some sweet aspersion
  Of grace would move him to a restitution,
Wish'd him, in token of his full conversion,
  Release some debtors held in execution.
"Fool! (said he) think you I will leave my trade?
  No—but I think this preacher learn'd and painful;
Because the more he doth from it persuade,
  'Tis like to prove to me more sweet and gainful!"
Was ever *Jew of Malta* or of Milan
Than this most damned jew more jewish villain?

None of Sir J. Harington's epigrams were printed until after his death in 1612, but there is internal evidence to shew that some of them were written very early; that just quoted was probably produced about 1592, for in that year a sermon by Smith against usury is extant. The point of the epigram is not Sir John Harington's: it is to be found in prose in a collection of *Facetia Motti et Burle di diversi Signori*, collected by Ludovico Domenichi in 1565, and printed at Venice.

The epigram of Sir John Harington is not now, however, the first notice of *The Jew of Malta*, though it was so until the discovery of Henslowe's papers, which have thrown so much light on our old drama: the following entry is extracted from them.

"R. (*i. e.* received) at the Jew of Mallteese the 26th February, 1591, 50*s.*"

It clearly relates to the *Jew of Malta*, although Henslowe's ignorance, as usual, made him blunder regarding the title. On the 12th June, 1594, it was played again, and by that date he had learnt its proper name, and registered that it produced him 4*l.* for his share, which, with one exception, is a larger sum than he obtained on the representation of any other play he notices. Marlow's tragedy of *The Guise* (as it was probably first called, though afterwards printed as *The Massacre of Paris*) forms the subject of the next entry, but one, as given by Mr. Malone, (Shakespeare by Boswell, iii. 302.) and Henslowe's proportion of the receipts on that occasion was *53s.*

A curious MS. fragment of one quarto leaf of this tragedy came into the hands of Mr. Rodd of Newport-street not long since, which, as it very materially differs from the printed edition, is here inserted *literatim*: it perhaps formed part of a copy belonging to the theatre at the time it was first acted, and it would be still more valuable should any accident hereafter shew that it is in the original hand-writing of Marlow. It relates to the death of a character called Mugeron in the old printed copy, without date, but who in the MS. is named Minion.

"*Enter a* SOULDIER *w*th *a muskett.*

"*Souldier.* Now, ser, to you y^{t} dares make a duke a cuckolde, and use a counterfeyt key to his privie chamber: thoughe you take out none but yo^{r} owne treasure, yet you put in y^{t} displeases him, and fill up his rome y^{t} he shold occupie. Herein, ser, you forestalle the markett, and sett upe yo^{r} standinge where you shold not. But you will say you leave him rome enoughe besides: that's no answere: he's to have the choyce of his owne freeland, yf it be not to free, there's the questione. Now for where he is your landlorde, you take upon you to be his, and will needs enter by defaulte. What thoughe you weere once in possession yett comminge upon you once unawares, he frayde you out againe: therefore your entrye is mere intrusion: this is against the law, ser. And thoughe I come not to keep

possessione as I wolde I mighte, yet I come to keepe you out, ser.

Enter MINION.

You are welcome, ser! have at you. [*He kills him.*

Minion. Trayterous Guise ah, thou has morthered me!

Enter GUISE.

Guise. Hold thee, tale soldier: take thee this and flye. [*Exit.*

Thus falls imperfett exhalation,
Which our great sonn of France cold not effecte;
A fyery meteor in the fermament.
Lye there, the kinge's delyght and Guise's scorne!
Revenge it, Henry, if thou list or dar'st;
I did it onely in dispight of thee.
Fondly hast thou incest the Guise's sowle
That if it self was hote enoughe to worke
Thy just degestion w^th^ extreamest shame,
The armye I have gathered now shall ayme:
Now at thie end thine exterpatione:
And when thou think'st I have forgotten this,
And that thou most reposest one my faythe,
Than will I wake thee from thy foolishe dreame,
And lett thee see thie self my prysoner. [*Exeunt.*"

Nearly the whole of this speech by the Duke of Guise is omitted in the printed copy, which has come down to us in a very imperfect state. C.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND

MR. THOMAS HAMMON,

OF GRAY'S INN, &c.

THIS play, composed by so worthy an author as Mr. Marlow, and the part of the Jew presented by so unimitable an actor as Mr. Allen*, being in this latter age commended to the stage, as I usher'd it unto the court, and presented it to the cock-pit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loth it should be published without the ornament of an epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage: I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom, none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligement, by which he rests still engaged, who, as he ever hath, shall always remain,

Tuissimus.

THO. HEYWOOD †.

* The praises bestowed on this excellent actor and worthy man, by his contemporaries, would be sufficient to send his name down to posterity with honour, independent of the noble endowment which he founded at Dulwich. He was born in London on the 1st of September, 1566, was early introduced to the stage, and appears to have been at the head of his profession, by which he acquired a considerable fortune: he retired to Dulwich several years before his death, which happened on the 25th of November, 1626. See his life in the *Biographia Britannica*.

† *Thomas Heywood*] See an account of him, vol. VII.

THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

Gracious and great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this, writ many years agone,
And in that age thought second unto none;
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who liv'd in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavel;
And that's his character. He that hath past
So many censures, is now come at last
To have your princely ears; grace you him, then
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

EPILOGUE.

It is our fear (dread sovereign) we have been
Too tedious; neither can 't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: if we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave:
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act, and speak, what others write.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE AT THE COCK-PIT.

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets in that age,*
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And he, then by the best of actors† play'd,
In Hero and Leander, one did gain
A lasting memory; in Tamberlaine,
This Jew, with others many: th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we way rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue:

* Marlow. † Allen.

So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit, in him who doth personate*
Our Jew this day; nor is it his ambition
To exceed, or equal, being of condition
More modest: this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the urgence of some friends)
To prove his best, and, if none here gainsay it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

EPILOGUE.

In graving, with Pygmalion to contend;
Or painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was play'd;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid:†
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you (by me) twas well.

* *Perkins.*] This was Richard Perkins, one of the performers belonging to the cockpit theatre, in Drury-Lane. His name is printed among those who acted in *Hannibal and Scipio*, by *Nabbes*; *The Wedding*, by *Shirley*; and *The Fair Maid of the West*, by *Heywood*. After the play houses were shut up, on account of the confusion arising from the civil wars, *Perkins and Sumner*, who belonged to the same house, lived together at Clerkenwell, where they died and were buried. They both died some years before the restoration. See *The Dialogue on Plays and Players*, vol. xii.

† Wagers as to the comparative merits of rival actors in particular parts were not unfrequent of old. Dekkar alludes to them in his *Gull's Horn-book*, 1609, and Mr. Malone has preserved from Henslowe's MS. a curious letter regarding one in which Edward Alleyn was concerned. Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, alludes no doubt to something of the same kind when he speaks "our witty Wilson" and his "challenge at the swan on the Bankside."

C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MACHIAVEL, *the Prologue.*
BARABAS, *the Jew.*
FERNEZE, *Governor of Malta.*
CALYMATH, *Son to the Grand Signior.*
DON LODOWICK, *the Governor's son.*
DON MATHIAS.
ITHAMORE, *a Turkish Slave.*
DEL BOSCO, *the Spanish Vice Admiral.*
JACOMO, BARNARDINO, } *Friars.*
PHILIA BORZO.
Two MERCHANTS.
Three JEWS.
KNIGHTS.
BASHAWS.
OFFICERS.
READER.

ABIGAIL, *Daughter to Barabas.*
KATHERINE, *Mother to Mathias.*
Two NUNS.
ABBESS.
BELLAMIRA, *a Courtezan.*

THE

JEW OF MALTA.*

ACT I.

Enter MACHIAVEL.

Machiavel. ALBEIT the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And, now the Guize[1] is dead, is come from France
To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious;
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most;
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair: and when they cast me off

* This play, though not printed earlier than 1633, was, with the ballad on the same subject, intituled, *The murtherous Lyfe and terrible Death of the Rich Jewe of Malta*, entered on the Stationers' books May, 1594. See Mr. Steevens's note to *The Merchant of Venice.*

Dr. Percy has remarked, very justly, that the design of Marlow was to encourage a prevailing prejudice entertained against the Jews. In the progress of the tragedy the bloody stratagems of Barabas draw on him at length a fearful death, which he had prepared for another, but it is not clear to me that the impression is effaced from the reader's or the spectator's mind, of the governor and knight's inhuman and oppressive extortion, and that they do not in some degree participate with Barabas in his great revenge.

O. G.

[1] *the Guize.*] *i. e.* the duke of Guise, who had been the principal contriver and actor in the horrid massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. He met with his deserved fate, being assassinated, by order of the French king, in 1588.

Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past!
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries:
Many will talk of title to a crown;
What right had Cæsar to the empery[2]?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
When, like the Draco's,[3] they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it, that a strong-built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import:
Which maxim had Phalaris observ'd,
H' had never bellow'd in a brazen bull,
Of great ones envy: o' th' poor petty wights,
Let me be envied and not pitied!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse
Because he favours me.

Enter BARABAS *in his Counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.*

Barabas.[*] So that of thus much that return was made:
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samnites, and the men of Uzz,
That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,

[2] *Empery.*] The quarto edition reads *empire*; but to complete the verse we should read *empery*; a word that occurs often in our ancient plays. S.

[3] *Draco's.*] *i. e.* The severe law-giver of Athens; "whose statutes," said Demades, "were not written with ink, but blood." S.

The quarto of 1633 calls him *Draneus.* C.

[*] The time when *The City Madam* was produced corresponding so exactly with the period of *The Jew of Malta's* revival by Heywood, tempts me to believe Massinger indebted to Marlow for the turn of Lake's soliloquy in Act 3. of his comedy. O. G.

Here have I purst their paltry silverbings.[4]
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without controul can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen[5] costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a carrect[6] of this quantity,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity,
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade;
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill[7]?

[4] *Silverbings.*] I am unacquainted with any such word: perhaps we should read *silverings*, or *silverlings*; a diminutive, to express the Jew's contempt of a metal inferior in value to gold. S.

[5] *seld-seen*] *i. e.* rarely beheld. See note 7 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

[6] *A carrect*] or carat, a weight of four grains, with which diamonds are weighed. S.

[7] *Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?*] It was anciently be-

Ha! to the east? yes: see how stand the vanes?
East and by south: why, then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:
Mine Argosie from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here? how now?

Enter a MERCHANT.

Merchant. Barabas, thy ships are safe
Riding in Malta Road; and all the merchants
With other merchandize are safe arriv'd,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them

Barabas. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught?

Merchant. They are.

Barabas. Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the custom house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine;
And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merchant. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth;
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

Barabas. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man;
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

Merchant. I go.

Barabas. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

lieved that this bird (the King Fisher) if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what quarter it blew. See note on *King Lear*, vol. 9. p. 419. edit. 1778. S.

[8] *custom them.*] *i. e.* enter the goods they contain at the custom-house. S.

Merchant. Of the Speranza, sir?

Barabas. And saw'st thou not mine Argosie at Alexandria?
Thou could'st not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Merchant. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them:
But this we heard some of our seamen say;
They wonder'd how you durst, with so much wealth,
Trust such a crazy vessel, and so far.

Barabas. Tush, they are wise; I know her and her strength:
Bye, go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in;
[*Exit Merchant.*
And yet I wonder at this Argosie.

Enter a second MERCHANT.

2d Merchant. Thine Argosie from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta Road,
Laden with riches and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

Barabas. How chance you came not with those other ships
That sail'd by Egypt?

2d Merchant. Sir, we saw 'em not.

Barabas. Belike they coasted round by Candy shore,
About their oils, or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2d Merchant. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the gallies of the Turk in chase.

Barabas. Oh, they were going up to Sicily. Well, go,
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the freight discharg'd.

2d Merchant. I go. [*Exit.*

Barabas. Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enrich'd:

These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness.
What more may Heaven do for earthly man,
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them.
Making the sea their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride;
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Happily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation:
I cannot tell, but we have scambled[9] up
More wealth by far, than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
I, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault: alas! our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen;
And all I have is her's. But who comes here?

Enter three JEWS.

1*st Jew.* Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policy.

2*d Jew.* Come, therefore, let us go to Barabas;
For he can counsel best in these affairs:

[9] *scambled.*] *Scambled* has much the same meaning as *scrambled.* See note on *King Henry V.* vol. 6. p. 9. edit. 1778.

And here he comes.

Barabas. Why how now, countrymen?
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?

1*st Jew.* A fleet of warlike gallies, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road;
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

Barabas. Why let 'em come, so they come not to war;
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth. [*Aside.*

1*st Jew.* Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2*d Jew.* I fear their coming will afflict us all.

Barabas. Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes?
What need they treat of peace, that are in league?
The Turks, and those of Malta, are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

1*st Jew.* Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

Barabas. Happily for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatic sea;
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

3*d Jew.* And very wisely said; it may be so.

2*d Jew.* But there's a meeting in the senate-house;
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

Barabas. Hum! all the Jews in Malta must be there?
Aye, like enough; why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself*.

1*st Jew.* I know you will: well, brethren, let us go.

* The quarto inserts *aside* in the margin opposite the last line; but this must be an error, as the first Jew makes an observation upon it. Perhaps we ought to read—
"Assure yourselves I'll look *unto't* myself." C.

2d Jew. Let's take our leaves. Farewell, good Barabas.

Barabas. Do so: farewel, Zaareth; farewel, Temainte. [*Exeunt Jews.*

And, Barabas, now search this secret out;
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute, all in policy I fear,
The Turks have let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town: I, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I have got.
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the town. [*Exit.*

Enter GOVERNORS OF MALTA, KNIGHTS, *met by* BASHAWS *of the Turk, and* CALYMATH.

Governor. Now, Bashaws, what demand you at our hands?

Bashaw. Know, Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Governor. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles,
To us or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

Calymath. The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.

Governor. Alas, my lord, the sum is over great;
I hope your highness will consider us.

Calymath. I wish, grave governors, 'twere in my power
To favour you; but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.

Governor. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.*

Calymath. Stand all aside, and let the knights determine:

* The Governors and the Maltese knights here consult apart, while Calymath gives these directions. C.

And send to keep our gallies under sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here.
Now, governors, how are you resolv'd?
Governor. Thus: since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.
Bashaw. That's more than is in our commission.
Calymath. What, Callapine! a little courtesy.
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace,
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respite ask you, governors?
Governor. But a month.
Calymath. We grant a month; but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en;
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewel, great governors, and brave knights of Malta.
[*Exeunt.*
Governor. And all good fortune wait on Calymath.
Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:
Were they not summon'd to appear to-day?
Officer. They were, my lord, and here they come.
Enter BARABAS, *and three Jews.*
1*st Knight.* Have you determined what to say to them?
Governor. Yes, give me leave; and, Hebrews, now come near.
From the emperor of Turkey is arriv'd
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years tribute past;
Now then, here know that it concerneth us.
Barabas. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.
Governor. Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what these ten years tribute will amount,

That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars, that robb'd our store:
And therefore are we to request your aid.
Barabas. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a prince?
1st Knight. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;
Thou art a merchant, and a monied man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.
Barabas. How, my lord! my money?
Governor. Thine and the rest:
For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had.
Barabas. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!
Governor. Then let the rich increase your portions.
Barabas. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd?
2d Knight. Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.
Barabas. How, equally?
Governor. No, Jew, like infidels:
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursed in the sight of heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befall'n:
And therefore thus we are determined.
Read there the articles of our decrees.
Reader. First, the tribute money of the Turks shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one half of his estate.
Barabas. How! half his estate? I hope you mean not mine.
Governor. Read on.
Reader. Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become a Christian.
Barabas. How! a Christian? Hum, what's here to do?
Reader. Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.
All three Jews. Oh, my lord, we will give half.
Barabas. Oh earth-metall'd villains, and no Hebrews born?
And will you basely thus submit yourselves

To leave your goods to their arbitrement?
Governor. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?
Barabas. No, Governor, I will be no convertite[10].
Governor. Then pay thy half.
Barabas. Why know you what you did by this device?
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.
Governor. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.
Barabas. Corpo di Dio! stay, you shall have half,
Let me be us'd but as my brethren are.
Governor. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recall'd.
Barabas. Will you then steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?
Governor. No, Jew, we take particularly thine,
To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Live still; and, if thou canst, get more.
Barabas. Christian, what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.
1*st Knight.* From nought at first thou cam'st to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor, and scorn'd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.
Barabas. What? bring you scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are;
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,

[10] *convertite*] i. e. convert. So in *King John*, A. 5. S. 1.
" But since you are a gentle *convertite*." S.

Shall I be try'd by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live;
And which of you can charge me otherwise?
Governor. Out, wretched Barabas! sham'st thou not thus
To justify thyself, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient, and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, oh 'tis a monstrous sin.
Barabas. Aye, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me, then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steal, and compass more.
1st Knight. Grave governors, list not to his exclaims:
Convert his mansion to a nunnery.
Enter OFFICERS*.
His house will harbour many holy nuns.
Governor. It shall be so. Now, Officers, have you done?
Officers. Aye, my lord, we have seiz'd upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which, being valued,
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta:
And of the other we have seized half.
Then we'll take order for the residue.
Barabas. Well then, my lord, say are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd;
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting, flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.
Governor. No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.
Barabas. Why I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men,

* These officers must have gone out upon this duty, upon a sign made to them just after Barabas had refused to contribute. Their exit is not marked in the old copy. C.

Than be the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope;
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Governor. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.

Barabas. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you, i' th' devil's name.

Governor. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1*st Knight.* 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto:
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy. [*Exeunt.*

Barabas. Aye, policy, that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou *Primus Motor!*
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban[11] their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

1*st Jew.* Oh yet be patient, gentle Barabas.

Barabas. Oh, silly brethren, born to see this day
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

1*st Jew.* Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

Barabas. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one;

[11] *I ban their souls.*] *To ban*, is *to curse*, So in *Arden of Feversham:*
" Nay, if thou *ban*, let me breathe curses forth,"
First part of Antonio and Mellida, A. 3.
" Wee wring ourselves into this wretched world,
" To pule and weepe, exclaime to curse and raile,
" To fret, and *ban* the fates, to strike
" As I doe now."

And of me only have they taken all.

1st Jew. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

Barabas. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine Argosie
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon:
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:
For only I have toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me.

2d Jew. Good Barabas, be patient.

Barabas. I, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne'er possest of wealth, are pleas'd with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,
And knows no means of his recovery:
I, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak.
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1st Jew. Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood,
Our words will but increase his extacy[12].

2d Jew. On then: but trust me, 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction.
Farewel, Barabas. [*Exeunt.*

Barabas. I, fare you well
See the simplicity of these base slaves,

[12] *extacy.*] The word extacy, was anciently used, to signify some degree of alienation of mind.

Who, for the villains have no wit themselves.
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,
That will with every water wash to dirt!
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come:
For evils are apt to happen every day——
But whither wends[13] my beauteous Abigail?

Enter ABIGAIL, *the Jew's daughter.*

Oh what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What, woman, moan not for a little loss;
Thy father has enough in store for thee.

Abigail. Not for myself but aged Barabas,
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail:
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears;
And, urg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all,
And rend their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

Barabas. No, Abigail; things past recovery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion,
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond[14]
As negligently to forego so much
Without provision for thyself and me.
Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

Abigail. Where, father?

Barabas. In my house, my girl.

[13] *wends.*] See note 16 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

[14] *fond.*] i. e. *foolish*. See note 16 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Abigail. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas;
For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares.
Barabas. But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.
Abigail. That may they not:
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect [15]
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.
Barabas. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone!
You partial Heavens, have I deserv'd this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And, knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was.
No, I will live; nor loath I this my life:
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus,
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter, I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me:
Be rul'd by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.
Abigail. Father, whate'er it be, to injure them,
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigail attempt?
Barabas. Why so, then thus: thou told'st me they have turn'd my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?
Abigail. I did.
Barabas. Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Intreat the abbess to be entertain'd.

[15] *sect.*] *i. e.* sex. *Sect* and *sex* were, in our ancient dramatic writers, used synonymously for each other. See several instances in Mr. Steevens's note on *The Second Part of Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.

Abigail. How, as a nun?
Barabas. I, daughter: for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.
Abigail. I, but, father, they will suspect me there.
Barabas. Let 'em suspect; but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness.
Intreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.
Abigail. Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.
Barabas. Tush, as good dissemble that thou never mean'st,
As first mean truth and then dissemble it;
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unseen hypocrisy.
Abigail. Well, father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?
Barabas. This shall follow then.
There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come: be cunning, Abigail.
Abigail. Then, father, go with me.
Barabas. No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen,
For I will seem offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter three FRIARS *and two* NUNS.

1*st Friar.* Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made nunnery.
1*st Nun.* The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long, since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.
1*st Friar.* But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
Will much delight you.
Nun. It may be so: but who comes here?
Abigail. Grave abbess, and you happy virgin's guide,
Pity the state of a distressed maid!
Abbess. What art thou, daughter?

Abigail. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.

Abbess. Well, daughter, say what is thy suit with us?

Abigail. Fearing the afflictions which my father feels
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.

1*st Friar.* No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the Spirit.

2*d Friar.* I, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let us intreat she may be entertain'd.

Abbess. Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

Abigail. First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your straight laws;
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie.
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

Barabas. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth. [*Aside.*

Abbess. Come, daughter, follow us.

Barabas. Why, how now, Abigail, what makest thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?

1*st Friar.* Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.

Barabas. How? mortified!

1*st Friar.* And is admitted to the sisterhood.

Barabas. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame,
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy.

Abigail. Father, give me——

Barabas. Nay, back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold,
[*Whispers to her.*
The board is marked thus that covers it.

Away, accursed, from thy father's sight!

1st Friar. Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions;
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

Barabas. Blind friar, I wreck not thy persuasions.
The board is marked thus † that covers it;
[*Aside to her.*
For I had rather die than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced daughter? *Go forget not.* [*Aside to her.*
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?
To-morrow early I'll be at the door. [*Aside to her.*
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.
Farewell, remember to-morrow morning. [*Aside.*
Out, out, thou wretch! [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATHIAS.

Mathias. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter,
Become a nun! her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her, and brought her down to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons;
And better would she far become a bed,
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lodowick. Why how now, Don Mathias, in a dump?

Mathias. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.

Lodowick. What was't, I pr'ythee?

Mathias. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age;
The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphosed nun.

Lodowick. But say, what was she?

Mathias. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

Lodowick. What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seiz'd?
Is she so fair?
Mathias. And matchless beautiful;
As, had you seen her, 'twould have mov'd your heart,
Tho' countermin'd with walls of brass, to love,
Or at the least to pity.
Lodowick. And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?
Mathias. I must and will, sir; there's no remedy.
Lodowick. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewel, Mathias.
Mathias. Farewel, Lodowick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter BARABAS *with a light.*

Barabas. Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,*
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.*
Oh thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night, or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,

* ——— "So ravens croke
"When they fly o'er the mansions of the sick,
"Boding their death." Davenant's *Love and Honour.* O. G.

Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL *above.*

Abigail. Now have I happily espy'd a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold (unseen) where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels which he hid.

Barabas. Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth wou'd tell me winters' tales,
And speak of sprites and ghosts that glide by night,
About the place where treasure had been hid;
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Abigail. Now that my father's fortune were so good,
As but to be about this happy place!
'Tis not so happy; yet when we parted last,
He said he wou'd attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus, that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Barabas. Buen para todos, my ganada no er:
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus.
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The Loadstar [16] of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?

Abigail. Who's that?

Barabas. Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.

Abigail. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.
[*Throws down bags.*

Barabas. Hast thou't?

Abigail. Here, hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.

Barabas. Oh my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome, the first beginner of my bliss!
Oh Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too,

[16] *The Loadstar.*] See note 190 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practise thy enlargement thence.
Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss!
[*Hugs his bags.*
Abigail. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.
Barabas. Farewel, my joy, and by my fingers take
A kiss from him, that sends it from his soul.
Now, Phœbus, ope the eye-lids of the day,
And for the raven, wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
*Hermoso Piarer, de les Denirch.** [*Exeunt.*
Enter GOVERNOR, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *the* KNIGHTS.
Governor. Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?
Del Bosco. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I: Del Bosco is my name,
Vice Admiral unto the Catholic king.
1*st Knight.* 'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.
Del Bosco. Our freight is Grecians, Turks, and Africk Moors:
For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vail'd [17] not to the Spanish † fleet,
Their creeping gallies had us in the chase;
But suddenly the wind began to rise,

* We have before seen Barabas using an unintelligible jargon between Italian and Spanish, such as possibly may have been spoken by the Jews of Malta. Perhaps what is meant here is an exclamation on the beautiful appearance of money, *Hermoso parecer de los dineros*, but it is questionable whether this would be good Spanish. C.

[17] *we vail'd not.*] *i. e.* did not strike or lower our flags. See note on *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1. edit. 1778. S.

See likewise note 19 to *Edward II.* vol. II. and note 18 to *The Pinner of Wakefield.*

† Qy. *Turkish.* O. G.

And then we left, and took, and fought at ease:
Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Governor. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee;
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us:
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks,
We may not; nay, we dare not give consent,
By reason of a tributary league.

1st Knight. Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk:
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Del Bosco. Will Knights of Malta be in league with Turks,
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember, that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Governor. Captain, we know it; but our force is small.

Del Bosco. What is the sum that Calymath requires?

Governor. A hundred thousand crowns.

Del Bosco. My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold.
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.

Governor. On this condition shall thy Turks be sold:
Go, officers, and set them straight in shew.
Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.

Del Bosco. So shall you imitate those you succeed:
For, when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd

To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Governor. So will we fight it out. Come, let's away:

Proud, daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire.
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd;
Honour is bought with blood, and not with gold.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OFFICERS, *with slaves.*

1*st Officer.* This is the market-place, here let 'em stand;

Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

2*d Officer.* Every one's price is written on his back;
And so much must they yield, or not be sold.

1*st Officer.* Here comes the Jew; had not his goods been seiz'd,

He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAS.

Barabas. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd,
Such poor villains as were ne'er thought upon,
'Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us)
Am I become as wealthy as I was.
They hop'd my daughter would have been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's:
And there, in spite of Malta, will I dwell,
Having Ferneze's hand; whose heart I'll have,
Aye, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levy, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please,
And when we grin we bite; yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar;
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gather'd for in our synagogue;
That when the offering bason comes to me,

Even for charity, I may spit into't.
Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake,

Enter LODOWICK.

Lodowick. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way:
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail:
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

Barabas. Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent
Than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.

Lodowick. Yond' walks the Jew; now for fair Abigail.

Barabas. I, I, no doubt but she's at your command.

Lodowick. Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

Barabas. I would you were his father too, sir, that's all the harm I wish you. The slave looks like a hog's cheek new sing'd.

Lodowick. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

Barabas. No further: 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles, like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves;
For unto us the promise doth belong.

Lodowick. Well, Barabas, can'st help me to a diamond?

Barabas. Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds,
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn:
I mean my daughter; but ere he shall have her,
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood. [*Aside.*
I ha' the poison of the city for him, and the
White leprosy.

Lodowick. What sparkle does it give without a foil?

Barabas. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foil'd;
But when he touches it, it will be foil'd: [*Aside*
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

Lodowick. Is it square or pointed? pray let me know?

Barabas. Pointed it is, good sir,—but not for you. [*Aside.*

Lodowick. I like it much the better.

Barabas. So do I too.

Lodowick. How shews it by night?

Barabas. Outshines Cynthia's rays:
You'll like it better far a nights than days. [*Aside.*

Lodowick. And what's the price?

Barabas. Your life, and if you have it. [*Aside*]. Oh my lord,
We will not jar about the price: come to my house
And I will give't your honour—with a vengeance. [*Aside.*

Lodowick. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

Barabas. Good sir,
Your father has deserv'd it at my hands,
Who of mere charity and Christian ruth[18],
To bring me to religious purity,
And, as it were in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

Lodowick. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

Barabas. Aye, but my lord, the harvest is far off:
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous; *and indeed do no man good:* [*Aside.*
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean in fulness of perfection.

Lodowick. Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.

Barabas. No, but I do it through a burning zeal,
Hoping ere long to set the house a fire;
For though they do awhile increase and multiply,

[18] *ruth.*] *i. e.* pity. See note 14 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

I'll have a saying to that nunnery. [*Aside.*
As for that diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home, and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake.
It shall go hard but I will see your death. [*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

Lodowick. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

Barabas. Come then, here's the market place. What's the price
Of this slave? two hundred crowns? do the Turks weigh so much?

Officer. Sir, that's his price.

Barabas. What, can he steal, that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,[19]
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got,
To keep him for his life-time from the gallows.
The sessions-day is critical to thieves,
And few or none 'scape but by being purg'd.

Lodowick. Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

1st Officer. No more, my lord.

Barabas. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

Officer. Because he is young, and has more qualities.

Barabas. What, hast the philosopher's stone? and thou hast,
Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

Slave. No sir, I can cut and shave.

Barabas. Let me see, sirrah; are you not an old shaver?

Slave. Alas, sir, I am a very youth.

Barabas. A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity,[20]

[19] *plates.*] *i. e.* pieces of silver money. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, vol. 8. p. 295, edition 1778. S.

[20] *Lady Vanity.*] A vice or puppet of that name, which is mentioned in one of *Ben Jonson's* Plays.

"Get you a cittern, *Lady Vanity!*" S.

If you do well.

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

Barabas. Some wicked trick or other. It may be, under colour of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods. Tell me hast thou thy health well?

Slave. I, passing well.

Barabas. So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly: and't be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a day will maintain you in these chops; let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

1*st Officer.* Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Barabas. Where wast thou born?

Ithamore. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

Barabas. So much the better, thou art for my turn: An hundred crowns, I'll have him; there's the coin.

1*st Officer.* Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

Barabas. I, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That by my help shall do much villainy.
My lord farewel: Come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond, it shall be your's;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS *and his* MOTHER.

Mathias. What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

Barabas. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay;
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the——governor.

Mother. This Moor is comeliest is he not? speak, son.

Mathias. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

Barabas. Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father. Son, farewel.

Mathias. But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick with you?

Barabas. Tush man, we talk'd of diamonds, not of Abigail.

Mother. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

Barabas. As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it sir, and 'tis at your command.

Mathias. Yes, madam, and my talk with him was
About the borrowing of a book or two.

Mother. Converse not with him, he is cast off from Heaven.
Thou hast thy crowns, fellow: come, let's away.

Mathias. Sirrah, Jew, remember the books.

[*Exeunt.*

Barabas. Marry will I, sir.

Officer. Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away. [*Exit.*

Barabas. Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

Ithamore. Faith, sir, my birth is but mean: my name's Ithamore;
My profession what you please.

Barabas. Hast thou no trade; then listen to my words,
And I will teach thee that will stick by thee:
First, be thou void of these affections,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

Ithamore. Oh brave master, I worship your nose for this.[21]

[21] *Oh brave master, I worship your nose for this.*] We have here an allusion to the manner in which the Jew used to be dressed on the stage. From the following passage in *Rowley's Search for Money*, 1609, p. 12, we find he was always equipped with a huge nose, "——but as ill a head in forme (and worse in condition) than ever "held a spout of lead in his mouth at the corner of a church: an "old moth-eaten cap buttoned under his chinne: his visage (or "vizard) like *the artificial Jewe of Maltaes nose;* the wormes fearing "his bodie would have gone along with his soule, came to take, "and indeed had taken possession, where they peept out still at "certain loope holes, to see who came neare their habitation."

Barabas. As for myself, I walk abroad a nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.
Being young, I studied physic and began
To practice first upon the Italian;
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure.[22]
With digging graves, and ringing dead men's knells.
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And, with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year;
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
And every moon made some or other mad;
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them:
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

Ithamore. Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats.
Once, at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strewed powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
That I have laugh'd a good[23] to see the cripples

[22] *In ure.*] See note 12 to *Ferrex and Porrex*, vol. I.

[23] *That I have laugh'd a good.*] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon,*

Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

Barabas. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow. We are villains both:
Both circumcised; we hate Christians both.
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold:
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lodowick. Oh, Barabas, well met: where is the diamond
You told me of?

Barabas. I have it for you, sir; please you walk in with me:
What ho, Abigail; open the door, I say.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abigail. In good time, father; here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

Barabas. Give me the letters, daughter. Do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
With all the courtesy you can afford,
Provided, that you keep your maiden-head.
Use him as if he were a *Philistine;*
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham. [*Aside.*
I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.
Abigail, bid him welcome, for my sake.

Abigail. For your sake, and his own, he's welcome hither.

Barabas. Daughter a word more; kiss him, speak him fair,

Fr. See note on *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. 1. p. 202, edition 1778.

Again, in Turberville's *Songes and Sonets*, p. 37.

Of the strange countenance of an aged Gentlewoman.

" It makes me *laugh a good* to see thee lowre
And long to looken sad:
For when thy crabbed countnance is sowre,
Thou art to seeming glad.
I blame not thee, but nature, in this case,
That mought bestow on thee a better grace."

And, like a cunning Jew, so cast about,
That ye be both made sure ere you come out.
Abigail. Oh, father, Don Mathias is my love.
Barabas. I know it; yet, I say, make love to him:
Do, it is requisite it should be so.
Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand;
But go you in, I'll think upon the account:
[*Exeunt Lodowick and Abigail.*
The account is made, for Lodowick dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled,
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much; I have wealth enough,
For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail,
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die!
His father was my chiefest enemy.
Whither goes Don Mathias? stay a while.
Enter MATHIAS.
Mathias. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?
Barabas. Thou know'st, and Heaven can witness it is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.
Mathias. I, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.
Barabas. Oh Heaven forbid I should have such a thought.
Pardon me, though I weep; the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.
Mathias. Does she receive them?
Barabas. She! No, Mathias, no, but sends them back:
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window, looking out
When you should come and hale him from the door.
Mathias. Oh treacherous Lodowick!
Barabas. Even now, as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.
Mathias. I'll rouse him thence.

Barabas. Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe your sword:
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes,
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Enter LODOWICK *and* ABIGAIL.

Mathias. What, hand in hand! I cannot suffer this.
Barabas. Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.
Mathias. Well, let it pass; another time shall serve. [*Exit.*
Lodowick. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?
Barabas. No, no; but happily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.
Lodowick. Why, loves she Don Mathias?
Barabas. Doth she not, with her smiling, answer you?
Abigail. He has my heart; I smile against my will.
Lodowick. Barabas, thou know'st I have lov'd thy daughter long.
Barabas. And so has she done you, even from a child.
Lodowick. And now I can no longer hold my mind.
Barabas. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.
Lodowick. This is thy diamond; tell me, shall I have it?
Barabas. Win it, and wear it, it is yet unsoil'd.*
Oh but I know your lordship wou'd disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross,
With Christian posies round about the ring.
Lodowick. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her, that I esteem,
Yet crave I thy consent.
Barabas. And mine you have; yet let me talk to her.
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,

* Perhaps we ought to read *unfoil'd*, consistently with what Barabas said of her before under the figure of a jewel---
"The diamond that I talk of *ne'er was foil'd.*"

C.

That never tasted of the Passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come;
This gentle maggot, Lodowick I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes. [*Aside.*

Abigail. What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick?

Barabas. It is no sin to deceive a Christian:
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with hereticks;
But all are hereticks that are not Jews:
This follows well; and therefore, daughter fear not.
I have intreated her, and she will grant.

Lodowick. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

Abigail. I cannot choose, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

Lodowick. Now have I that, for which my soul hath long'd.

Barabas. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall. [*Aside.*

Abigail. Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?

Lodowick. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

Abigail. I know not; but farewel, I must be gone.

Barabas. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

Lodowick. Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden change.

Barabas. Oh muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrews' guise,
That maidens new betroth'd should weep a while.
Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

Lodowick. Oh, is't the custom? then I am resolv'd*:
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim.
And nature's beauty choak with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.
There comes the villain, now I'll be reveng'd.

* i. e. *satisfied.* O. G.

Enter MATHIAS.

Barabas. Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.
Lodowick. Well, let him go. [*Exit.*
Barabas. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd: but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.
Mathias. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.
Barabas. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessary of your deeds.
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.
Mathias. For this I'll have his heart.
Barabas. Do so; lo here I give thee Abigail.
Mathias. What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.
Barabas. My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother; therefore after him.
Mathias. What, is he gone unto my mother?
Barabas. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.
Mathias. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,
She'll die with grief. [*Exit.*
Abigail. I cannot take my leave of him for tears.
Father, why have you thus incensed them both?
Barabas. What's that to thee?
Abigail. I'll make 'em friends again.
Barabas. You'll make 'em friends!
Are there not Jews enough in Malta,
But thou must doat upon a Christian?
Abigail. I will have Don Mathias; he is my love.
Barabas. Yes, you shall have him: go, put her in.
[*Exit Abigail.*
Ithamore. I, I'll put her in.
Barabas. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?
Ithamore. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives: is it not so?
Barabas. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

Ithamore. Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this!

Barabas. I, so thou shalt: 'tis thou must do thee deed:
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

Ithamore. 'Tis poison'd; is it not?

Barabas. No, no, and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick.

Ithamore. Fear not, I'll so set his heart a fire, that he
Shall verily think it comes from him.

Barabas. I cannot choose but like thy readiness;
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

Ithamore. As I behave myself in this, employ me
Hereafter.

Barabas. Away then. [*Exit.*
So, now will I go in to Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set 'em both at enmity. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Courtezan. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold.
The time has been, that, but for one bare night,
A hundred ducats have been freely given:
But now against my will I must be chaste;
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
From Venice, merchants; and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;
And now, save Philia Borzo, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house:
And here he comes.

Enter PHILIA BORZO.

Philia Borzo. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.

Courtezan. 'Tis silver, I disdain it.

Phīlia Borzo. I, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

Courtezan. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

Philia Borzo. Faith, walking the back lanes, through the gardens, I chanc'd to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house, where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clamber'd up with my hooks; and as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house, so I took only this, and run my way; but here's the Jew's man.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Courtezan. Hide the bag.

Philia Borzo. Look not towards him, let's away.
Zoons, what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betray us anon.

Ithamore. O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtezan by her attire; now would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.
Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport! [*Exit.*

Enter MATHIAS.

Mathias. This is the place; now Abigail shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter LODOWICK *reading.**

Mathias. What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

Lodowick. I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st.
[*Fight.*

Enter BARABAS *above.*

Barabas. Oh bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now Lodowick, now Mathias! so:
So, now they have shew'd themselves to be tall fellows[21].

* The challenge was from Lodowick to Mathias; Mathias ought therefore to enter *reading*, and the line,

"What, dares the villain write in such base terms,"

is consistent with this regulation. C.

[21] *tall fellows.*] *i. e.* brave fellows. See note 28 to *George a Greene*, vol. III.

Within. Part 'em, part 'em.

Barabas. I, part 'em now they are dead: farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter GOVERNOR, MOTHER.

Governor. What sight is this? my Lodowick slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

Mother. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

Governor. Oh Lodowick! hadst thou perish'd by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have 'veng'd thy death.

Mother. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

Governor. Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds.

Mother. O leave to grieve me, I am griev'd enough.

Governor. Oh that my sighs could turn to lively breath,
And these my tears to blood, that he might live.

Mother. Who made them enemies?

Governor. I know not, and that grieves me most of all.

Mother. My son lov'd thine.

Governor. And so did Lodowick him.

Mother. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.

Governor. Nay, madam, stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.

Mother. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may 'venge their blood upon their heads.

Governor. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they, the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts.*

* The sense here is incomplete, and perhaps as the measure is also defective, a word has dropped out in the line,

Come, Katherine, our losses equal are;
Then of true grief let us take equal share. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ITHAMORE.

Ithamore. Why was there ever seen such villainy,
So neatly plotted, and so well perform'd?
Both held in hand, and flatly both beguil'd.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abigail. Why how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?

Ithamore. Oh mistress, ha, ha, ha.

Abigail. Why, what ail'st thou?

Ithamore. Oh my master.

Abigail. Ha!

Ithamore. Oh mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtile,
Bottle-nos'd knave to my master, that ever gentleman had.

Abigail. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

Ithamore. Oh, my master has the bravest policy.

Abigail. Wherein?

Ithamore. Why, know you not?

Abigail. Why no.

Ithamore. Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster?

Abigail. No, what was it?

Ithamore. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and imprimis to Mathias;
And then they met, as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

Abigail. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

Ithamore. Am I Ithamore?

Abigail. Yes.

Ithamore. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

" 'Till they, the causers of our smarts."

It would restore the meaning as well as the metre if it were read as follows:

" 'Till they *disclose* the causers of our smarts." C.

Abigail. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this;
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaques,*
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

Ithamore. I pray, mistress, will you answer me one question?

Abigail. Well, sirrah, what is't?

Ithamore. A very feeling one: have not the nuns fine sport
With the friars now and then?

Abigail. Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? get you gone.

Ithamore. I will, forsooth, mistress. [*Exit.*

Abigail. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas!
Was this the pursuit of thy policy,
To make me shew them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain!
Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sin,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the prior dispossest thee once,
And couldst not 'venge it, but upon his son;
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me:
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.
But here comes cursed Ithamore with the friar.

Enter ITHAMORE *and* FRIAR.

Friar. Virgo, salve.

Ithamore. When duck you?

Abigail. Welcome, grave friar. Ithamore, be gone. [*Exit Ithamore.*
Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

Friar. Wherein?

Abigail. To get me be admitted for a nun.

Friar. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

* Mr. Reed allowed it to stand St. Jaynes, but it is no doubt a mere misprint in the old copy for St. *Jaques*, or St. James.

Abigail. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world;
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the Son that gives eternal life.
Friar. Who taught thee this?
Abigail. The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace.
Oh therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood.
Friar. Abigail, I will; but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.
Abigail. That was my father's fault.
Friar. Thy father's, how?
Abigail. Nay, you shall pardon me. Oh Barabas,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.
Friar. Come, shall we go?
Abigail. My duty waits on you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS *reading a letter.*

Barabas. What, Abigail, become a nun again?
False, and unkind! what, hast thou lost thy father?
And all unknown, and unconstrain'd of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance? Spurca: what portendeth[25] this?
I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device
In Don Mathias's and Lodowick's deaths.
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into:
For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or loving, doth dislike of something done.

Enter ITHAMORE.

But who comes here? Oh, Ithamore, come near;

[25] *portendeth.*] The quarto reads *pretendeth.* And rightly, as there is no reason for making the alteration as Mr. Reed has himself shewn in note 48 to this play. C.

Come near, my love, come near: thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second life;
For I have now no hope but even in thee;
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Ithamore. To-day.

Barabas. With whom?

Ithamore. A friar.

Barabas. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

Ithamore. How, sir?

Barabas. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

Ithamore. That's no lie, for she sent me for him.

Barabas. Oh unhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em go: and, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit ought of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.

Ithamore. Oh master——

Barabas. Ithamore, intreat not for her, I am mov'd,
And she is hateful to my soul and me;
And least* thou yield to this that I entreat,
I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

Ithamore. Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some rock,
And throw myself headlong into the sea;
Why, I'll do any thing for your sweet sake.

Barabas. Oh trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine only heir;
All that I have is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I live use half; spend as myself.
Here, take my keys,—I'll give 'em thee anon.
Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want:
Only know this, that thus thou art to do:

* It would be more intelligible if it ran:
"And, less (or unless) thou yield," &c. C.

But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

Ithamore. I hold my head my master's hungry: I go sir. [*Exit.*

Barabas. Thus every villain ambles after wealth
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope.
But hush't,

Enter ITHAMORE *with the pot.*

Ithamore. Here 'tis, master.

Barabas. Well said, Ithamore. What hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

Ithamore. Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon[26], I have brought you a ladle.

Barabas. Very well, Ithamore then now be secret:
And, for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

Ithamore. Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge, that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten[27] more than you are aware.

Barabas. Aye, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian in Ancona once;
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply, yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Ithamore. How, master?

Barabas. Thus, Ithamore.
This even they use in Malta here ('tis call'd
Saint Jaques' Even) and then, I say, they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries.
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;

[26] *Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil Had need of a long spoon.*] See note 80 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI.

[27] *batten.*] i. e. *thrive, grow fat.* See note on *Hamlet*, edition 1778, vol. 10. p. 822. S.

There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.
Ithamore. How so?
Barabas. Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot[27]:
Stay, let me spice it first.
Ithamore. Pray do, and let me help you, master.
Pray let me taste first.
Barabas. Pr'ythee do: What say'st thou now?
Ithamore. Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be spoil'd.
Barabas. Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spar'd
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye[28].
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.
Ithamore. Well, master, I go.
Barabas. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire the pope was poisoned.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of Hebon[29], and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool,
Break from the fiery kingdom, and in this
Vomit your venom, and invenom her,
That, like a fiend, hath left her father thus!
Ithamore. What a blessing has he giv'n't! was ever pot of rice
Porridge so sauc'd! What shall I do with it?
Barabas. Oh my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

(27) *pot.*] The quarto reads *plot*, which, however, may be right. He perhaps means to call the *pot* a *plot* on his daughter's life.

28 *Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.*] Perhaps he means—thou shalt *see* how the broth that is design'd for thee is made, that no mischievous ingredients enter its composition. The passage is however obscure. S.

29 *The juice of Hebon.*] *i. e.* either *Henbane* or *ebony*. The latter was anciently esteemed to be poisonous. S.

Ithamore. Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of Flanders mares. I'll carry't to the nuns with a powder.

Barabas. And the horse pestilence to boot: away!

Ithamore. I am gone.

Pay me my wages, for my work is done. [*Exit.*

Barabas. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore. [*Exit.*

Enter GOVERNOR, DEL BOSCO, KNIGHTS, BASHAW.

Governor. Welcome, great Bashaw; how fares Calymath?
What wind drives you thus into Malta road?

Bashaw. The wind that bloweth all the world besides; Desire of gold.

Governor. Desire of gold, great sir?
That's to be gotten in the Western Inde:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

Bashaw. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite is at hand:
For the performance of your promise past,
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

Governor. Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the Heathens live upon our spoil.
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluence.

Bashaw. Well, governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promis'd tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city walls;
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass-bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness,
For these intolerable wrongs of yours.
And so farewel. [*Exit.*

Governor. Farewel.
And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your port-cullisse[30], charge your basilisks[31],
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courâgeously encounter them;
For by this answer broken is the league,
And nought is to be look'd for now but wars,
And nought to us more welcome is than wars.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two FRIARS.

1*st Friar.* Oh brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physick will not help them; they must die.

2*d Friar.* The abbess sent for me to be confest:
Oh what a sad confession will there be!

1*st Friar.* And so did fair Maria send for me:
I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies. [*Exit.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

2*d Friar.* What, all dead save only Abigail?

Abigail. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the friar that convers'd with me?

2*d Friar.* Oh he is gone to see the other nuns.

Abigail. I sent for him, but seing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father: and first know,
That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins:
But ere I came——

2*d Friar.* What then?

Abigail. I did offend high Heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

2*d Friar.* Yes, what of them?

Abigail. My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Lodowick, him I never lov'd;
Mathias was the man that I held dear.

[30] *port-cullisse.*] "A falling gate or door, to let down, to keep "enemies from, or keep them in a city." BLOUNT.

[31] *basilisks.*] Basilisks are large pieces of ordnance.

And for his sake did I become a nun.

2d Friar. So; say how was their end?

Abigail. Both, jealous of my love, envied each other:
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

2d Friar. Oh monstrous villainy!

Abigail. To work my peace, this I confess to thee;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

2d Friar. Know that confession must not be reveal'd,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

Abigail. So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,
Convert my father, that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian. [*Dies.*

2d Friar. I, and a virgin too, that grieves me most.
But I must to the Jew, and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Enter 1*st* FRIAR.

1st Friar. Oh, brother, all the nuns are dead! let's bury them.

2d Friar. First help to bury this; then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1st Friar. Why? what has he done?

2d Friar. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

1st Friar. What, has he crucified a child?[32]

[32] *What, has he crucified a child?*] In Queen Elizabeth's time no Jews resided in England; and the prejudices entertained against that persecuted people seem to have been kept up by every artifice which either religion or policy could invent. The stage also contributed its assistance to establish the general odium; no characters seeming to afford more satisfaction to the audience, than this of the Jew of Malta, and Shakspeare's Jew of Venice. With respect to the particular charge against the Jews, mentioned in the text, it probably, as Dr. Percy says, never happened in a single instance: "For if we consider," as that writer observes, "on the "one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such "stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who "record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched "up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the

2d Friar. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death, and if it be reveal'd.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter BARABAS, ITHAMORE. [*Bells within.*

Barabas. There is no music to a Christian's knell!
How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good;
For every year they swell, and yet they live:
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

Ithamore That's brave, master; but think you it will not be known?

Barabas. How can it, if we two be secret?

Ithamore. For my part fear you not.

Barabas. I'd cut thy throat, if I did.

Ithamore. And reason too:
But here's a royal monast'ry hard by;
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

Barabas. Thou shalt not need, for, now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

Ithamore. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

Barabas. No, but I grieve because she liv'd so long
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.
Catho diabolo!

" other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and " the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime " of so much horror: we may reasonably conclude the whole charge " to be groundless and malicious." See Percy's *Reliques*, vol. 1. p. 38.---Tovey, in his *Anglia Judaica*, has given the several instances which are upon record, of these charges against the Jews; which he observes they were never accused of, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money.

Enter the two FRIARS.

Ithamore. Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.

Barabas. I smelt 'em ere they came.

Ithamore. God-a-mercy nose: come, let's begone.

2d Friar. Stay, wicked Jew; repent, I say, and stay.

1st Friar. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

Barabas. I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

Ithamore. And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.

2d Friar. Barabas, thou hast——

1st Friar. I, that thou hast——

Barabas. True, I have money; what though I have?

2d Friar. Thou art a——

1st Friar. I, that thou art a——

Barabas. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

2d Friar. Thy daughter——

1st Friar. I, thy daughter——

Barabas. Oh speak not of her, then I die with grief.

2d Friar. Remember that——

1st Friar. I, remember that——

Barabas. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

2d Friar. Thou hast committed——

Barabas. Fornication:

But that was in another country;
And besides, the wench is dead.

2d Friar. I, but, Barabas, remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

Barabas. Why, what of them?

2d Friar. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

Barabas. She has confest, and we are both undone!
My bosom inmates, (*but I must dissemble.*) [*Aside.*
Oh holy friars, the burthen of my sins
Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me,
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,

That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Jews in Malta; but what is wealth?
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.
Would penance serve for this my sin,
I could afford to whip myself to death.

Ithamore. And so could I; but penance will not serve.

Barabas. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem:
Cellars of wine, and sollers[33] full of wheat,
Warehouses stuft with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At Alexandria, merchandize unsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankford, Lubeck, Mosco, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco:
All this I'll give to some religious house,
So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.

1*st Friar.* Oh, good Barabas, come to our house.

2*d Friar.* Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house;
And, Barabas, you know——

Barabas. I know that I have highly sinn'd;
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

[33] *sollers.*] A soller is a loft or garret. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, p. 196. S.

A soller is one of the technical words still frequently used in leases, and signifies a garret.

The solarium, among the Romans, was a level place at the top of their houses, sometimes covered and sometimes not, for the purpose of sunning themselves. In Greece likewise, and the greatest part of the East, most of the private houses were built after the same fashion; their temples, in general, with a pinnacle, or spire. At Rome there was a *solarium* in some part of almost every public edifice; it being esteemed an essential requisite for health as well as pleasure. N.

1st Friar. Oh, Barabas, their laws are strict.

Barabas. I know they are, and I will be with you.

2d Friar. They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.

Barabas. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolv'd
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

1st Friar. Good Barabas, come to me.

Barabas. You see I answer him, and yet he stays:
Bid him away, and go you home with me.

2d Friar. I'll be with you to-night.

Barabas. Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

1st Friar. You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

2d Friar. Why go, get you away.

1st Friar. I will not go for thee.

2d Friar. Not, then I'll make thee go,

1st Friar. How, dost call me rogue? [*Fight.*

Ithamore. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

Barabas. This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore.

Ithamore. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he go to thy house; let him be gone.

Barabas. I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth. [*Exeunt Ithamore and Friar.*
I never heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the Jacobines:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will. Oh Jacomo, fail not, but come.

Friar. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?
For presently you shall be shriv'd[54].

Barabas. Marry, the Turk* shall be one of my godfathers;
But not a word to any of your convent.

Friar. I warrant thee, Barabas. [*Exit.*

[54] *shriv'd.*] *i. e.* confessed.

* Meaning Ithamore. C.

Barabas. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe:
For he that shriv'd her is within my house;
What if I murder'd him ere Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew, nor Christian knew the like.
One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men, to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt? I'll none of that.
Now, Friar Barnardine, I come to you;
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turk—
No more, but so: it must and shall be done.
Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

Enter ITHAMORE.

Ithamore. Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
Do what I can he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes;
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

Barabas. No, 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape?

Ithamore. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

Barabas. Why true, therefore did I place him there;
The other chambers open towards the street.

Ithamore. You loiter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.

Barabas. Come on, sirrah,
Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose;
Friar awake.

Friar. What do you mean to strangle me?

Ithamore. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

Barabas. Blame not us, but the proverb, confess and be hang'd; pull hard!

Friar. What, will you save * my life?

Barabas. Pull hard, I say! you would have had my goods.

* Qy. What, will you *have* my life? I. R.

Ithamore. I, and our lives too; therefore pull amain. 'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.

Barabas. Then is it as it should be. Take him up.

Ithamore. Nay, master, be rul'd by me a little; so, let him lean upon his staff; excellent! he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

Barabas. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd?
What time a night is't now, sweet Ithamore?

Ithamore. Towards one.

Barabas. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[*Exeunt Barabas and Ithamore.*

Enter JACOMO.

Jacomo. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed.
Oh happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury!
But soft, is not this Barnardine? it is;
And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew. Barnardine!
Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
No, wilt thou not? nay, then I'll force my way;
And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose:
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

[*Strikes him, he falls.*

Enter BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

Barabas. Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done?

Jacomo. Why stricken him that would have struck at me.

Barabas. Who is it?
Barnardine? now out, alas, he's slain!

Ithamore. Aye, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.

Jacomo. Good sirs, I have done't; but nobody knows it but you two; I may escape.

Barabas. So might my man and I hang with you for company

Ithamore. No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

Jacomo. Good Barabas, let me go.

Barabas. No, pardon me; the law must have his course:
I must be forc'd to give in evidence,
That, being importun'd by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat: now I, to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early, with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you staid.

Ithamore. Fie upon 'em! master will you turn Christian, when holy friars turn devils, and murder one another.

Barabas. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me! what, a friar a murderer!
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

Ithamore. Why, a Turk could have done no more.

Barabas. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

Jacomo. Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

Barabas. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:
'Las, I could weep at your calamity.
Take in the staff too, for that must be shewn:
Law wills that each particular be known. [*Exeunt.*

Enter COURTEZAN *and* PHILIA BORZO.

Courtezan. Philia Borzo, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

Philia Borzo. I did.

Courtezan. And didst thou deliver my letter?

Philia Borzo. I did.

Courtezan. And what think'st thou, will he come?

Philia Borzo. I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for, at the reading of the letter, he look'd like a man of another world.

Courtezan. Why so?

Philia Borzo. That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

Courtezan. And what said he?

Philia Borzo. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, Is it even so? and so I left him, being driven to a nonplus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

Courtezan. And where didst meet him?

Philia Borzo. Upon mine own freehold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse[35], I take it, looking of a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman; but the exercise being done, see where he comes.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Ithamore. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar: he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve. Well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste: and, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with mustachios[36] like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he gave me a letter from one madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort, as if he meant to make clean my boots with his lips: the effect was, that I should come to her house, I wonder what the reason is. It may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself: for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me; and who would not requite such love? here's her

[35] *neck-verse.*] At the time when the ceremony of reading was one of the forms used in courts of justice, to determine whether a person was entitled to the benefit of clergy, it was usual to open the book at a particular place, and the criminal read the words *miserere mei Deus*, which, from being used constantly upon this occasion, were denominated *the neck-verse.*

The ceremony of reading on the occasion mentioned in the above note, was abolished by the 5th Queen Anne. See Foster's *Crown Law*, fol. edit. p. 306.

The *neck-verse* is frequently mentioned in old writers. Thus in *The Fair Maid of Bristow*, by Day, 1605.

" I, and tuch him to the quick,
" No less then for his *neck-verse* will I touch him." C.

[36] *mustachios.*] The quarto reads *muschatoes.*

house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone! I am not worthy to look upon her.

Philia Borzo. This is the gentleman you writ to.

Ithamore. Gentleman! he flouts me; what gentry can be in a Turk of ten-pence? I'll be gone.

Courtezan. Is't not a sweet-fac'd youth, Philia?

Ithamore. Again, sweet youth! did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Philia Borzo. I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

Courtezan. Though woman's modesty should hale me back,
I can withhold no longer; welcome, sweet love.

Ithamore. Now am I clean, or rather foully, out of the way.

Courtezan. Whither so soon?

Ithamore. I'll go steal some money from my master
To make me handsome. Pray pardon me,
I must go see a ship discharg'd.

Courtezan. Can'st thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

Philia Borzo. And ye did but know how she loves you, sir.

Ithamore. Nay, I care not how much she loves me. Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake.

Philia Borzo. And you can have it, sir, and if you please.

Ithamore. If 'twere above ground, I could and would have it; but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their eggs, under the earth.

Philia Borzo. And is't not possible to find it out?

Ithamore. By no means possible.

Courtezan. What shall we do with this base villain, then?

Philia Borzo. Let me alone, do but you speak him fair:
But you know some secrets of the Jew, which,
If they were reveal'd would do him harm.

Ithamore. Aye, and such as —— go to, no more,
I'll make him send me half he has, and glad

He 'scapes so too. Pen and ink:
I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.
Philia Borzo. Send for a hundred crowns at least.
Ithamore. Ten hundred thousand crowns,---Master Barabas. [*He writes.*
Philia Borzo. Write not so submissively, but threaten him.
Ithamore. Sirrah Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.
Philia Borzo. Put in two hundred, at least.
Ithamore. I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant; if you do not, no more, but so.
Philia Borzo. Tell him you will confess.
Ithamore. Otherwise I'll confess all. Vanish, and return in a twinkle.
Philia Borzo. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.
Ithamore. Hang him, Jew!
Courtezan. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Where are my maids? provide a running banquet!
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks;
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?
Ithamore. And bid the jeweller come hither too.
Courtezan. I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.
Ithamore. Content; but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece.
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus' vineyards over-spread the world:
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love.[37]

[37] *Shalt live with me, and be my love.*] A line taken from Marlow's elegant sonnet, printed in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. 1. p. 218.

Courtezan. Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Enter PHILIA BORZO.

Ithamore. How now! hast thou the gold?

Philia Borzo. Yes.

Ithamore. But came it freely? did the cow give down her milk freely?

Philia Borzo. At reading of the letter, he star'd and stamp'd, and turn'd aside: I took him by the beard, and look'd upon him thus; told him he were best to send it: then he hugg'd and embrac'd me.

Ithamore. Rather for fear than love.

Philia Borzo. Then, like a Jew, he laugh'd and jeer'd, and told me he lov'd me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Ithamore. The more villain he to keep me thus: Here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

Philia Borzo. To conclude he gave me ten crowns.

Ithamore. But ten! I'll not leave him worth a grey groat. Give me a ream of paper, we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.

Philia Borzo. Write for five hundred crowns.

Ithamore. Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life, send me five hundred crowns, and give the bearer one hundred. Tell him I must hav't.

Philia Borzo. I warrant your worship shall hav't.

Ithamore. And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him, I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

Philia Borzo. You'd make a rich poet, sir; I am gone. [*Exit.*

Ithamore. Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.

Courtezan. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold;
But thus of thee.— [*Kisses him.*

Ithamore. That kiss again; she runs division[38] of

[38] *--- she runs division, &c.*] A musical term. So in *King Henry IV*, p. 1.

"Sung by a young queen in a summer's bower,
"With ravishing *division* to her lute." S.

my lips. What an eye she casts on me! It twinkles like a star.

Courtezan. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

Ithamore. Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together, afore we wake.

Courtezan. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS *reading a letter.*

Barabas. "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns."
Plain Barabas: oh that wicked courtezan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
"Or else I will confess:" Aye, there it goes:
But if I get him, *coupe de gorge* for that.
He sent a shaggy, totter'd,[39] staring slave,
That, when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords:
His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite off;
Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employ'd in catzerie,[40]—
And crosbiting;[41] such a rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still:

[39] *totter'd.*] *i. e.* tattered. See note on *Edward II*, vol. II.

[40] *catzerie.*] I am unacquainted with this word. It means, however, some species of fraud, perhaps the art of begging, from *cattare*, to obtain. *Ital.* S.

I find the word *catzo* twice used, once by *Ben Jonson*, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1.

"These be our nimble spirited *catzo's*, that ha' their evasions at "pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish; no sooner "started, but they'll leap from one thing to another like a squir-"rel. &c.

Again in *Wily Beguiled*,

"And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *catso*."

[41] *crosbiting*] is one of the cant terms for cheating. One of Robert Greene's pamphlets is entitled, "The Blacke Bookes Mes-"senger. Laying open the life and death of Ned Browne, one of "the most notable cutpurses, *crosbiters*, and coney-catchers, that "ever lived in England," &c.

And when he comes: Oh that he were but here!

Enter PHILIA BORZO.

Philia Borzo. Jew, I must have more gold.

Barabas. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?

Philia Borzo. No; but three hundred will not serve his turn.

Barabas. Not serve his turn, sir?

Philia Borzo. No, sir; and therefore I must have five hundred more.

Barabas. I'll rather——

Philia Borzo. Oh, good words, sir, and send it, you were best;

See, there's his letter.

Barabas. Might he not as well

Come as send? pray bid him come and fetch it;

What he writes for you, ye shall have straight.

Philia Borzo. Aye, and the rest too, or else——

Barabas. I must make this villain away: please you dine

With me, sir, and you shall be most heartily poison'd. [*Aside.*

Philia Borzo. No, God-a-mercy: 'shall I have these crowns?

Barabas. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

Philia Borzo. Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

Barabas. Or climb up to my counting-house window:

You know my meaning.

Philia Borzo. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house. The gold! or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

Barabas. I am betray'd.

'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,

I am not mov'd at that: this angers me,

That he, who knows I love him as myself,

Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,

You know I have no child; and unto whom

Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?

Philia Borzo. Here's many words, but no crowns; the crowns!

Barabas. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.

Philia Borzo. Speak, shall I have 'em sir?

Barabas. Sir, here they are
Oh that I should part with so much gold!
Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will——
——*As I would see thee hang'd;* Oh, love stops my breath:
Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithamore.

Philia Borzo. I know it, sir.

Barabas. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

Philia Borzo. Soon enough to your cost, sir:
Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Barabas. Nay, thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come,
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns?
Well: I must seek a means to rid 'em all
And presently; for in his villainy
He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't. I have it;
I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold. [*Exit.*

Enter COURTEZAN, ITHAMORE, PHILIA BORZO.

Courtezan. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

Ithamore. Say'st thou me so? have at it; and do you hear?

Courtezan. Go to, it shall be so,

Ithamore. Of that condition I will drink it up: here's to thee.

Philia Borzo. Nay, I'll have all or none.

Ithamore. There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

Courtezan. Love thee! fill me three glasses.

Ithamore. Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.

Philia Borzo. Knavely spoke, and like a knight at arms.

Ithamore. Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*[42], a man's a man.

Courtezan. Now to the Jew.

Ithamore. Ha, to the Jew, and send me money, you were best.

Philia Borzo. What would'st thou do if he should send thee none?

Ithamore. Do nothing; but I know what I know: He's a murderer.

Courtezan. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

Ithamore. You knew Mathias and the governor's son; he and I kill'd 'em both, and yet never touch'd 'em.

Philia Borzo. Oh bravely done.

Ithamore. I carried the broth that poison'd the nuns; and he And I snicle hand too fast[43], strangled a friar.

Courtezan. You two alone?

Ithamore. We two; and 'twas never known, nor never shall Be for me.

Philia Borzo. This shall with me unto the governor.

Courtezan. And fit it should: but first let's have more gold. Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Ithamore. Love me little, love me long; let musick rumble, Whilst I in thy incony lap[44] do tumble.

[42] *Rivo Castiliano.*] See notes to *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4. S.

[43] *snicle hand too fast.*] I believe this passage to be corrupt. It is certainly obscure. We may indeed suppose *snicle*, like *snailes*, to be a corrupted oath, and read hand *to fist*, instead of *too fast*. S.

A snicle is a north-country word for a noose, and when a person is hanged they say he is snicled. O. G.

[44] *in thy incony lap.*] Kony or *incony* is fine, delicate. See note to *Love's Labour Lost*, vol. 2. p. 417. edition 1778. S.

Enter BARABAS *with a lute, disguis'd.*

Courtezan. A French musician; come, let's hear your skill.

Barabas. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang, first.

Ithamore. Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a——

Pox on this drunken hickup.

Barabas. Gramercy, monsieur.

Courtezan. Pr'ythee, Philia Borzo, bid the fiddler give me

The posey in his hat there.

Philia Borzo. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posey.

Barabas. *A vostre commandement, madame.*

Courtezan. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell.

Ithamore. Like thy breath, sweetheart; no violet like 'em.

Philia Borzo. Foh, methinks they stink like a holly hoke[45].

Barabas. So, now I am reveng'd upon 'em all.

The scent thereof was death, I poison'd it.

Ithamore. Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.

Barabas. Pardonez moi, be no in tune yet: so now, now all be in.

Ithamore. Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

Philia Borzo. There's two crowns for thee: play.

Barabas. How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold! [*Aside.*

Philia Borzo. Methinks he fingers very well.

Barabas. So did you when you stole my gold. [*Aside.*

Philia Borzo. How swift he runs.

Barabas. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window. [*Aside.*

Courtezan. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

[45] *like a holly hoke.*] *i. e.* holly hock, *Malva Hortensis.* This flower, however, has no offensive smell. S.

Barabas. Two, three, four month, madam.

Ithamore. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

Barabas. Very mush; monsieur, you no be his man?

Philia Borzo. His man?

Ithamore, I scorn the peasant: tell him so.

Barabas. He knows it already.

Ithamore. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon
Pickled grasshoppers, and sauc'd mushrooms.

Barabas. What a slave's this? The governor feeds not as I do. [*Aside.*

Ithamore. He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcis'd.

Barabas. Oh, rascal! I change myself twice a day. [*Aside.*

Ithamore. The hat he wears Judas left under the elder when he hang'd himself.

Barabas. 'Twas sent me for a present from the Great Cham. [*Aside.*

Philia Borzo. A nasty slave he is. Whither now, fiddler?

Barabas. Pardonez moi, monsieur, me be no well. [*Exit.*

Philia Borzo. Farewel fiddler. One letter more to the Jew.

Courtezan. Pr'ythee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

Ithamore. No, I'll send by word of mouth now:
Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns,
By the same token that the nuns lov'd rice,
That friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes.
Any of 'em will do it.

Philia Borzo. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

Ithamore. The meaning has a meaning; come, let's in:
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOVERNOR, KNIGHTS, MARTIN DEL BOSCO.

Governor. Now, Gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.

Knights. And die he shall, for we will never yield.

Enter COURTEZAN, PHILIA BORZO.

Courtezan. Oh bring us to the governor.

Governor. Away with her, she is a courtezan.

Courtezan. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak;
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain.
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

Philia Borzo. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poison'd his own daughter, and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.

Governor. Had we but proof of this——

Courtezan. Strong proof, my lord; his man's now at my lodging,
That was his agent; he'll confess it all.

Governor. Go fetch him straight; I always fear'd that Jew.

Enter JEW *and* ITHAMORE.

Barabas. I'll go alone: dogs, do not hale me thus.

Ithamore. Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you, constable: oh my belly.

Barabas. One dram of powder more had made all sure;
What a damn'd slave was I!

Governor. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetch'd.

Knights. Nay stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess.

Barabas. Confess! what mean you, lords, who should confess?

Governor. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

Ithamore. Guilty, my lord, I confess: your son and Mathias
Were both contracted unto Abigail;
He forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

Barabas. Who carried that challenge?

Ithamore. I carried it, I confess, but who writ it? Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poison'd the nuns, and his own daughter.

Governor. Away with him, his sight is death to me.

Barabas. For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak:
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman. Let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life.

Governor. Once more, away with him! you shall have law.

Barabas. Devils, do your worst, I live in spite of you.
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls:
I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon. [*Exit.*

Enter MOTHER *of* MATHIAS.

Mother. Was my Mathias murder'd by the Jew?
Ferneze, it was thy son that murder'd him.

Governor. Be patient, gentle madam, it was he,
He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

Mother. Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?

Governor. In prison, till the law has past on him.

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk, and Barabas the Jew.

Governor. Dead!

Officer. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Del Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Governor. Wonder not at it, sir, the Heavens are just.
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em;
Since they are dead, let them be buried;
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.

So, now away, and fortify the town. [*Exeunt.*

Barabas. What, all alone? well fare, sleepy drink.
I'll be reveng'd on this accursed town;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down;
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands.
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter CALYMATH, BASHAWS, *and* TURKS.

Calymath. Whom have we there, a spy?

Barabas. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter and surprize the town:
My name is Barabas; I am a Jew.

Calymath. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
For tribute-money?

Barabas. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they hir'd a slave, my man,
To accuse me of a thousand villainies:
I was imprison'd, but escap'd their hands.

Calymath. Didst break prison?

Barabas. No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

Calymath. 'Twas bravely done; but tell me Barabas,
Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?

Barabas. Fear not, my lord; for here, against the truce*,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city.
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i'th' middle of the town;
Open the gates for you to enter in.

* Query *Sluice; truce* seems unintelligible. C.

And by this means the city is your own.
Calymath. If this be true, I'll make thee governor.
Barabas. And if it be not true, then let me die.
Calymath. Thou'st doom'd thyself. Assault it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms.

Enter TURKS, BARABAS: GOVERNOR, *and* KNIGHTS, *prisoners.*

Calymath. Now vail your pride, you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe.
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
To kept thy promise, than be thus surpriz'd?
Governor. What should I say? we are captives, and must yield.
Calymath. I, villains you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burthen of our ire:
And, Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor.
Use them at thy discretion.
Barabas. Thanks, my lord.
Governor. Oh fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallow'd Jew!
What greater misery could Heaven inflict?
Calymath. 'Tis our command; and, Barabas, we give,
To guard thy person, these our janizaries:
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.
And now, brave Bashaws, come, we'll walk about
The ruin'd town, and see the wreck we made.
Farewel, brave Jew, farewel, great Barabas. [*Exeunt.*
Barabas. May all good fortune follow Calymath.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates.
Governor. Oh villain! Heaven will be reveng'd on thee. [*Exeunt.*
Barabas. Away, no more, let him not trouble me.
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,

No simple place, no small authority.
I now am governor of Malta: true,
But Malta hates me, and in hating me,
My life's in danger: and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
When as thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be look'd into;
And since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy;
At least unprofitably lose it not:
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops.
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind;
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
Within here!

Enter GOVERNOR, *with a guard.*

Governor. My lord!

Barabas. I, lord, thus slaves will learn.
Now, governor,—stand by there, wait within:
[*To the Guard.*
This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
Are at my arbitrament; and Barabas,
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?

Governor. This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
Nor hope of thee, but extreme cruelty;
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Barabas Governor, good words; be not so furious:
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught,
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not

'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this isle
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:
For, as a friend not known but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

Governor. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?

Barabas. What wilt thou give me, Governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprize his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with fire?
What will you give him that procureth this?

Governor. Do but bring this to pass, which thou pretendest,
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And, by my letters, privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompence:
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.

Barabas. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free:
Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make:
Here is my hand, that I'll set Malta free;
And thus we cast it. To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present, only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.

Governor. Here is my hand; believe me, Barabas,

I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time?
Barabas. Governor, presently;
For Calymath, when he hath view'd the town,
Will take his leave, and sail toward Ottoman.
Governor. Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.
Barabas. Do so, but fail not; now farewel, Ferneze.
[*Exit Governor.*
And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.
Well, now about effecting this device;
First, to surprize great Selim's soldiers,
And then, to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done;
My policy detests prevention.
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives. [*Exit.*

Enter CALYMATH, BASHAWS.

Calymath. Thus have we view'd the city, seen the sack,
And caus'd the ruins to be new repair'd,
Which with our bombards, shot, and basilisk[46],
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And, now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquer'd island stands
Inviron'd with the Mediterranean Sea,
Strong countermin'd with other petty isles;
And toward Calabria back'd by Sicily,
Two lofty turrets that command the town,
When Syracusian Dionysius reign'd,
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus.

[46] *bombards—basilisk.*] Different names of pieces of ordnance formerly in use. S.
Were not bombards the bombs of the present day? O. G.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath.
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would intreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

Calymath. To banquet with him in his citadel?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillaged,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us.

Messenger. Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month:
Therefore he humbly would intreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Calymath. I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.

Messenger. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery,
Which standeth as an out-house to the town;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy Bashaws and brave followers.

Calymath. Well, tell the Governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.

Messenger. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Calymath. And now, bold Bashaws, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best,
To solemnize our governor's great feast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOVERNOR, KNIGHTS, DEL BOSCO.

Governor. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me:
Have special care that no man sally forth
'Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd

By him that bears the linstock[47], kindled thus:
Then issue out, and come to rescue me;
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.

1st Knight. Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure?

Governor. On then; be gone.

Knights. Farewel, grave Governor.

Enter BARABAS *with a hammer above, very busy, Servant, Carpenters, &c.*

Barabas. How stand the cords? how hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the cranes and pullies sure?

Servant. All fast.

Barabas. Leave nothing loose, all levell'd to my mind.
Why now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:
Go, swill in bowls of sack and muscadine;
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

Carpenters. We shall, my lord, and thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

Barabas. And if you like them, drink your fill and die;
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now Selim Calymath return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now, sirrah, what, will he come?

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou may'st feast them in thy citadel.

Barabas. Then now are all things as my wish wou'd have 'em;
There wanteth nothing but the Governor's pelf,
And see he brings it: now, Governor, the sum?

Enter GOVERNOR.

Governor. With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.

[47] *the linstock*] i. e. the long match with which cannon are fired. See not 1 on *King Henry V.* vol. 6, p. 67, edit. 1778. S.

Barabas. Pounds! say'st thou, Governor? well, since it is no more,
I'll satisfy myself with that: nay, keep it still,
For if I keep not promise, trust not me:
And, Governor, now partake my policy.
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Enter'd the monastery, and underneath,
In several places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive,
Now as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery;
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his Bashaws shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house. Say, will not this be brave?

Governor. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

Barabas. No, Governor, I'll satisfy thee first,
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come. Why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun'*
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

Enter CALYMATH *and* BASHAWS.

Calymath. Come, my companion-Bashaws, see, I pray,
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him. Save thee, Barabas.

* The quarto reads,
"Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the *summe*,
"If greater falsehood ever has been done."
but the rhime and the sense both point out the error. C.

Barabas. Welcome, great Calymath.
Governor. How the slave jeers at him!
Barabas. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?
Calymath. Aye, Barabas. Come, Bashaws, attend.
Governor. Stay, Calymath;
For I will shew thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.
Knights. Sound a charge there.
[*A charge, the cable cut, a caldron discovered.*
Calymath. How now? what means this!
Barabas. Help, help me! Christians, help!
Governor. See, Calymath, this was devis'd for thee.
Calymath. Treason, treason! Bashaws, fly.
Governor. No, Selim, do not fly;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.
Barabas. Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?
Governor. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.
Barabas. You will not help me then?
Governor. No, villain, no.
Barabas. And, villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.
Know, Governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow,
And, had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all.
Damn'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish Infidels,
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill, and die. [*Dies.*
Calymath. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Governor. This train he laid to have intrapp'd thy life.
Now, Selim, note the unhallow'd deeds of Jews:
Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.
Calymath. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.[48]
Governor. Nay, Selim, stay; for since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly.
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy gallies couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.
Calymath. Tush, Governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there, by this.
Governor. Why, heardst thou not the trumpet sound a charge?
Calymath. Yes, what of that?
Governor. Why then the house was fir'd,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.
Calymath. Oh monstrous treason!
Governor. A Jew's courtesy;
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us.
Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part: for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

[48] *pretended*] *i. e.* designed. The use of this verb, *to pretend*, is common in Shakspeare.

"What good could they *pretend?*" *Macbeth.* S.

Again, *The English Traveller*, by Heywood, 1633, Sign. I 4.

"I impute my wrongs rather to knavish cunning
"Than least *pretended* malice."

And in *Dr. Borde's Introduction*, 1542. Sign. H 3.

"I have spokyn of Grece, one of the endes or poynts of Europ, "wherfore I *pretend* to returne and come round about thorow other "regyons of Europ, unto the tyme I do come to Calas agayne," &c.

Calymath. Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to meditate* your peace:
To keep me here will nought advantage you.
Governor. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for, come all the world†
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given,
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to Heaven.

* Probably we ought to read,
" Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
" In person there to *mediate* your peace:" C.

† The quarto gives it " come *call* the world," &c.

EDITION.

The famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta. As it was play'd before the King and Queene, in his Majesties Theatre at White Hall, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock Pit. Written by Christopher Marlo. London: Printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour; and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the Church. 1633. 4to.

THE WITS.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT was the younger son of Mr. John Davenant, a citizen of Oxford, who kept the Crown Tavern there. He was born in the month of February, 1605, and received the first rudiments of polite learning from Mr. Edward Sylvester, who was then master of a grammar-school, in the parish of All Saints, Oxford. In 1621 he was entered a member of Lincoln College, where he stayed but a short time before he removed to London, and became first page to Frances Duchess of Richmond. He afterwards went into the family of Sir Fulke Grevile, Lord Brook, where he continued until the unfortunate catastrophe of that nobleman. He spent the next eight years of his life in a constant attendance at court, where he was universally well received, and very highly caressed; and in that period he was so unlucky as to engage in an amour, the consequence of which deprived him of his nose*. Upon the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637, he succeeded him as Poet Laureate. On the breaking out of the troubles, he early engaged on behalf of the king; and in May, 1641, was accused to the parliament of a design to bring up the army for the defence of the king's person and the support of his authority. On this occasion he absconded; but a proclamation† being

* We have Sir John Suckling's testimony, that this accident befel Davenant in France:

"Will Davenant asham'd of a foolish mischance,
"That he had got lately *travelling in France;*
"Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of 's muse,
"Might any deformity about him excuse."

Sessions of the Poets. C.

† The following is a copy of it, taken from *Rymer's Fœdera*, vol. 20. p. 461.

issued out against him, he was stopt at Feversham, sent up to town, and put into the custody of a serjeant at arms. In the month of July he was bailed, and he determined to withdraw into France; but was again seized in Kent, by the mayor of Canterbury, He, however, at last effected his purpose of retiring beyond the seas, and continued there for some time. But the queen sending over some military stores for the use of the Earl of Newcastle, Sir William was induced to come over with them, and offered his service to that nobleman, who appointed him, very absurdly, to the post of lieutenant general of the ordnance. In September, 1643, he received the honour of knighthood at the siege of Gloucester. It does not appear when he quitted the army; but after the king's affairs began to decline, he judged it necessary to retire into France, where he was well received by the queen; and in the summer, 1646, was intrusted with a negociation of importance, while the king was at Newcastle. Before this time he had embraced the Roman Catholick religion, which probably was the reason of his being employed at this period. On his return to Paris, he

"A Proclamation commanding Henry Percy, Esq. Henry "Jermyn, Esq. Sir John Suckling, Knight, William Davenant, and "Captain Billingsly, to render themselves within ten days."

1641. Pal.Car. I. p. 8. n. 14. "Whereas Henry Percy, Esq. Henry Jermyn, Esq. "Sir John Suckling, Knight, William Davenant, and "Captain Billingsly, being by order of the lords "in parliament to be examined concerning designs of great danger "to the state, and mischievous ways, to prevent the happy success "and conclusion of this parliament, have so absented and with-"drawn themselves, as they cannot be examined: his Majesty by "the advice of the said lords in parliament, doth strictly charge "and command the said Henry Percy, Henry Jermyn, Sir John "Suckling, William Davenant, and Captain Billingsly, to appear "before the said lords in parliament, at Westminster, within ten "days from the date hereof, upon pain to incur and undergo such "forfeitures and punishments as the said lords shall order and in-"flict upon them."

"Given at his Majesty's Court at Whitehall, the eighth day "of May, in the seventeenth year of his reign."

"*Per ipsum Regem.*" O. G.

formed a design of going to Virginia, and accordingly embarked at one of the ports in Normandy; but was, almost immediately after he sailed, taken and carried into the Isle of Wight, by one of the parliament ships of war, and committed close prisoner to Cowes Castle*. In October, 1650, he was ordered to be tried by a high commission court, and for that purpose he was conveyed to the Tower of London. It is generally imagined he owed his life to the interposition of Milton, who, in return, a few years after, was saved at his intercession. After continuing more than two years a prisoner in the Tower, he was released; and in 1656, obtained leave to open a kind of theatre in Rutland-house, where he performed several dramatic entertainments†. Upon the commotions which preceded the Restoration, he was again imprisoned, but quickly released. Soon after the Restoration, he obtained one of the patents granted for the forming a company of players, and opened the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he first introduced painted scenes. He continued to act there until the time of his death, the new and magnificent theatre built in Dorset Gardens, to which the company afterwards removed, not being finished at the time of his death. He died at his house, in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, April 7, 1668, at the age of 63, and was buried near Chaucer's monument, in Westminster Abbey; the whole company attending his funeral.

* He dates the preface of his Gondebert, "from the Louvre, in "Paris, January 2, 1650." But the "Postscript to the Reader" appears to have been written in "Cowes Castle in the Isle of "Wight, October 22, 1650." He broke off in the middle of the third book, and he observes, "but 'tis high time to strike sail and "cast anchor, (though I have run but half my course) when at the "helm I am threatened with death; who, though he can visit us "but once, seems troublesome, and even in the innocent may beget "such a gravity as diverts the music of verse." C.

† On the 16th day of March, 1639, Davenant had letters patent granted to him for building a play-house behind the Three King's Ordinary, in Fleet street. *Rymer's Fœdera*, 20. 377. O. G.

He was the author of

1. "Albovine, King of the Lombards, his Tragedy." 4to. 1629*.

2. "The Cruel Brother: a Tragedy; acted at the "Private House, in Black Fryers." 4to. 1630.

3. "The Just Italian, presented at the Private "House, in Black Fryers." 4to. 1630.

4. "The Temple of Love: a Masque; presented by "the Queen's Majesty, at Whitehal." 4to. 1634.

5. "The Triumphs of Prince D'Amour: a Masque; "presented by his Highness, at his Palace in the Mid-"dle Temple, the 24th Feb. 1635." 4to. 1635.

6. "The Platonick Lovers: a Tragi-Comedy; pre-"sented at the Private House, Black Fryers." 4to. 1636. 8vo. 1666†.

7. "The Witts: a Comedy; presented at the Pri-"vate House, in Black Fryers." 4to. 1636. 8vo. 1665.

8. "Britannia Triumphans: a Masque; presented "at Whitehall by the King's Majesty and his lords, on "the Sunday after Twelfth Night, 1637." 4to. 1637.

9. "Salmacida Spolia: a Masque; presented by the "King and Queen's Majesties, at Whitehall, on Tues-"day the 21 day of January, 1639." 4to. 1639.

10. "The Unfortunate Lovers: a Tragedy." 4to. 1643. 4to. 1649.

* In S. Sheppard's "Epigrams, theological, philosophical and "romantick," 1651, are two pieces "to the most excellent poet "Sir W. Davenant," and on Mr. William Davenant's most excellent tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombards. O. G.

† The court affords little news at present, but that there is a love called Platonick love, which much sways there of late: it is love abstracted from all gross corporeal impressions and sensual appetite, but consists in contemplations and ideas of the mind, not in carnal fruition. This love sets the wits of the town on work, and they say there will be a mask shortly of it, whereof her Majesty and her maids of honour will be part.

Howell's Letters, edit. 1737. p. 255. O. G.

11. " Love and Honour: presented by his Majesties " Servants, at the Black Fryers." 4to. 1649.

12. " The First Day's Entertainment at Rutland " House, by Declamation and Musick, after the Man- " ner of the Ancients." 4to. 1656.

13. " The Siege of Rhodes, made a Representation " by the Art of Prospective in Scenes; and the Story " sung in Recitative Musick, at the Back Part of Rut- " land House, in the Upper End of Aldersgate Street, " London." 4to. 1656.

14. " The Siege of Rhodes, the First and Second " Part: as they were lately represented at the Duke of " York's Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The First " Part being lately enlarged." 4to. 1663.

15. " The Rivals: a Comedy; acted by the Duke of " York's Servants." 4to. 1668.

This is taken from The Two Noble Kinsmen. By Shakspeare and Fletcher.

16. " The Man's the Master: a Comedy." 4to. 1669.

The six following Plays were first printed in the Folio Edition of Sir William Davenant's Works, in 1673.

17. " The Fair Favourite: a Tragi-Comedy."

18. " The Law against Lovers: a Tragi-Comedy; " taken from Measure for Measure."

19. " News from Plymouth: a Comedy."

20. " The Playhouse to be let: a Comedy."

21. " The Siege: a Tragi-Comedy."

22. " The Distresses: a Tragi-Comedy."

23. Macbeth: a Tragedy; with all the Alterations, " Amendments, Additions, and new Songs; as acted " at the Duke's Theatre." 1674. 4to.

Downes, the prompter, who ascribes this alteration to Sir William Davenant, observes of it, that " being " drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, ma- " chines as flyings for the witches; with all the sing- " ing and dancing in it. The first composed by Mr. " Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Joseph " Preist; it being all excellently performed, being in the " nature of an opera, it recompensed double the ex-

" pence." In this Play, Nat Lee, the poet, made his " unsuccessful attempt in acting. He performed the " part of Duncan.

Sir William Davenant joined with Dryden in altering the Tempest; and the names of both these writers are put to an alteration of Julius Cæsar. Printed 12mo. 1719.

Sir William Davenant's works are printed in folio. 1673.

TO

THE CHIEFLY BELOV'D

OF ALL THAT ARE INGENIOUS AND NOBLE,

ENDYMION PORTER,

OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER.

SIR,

THOUGH you covet not acknowledgments, receive what belongs to you by a double title: your goodness hath preserv'd life in the Author*; then rescu'd his work from a cruel faction; which nothing but the forces of your reason, and your reputation, could subdue. If it become your pleasure now, as when it had the advantage of presentation on the stage, I shall be taught to boast some merit in myself; but with this inference, you still (as in that doubtful day of my trial) endeavour to make shew of so much justice, as may countenance the love you bear to

Your most oblig'd and thankful
humble servant,
WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

* Qy. to what event in the life of Davenant does this expression of gratitude refer? O. G.

TO THE READER OF

MR. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S PLAY.

It hath been said of old, that plays are feasts,
Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests,
The actors waiters: from this simile
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty,
To use their judgments as their tastes; which choose,
Without controul, this dish, and that refuse.
But Wit allows not this large privilege,
Either you must confess, or feel its edge;
Nor shall you make a current inference,
If you transfer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing eye, or well-tun'd ear.
Though sweets with your's, sharps best with my taste meet,
Both must agree this meat's or sharp or sweet:
But if I scent a stench or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: so you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humourous play,
If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
And Bad be by your judgment understood:
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With relishes so curious, as dispense
The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
You should profess that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste either with sharp or sweet,
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold tongue
May do it's master, not the author, wrong;
For men of better palate will, by it,
Take the just elevation of your wit.

T. Carew.

THE PROLOGUE.

Bless me, you kinder stars! how are we throng'd!
Alas! whom hath our long-sick Poet wrong'd,
That he should meet together, in one day,
A session, and a faction at his play?
To judge, and to condemn: for't cannot be,
Amongst so many here, all should agree.
Then 'tis to such vast expectation rais'd,
As it were to be wonder'd at, not prais'd:
And this, good faith, Sir Poet (if I've read
Customs, or men) strikes you and your Muse dead.
Conceive now too, how much, how oft each ear
Hath surfeited, in this our hemisphere,
With various, pure, eternal wit; and then,
My fine young comick sir, y' are kill'd again.
But 'bove the mischief of these fears, a sort
Of cruel spies (we hear) intend a sport
Among themselves; our mirth must not at all
Tickle, or stir their lungs, but shake their gall.
So this, join'd with the rest, makes me again
To say, You and your lady Muse within
Will have but a sad doom; and your trim brow,
Which long'd for wreaths, you must wear naked now;
'Less some resolve, out of a courteous pride,
To like and praise what others shall deride:
So they've their humour too; and we, in spite
Of our dull brains, will think each side i' th' right.
Such is your pleasant judgments upon plays,
Like parallels that run straight, though sev'ral ways.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALLATINE *the Elder, richly landed, and a wit.*
PALLATINE *the Younger,* { *a wit too, but lives on his exhibition in Town.*
Sir MORGLAY THWACK, *a humorous rich old knight.*
Sir TYRANT THRIFT, *guardian to the Lady Ample.*
MEAGER, *a soldier newly come from Holland.*
PERT, *his comrade.*
ENGINE, *steward to Sir Tyrant Thrift.*
SNORE, *a constable.*

The Lady AMPLE. { *an Inheritrix, and Ward to Sir Tyrant Thrift.*
LUCY, *Mistress to the Younger Pallatine.*
GINET, *woman to the Lady Ample.*
Mistress SNORE, *wife to the constable.*
Mistress QUEASY, *her neighbour.*
WATCHMEN, *&c.*

The Scene London.

THE WITS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter YOUNG PALLATINE, MEAGER, PERT.

Younger Pallatine. WELCOME o' shore, Meager; give me thy hand:
'Tis a true one, and will no more forsake
A bond, or bill, than a good sword; a hand
That will shift for the body, till the laws
Provide for both.

Meager. Old wine, and new cloaths, sir,
Make you wanton: d' you not see Pert, my comrade?

Younger Pallatine. Ambiguous Pert! hast thou danc'd to the drum too?
Could a taff'ta scarf, a long estridge wing,
A stiff iron doublet, and a brazil pole,
Tempt thee from cambrick sheets, fine active thighs,
From caudles where the precious amber swims?

Pert. Faith, we have been to kill, we know not whom,
Nor why: led on to break a commandment,
With the consent of custom and the laws.

Meager. Mine was a certain inclination, sir,
To do mischief where good men of the jury,
And a dull congregation of grey-beards
Might urge no tedious statute 'gainst my life.

Younger Pallatine. Nothing but honour could seduce thee, Pert!
Honour! which is the hope of the youthful,

* Sir William Davenant seems to have borrowed the hint of this plot from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons.*

And the old soldier's wealth, a jealousy
To the noble, and myst'ry to the wise.
Pert. It was, sir, no geographical fancy,
('Cause in our maps I lik'd this region here
More than that country lying there) made me
Partial which to fight for.
Younger Pallatine. True, sage Pert.
What is't to thee, whether one Don Diego
A prince, or Hans van Holme, fritter-seller
Of Bombell, do conquer that parapet,
Redoubt, or town, which thou ne'er saw'st before?
Pert. Not a brass thimble to me: but honour!---
Younger Pallatine. Why right; else wherefore shouldst thou bleed for him,
Whose money, wine, nor wench, thou ne'er hast us'd?
Or why destroy some poor root-eating soldier,
That never gave thee the lie, deny'd to pledge
Thy cockatrice's* health, ne'er spit upon
Thy dog, jeer'd thy spur-leather, or return'd
Thy tooth-pick ragged, which he borrowed whole?
Pert. Never, to my knowledge.
Meager. Comrade! 'tis time---
Younger Pallatine. What to unship your trunks at Billingsgate?
Fierce Meager! why such haste? do not I know,
That a mouse yok'd to a peascod may draw,
With the frail cordage of one hair, your goods
About the world?
Pert. Why we have linen, sir.
Younger Pallatine. As much, sir, as will fill a tinder-box.
Or make a frog a shirt. I like not, friends,
This quiet, modest posture of your shoulders
Why stir you not, as you were practising
To fence? or do you hide your cattle, least
The skipper make you pay their passage over?
Pert. Know, Pallatine, Truth is a naked lady,

* In note 41 to the *Antiquary*, vol. X. a more than sufficient number of passages are adduced to shew that *cockatrice* is another name for a prostitute. C.

She will shew all. Meager and I have not---
Younger Pallatine. The treasure of Saint Mark's,[1]
I believe, sir;
Though you are as rich as cast serving-men,
Or bawds led thrice into captivity.
Pert. Thou hast a heart of the right stamp I find:
It is not comely in thine eyes, to see
Us sons of war walk by the pleasant vines
Of Gascony, as we believ'd the grapes
Forbidden fruit; sneak through a tavern with
Remorse, as we had read the Alcoran,
And made it our best faith.
Meager. And abstain flesh,
As if our English beef were all reserv'd
For sacrifice.
Pert. Whilst colon[2] keeps more noise
Than mariners at plays, or apple-wives
That wrangle for a sieve.*

[1] *Saint Mark's,*] at Venice.

The treasure of Saint Mark's, here referred to, was that secured in the mint at Venice. Coriat, who visited that place in the year 1608, says, "I was in one higher roome of this mint, where I "saw fourteene marvailous strong chests hooped with yron, and "wrought full of great massy yron nailes, in which is kept nothing "but money, which consisteth of these three mettals, gold, silver "and brasse. Two of these chests were about some foure yardes "high, and a yard and more thicke, having seven locks upon them. "Which chests are said to be full of chiquineys. In the outward "gallery, at the entrance of the chamber, I told seventeene more of "such yron chests, which are likewise full of money. So that "the number of all the money chests, which I saw at the mint, is "one and thirty. Also in two chambers, at the Rialto, I saw two "and forty more of such chests full of coyne, the totall summe "whereof is threescore and thirteene. So that it is thought, all "the quantity of money contained in these threescore and thir-"teene chests doth not amount to so little as forty millions of "duckats." *Crudities*, p. 191.

[2] *colon.*] The *colon* is the greatest and widest of the human intestines. S.

* A *sieve*, in this instance, does not mean the utensil by which flour is separated from bran, but a particular kind of basket brought by fruiterers to market. There are *sieves* and *half sieves*. S.

So also in A. 3. of this play, Mrs. Snore tells Mrs. Queasy,

"Remember thy first calling; thou sett'st up
"With a peck of damsons and *a new sieve*,

Meager. Contribute, come.
Younger Pallatine. Stand there, close, on your lives! here, in this house,
Lives a rich old hen, whose young egg (though not
Of her own laying) I have in the embers.
She may prove a morsel for a discreet mouth,
If the kind Fates have but the leisure to
Betray the old one.
Pert. Pallatine,
No plots upon generation: we two
Have fasted so long, that we cannot think
Of begetting any thing, unless,
Like cannibals, we might eat our own issue.
Younger Pallatine. I say close: shrink in your morions;[3] go.
Meager. Why hidden thus? a soldier may appear.
Younger Pallatine. Yes, in a suttler's hut on the pay-day:
But do you know the silence of this house,
The gravity and awe? here dwells a lady,
That hath not seen a street since good king Harry
Call'd her to a mask: she is more devout
Than a weaver of Banbury,[4] that hopes
To intice Heaven, by singing, to make him lord
Of twenty looms. I never saw her yet;
And to arrive at my preferment first
In your sweet company, will (I take it)
Add but little to my hopes. Retire; go.
[*They step aside, whilst he calls between the hangings.*
Pert. We shall obey; but do not tempt us now
With sweetmeats for the nether palate, do not.
Younger Pallatine. What Lucy! Luce! now is the old beldam
Misleading her to a cushion, where she

" When thou brok'st at Dowgate corner, 'cause the boys
" Flung down thy ware." C.

[3] *morions,*] or murrions. See note 11 on *The 2d part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[4] *Than a weaver of Banbury.*] See note 50 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

Must pray, and sigh, and fast, until her knees
Grow smaller than her knuckles. Lucy! 'Luce!
No hope; she is undone; she'll number o'er
As many orisons, as if she had
A bushel of beads to her rosary.
Lucy! my April love! my mistress, speak!---

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Pallatine, for Heaven's sake keep in your voice;
My cruel aunt will hear, and I am lost.

Younger Pallatine What can she hear, when her old ears are stuff'd
With as much warm wax as will seal nine leases?
What a pox does she list'ning upon earth?
Is 't not time for her t' affect privacy,
To creep into a close dark vault, there gossip,
With worms, and such small tame creatures as Heaven
Provided to accompany old people?

Lucy. Still better'd unto worse! but that my heart
Consents not to disfigure thee, thou would'st be torn
To pieces, numberless as sand, or as
The doubts of guilt or love in cowards are.

Younger Pallatine. How now, Luce! from what strange coast this storm! ha?

Lucy. Thou dost out-drink the youth of Norway at
Their marriage feasts, out-swear a puny gamester,
When his first misfortune rages out quarrel,
One that rides post, and is stopt by a cart:
Thy walking hours are later in the night
Than those which drawers, traitors, or constables
Themselves do keep; for watchmen know thee better
Than their lanthorns: and here's your surgeon's bill,
Your kind thrift (I thank you) hath sent it me
To pay, as if the poor exhibition
My aunt allows for aprons, would maintain
You in searcloaths.—— [*Gives him a paper.*

Meager. Can the daughters of Brabant
Talk thus, when Younker-gheck leads 'em to a stove?

Pert. I say, Meager, there is a small parcel
Of man, that rebels more than all the rest

Of his body; and I shall need (if I
Stay here) no elixir of beef to exalt
Nature, though I were leaner than a groat.

Younger Pallatine. This surgeon's a rogue, Luce; a fellow, Luce,
That hath no more care of a gentleman's
Credit, than of the lint he hath twice us'd.

Lucy. Well, sir, but what's that instrument he names?

Younger Pallatine. He writes down here for a tool of injection,
Luce, a small water-engine, which I bought
For my taylor's child to squirt at 'prentices.

Lucy. Aye, sir, he sins more against wit than Heaven,
That knows not how t' excuse what he hath done:
I shall be old at twenty, Pallatine;
My grief to see thy manners and thy mind,
Hath wrought so much upon my heart.

Younger Pallatine. I'd as lieve keep our marriage-supper
In a church-yard, and beget our children
In a coffin, as hear thee prophesy.
Luce, thou art drunk, Luce; far gone in almond-milk:
Kiss me.——

Pert. Now I dissolve like an eringo.

Meager. He's ploughing o' the Indies; good gold, appear!

Younger Pallatine. I am a new man, Luce; thou shalt find me
In a Geneva band, that was reduc'd
From an old alderman's cuff; no more hair left
Than will shackle a flea: this debosh'd [5] whinyard [6]

[5] *debosh'd*] The 4to and folio read *debash'd*: *debosh'd* has the same meaning, as *debauch'd*, and the word occurs in *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, p. 27.

"The more I strive to love my husband, the more his *deboish'd* "courses begets my hate."

Again, in *Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 27.

"—— for most commonly some knave or *deboisht* fellow, lurch "the fooles their sons," &c.

See also Mr. *Steevens's* note on *The Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2.

[6] *whinyard,*] a sword. So in *Edward the Third*, A. 1. S. 2.

I will reclaim to comely bow and arrows,
And shoot with haberdashers at Finsbury;
And be thought the grandchild of Adam Bell[7]:
And more, my Luce, hang at my velvet girdle
A book wrapp'd in a green dimity bag,
And squire thy untooth'd aunt to an exercise.

Lucy. Nothing but strict laws and age will tame you.

Younger Pallatine. What money hast thou, Luce?

Lucy. I, there's your business.

Younger Pallatine. It is the business of the world:
injuries grow
To get it; justice sits for the same end;
Men are not wise without it, for it makes
Wisdom known; and to be a fool, and poor,
Is next t' old aches and bad fame; 'tis worse
Than to have six new creditors, they each
Twelve children, and not bread enough to make
The landlord a toast, when he calls for ale
And rent. Think on that, and rob thy aunt's trunks
Ere she hath time to make an inventory.

Pert. A cunning pioneer; he works to th' bottom.

Lucy. Hast thou no taste of heav'n? wert thou begot
In a prison, and bred up in a galley?

Younger Pallatine. Luce, I speak like one that hath
seen the book
Of fate: I'm loth, for thy sake, to mount a coach
With two wheels, whilst the damsels of the shop
Cry out, a goodly strait-chinn'd gentleman!
He dies for robbing an attorney's cloak-bag
Of copper seals, foul night-caps, together
With his wife's bracelet of mill-testers.

Lucy. There, sir —— [*Flings him a purse.*
'Tis gold: my pendants, carcanets[8], and rings;

" Nor from their button'd, tawny, leathern belts,
" Dismiss their biting *whinyards*—till your king
" Cry out, enough;" &c.

[7] *Adam Bell,*] an outlaw, celebrated for his skill in archery. See *Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 143.

[8] *carcanets.*] " A carcanet seems to have been a necklace set with " stones, or strung with pearls." It is derived from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. See *Cotgrave* voce

My christ'ning caudle-cup and spoons[9],
Are dissolv'd into that lump. Nay, take all,
And with it, as much anger as would make
Thy mother write thee illegitimate.
See me no more: I will not stay to bless
My gift, lest I should teach my patience suffer
'Till I convert it into sin. [*Exit.*

Younger Pallatine. Temptations will not thrive. This baggage sleeps
Cross-legg'd, and the devil has no more power
O'er that charm, than dead men o'er their lewd heirs.
I must marry her, and spend my revenue
In cradles, pins, and soap[10]: that's th' end of all

carcan. Carcanets are frequently mentioned by our ancient dramatic writers, as in *Cynthia's Revels*, induction.

" ------ makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, " *carkenets*," &c.

Ibid. A. 4. S. 3.

" ------ If your ladyships want embroider'd gowns, tires of any " fashion, rebatues, jewels, or *carkanets*, any thing whatsoever, &c.

Marston's Antonio and Mellida, p. 2. A. 1. S. 2.

" No, Lucio, my deare lord's wife, and knowes
" That tinsill glitter, or rich purfled robes,
" Curled haires, hung full of sparkling *carcanets*,
" Are not the true adornements of a wife."

Massinger's City Madam, A. 4. S. 4.

" ——————— your *carkanets*,
" That did adorn your neck of equal value."

See also the notes of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Warton, on *The Comedy of Errors*, A. 3. S. 1.

[9] *spoons.*] " It was the custom formerly for the sponsors at chris- " tenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These " spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apos- " tles were carved on the tops of handles. Such as were at once " opulent and generous gave the whole twelve; those who were " either more moderately rich, or liberal, escaped at the expence of " the four Evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves " with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any " saint, in honour of whom the child received its name." Mr. Steevens's note to *King Henry the VIIIth*, A. 5. S. 2. where several instances of the mention of these *spoons* are exhibited.

[10] *In cradles, pins, and* soap.] So in *The Lover's Progress*, A. 4.

" Must I now
" Have sour sauce after sweet meats? and be driven
" To levy half a crown a week, besides
" Clouts, *sops*, and candles for my heir apparent."

That 'scape a deep river and a tall bough.
Meager. Pallatine, how much?
Pert. Honourable Pall!
Younger Pallatine. Gentlemen, you must accept without 'gaging
Your corporal oaths to repay in three days.
Pert. Not we, Pall, in three jubilees; fear not.
Younger Pallatine. Nor shall you charge me with loud vehemence
(Thrice before company) to wait you in
My chamber such a night; for then a certain
Drover of the south comes to pay you money.
Meager. On our new faiths.
Pert. On our allegiance, Pall.
Younger Pallatine. Go then—shift, and brush your skins well; d' you hear?
Meet me at the new play, fair and perfum'd:
There are strange words hang on the lips of rumour.
Pert. Language of joy, dear Pall.
Younger Pallatine. This day is come
To town the minion of the womb, my lads,
My elder brother, and he moves like some
Assyrian prince; his chariots measure leagues:
Witty as youthful poets in their wine;
Bold as a centaur at a feast, and kind
As virgins that were ne'er beguil'd with love.
I seek him now; meet and triumph!
Meager. Pert. King Pall!—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sir MORGLAY THWACK, ELDER PALLATINE, *new and richly cloathed, buttoning themselves.*

Elder Pallatine. Sir Morglay, come! the hours have wings, and you
Are grown too old t' overtake them: the town

Again in *The Bashful Lover by Massinger*, A. 3. S. 1.
" Should you put it too for *sope* and candles, tho' he sell his flock
" for it, the baby must have this dug."
A Chast Mayd in Cheapeside, p. 25.
" Halfe our gettings must run in sugar sops,
" And nurses wages now, besides many a pound of *sope*
" And tallow: we have need to get loynes of mutton still,
" To save suet to change for candles."

Looks, methinks, as it would invite the country
To a feast.

Thwack. At which serjeants and their yeomen
Must be no waiters, Pallatine, lest some
O' the guests pretend business. How dost like me?

Elder Pallatine. As one old women shall no more avoid,
Than they can warm furs or muskadel.

Thwack. Pallatine, to have a volatile ache,
That removes oftner than the Tartars' camp,
To have a stitch that sucks a man awry,
'Till he shew crooked as a chesnut bough,
Or stand in the deform'd guard of a fencer;
To have these hid in flesh, that has liv'd sinful
Fifty long years, yet husband so much strength
As could convey me hither, fourscore miles,
On a design of wit and glory, may
Be register'd for a strange northern act.

Elder Pallatine. I cannot boast those noble maladies
As yet; but time, dear knight, as I have heard,
May make man's knowledge bold upon himself.
We travel in the grand cause. These smooth rags,
These jewels too, that seem to smile ere they
Betray, are certain silly snares, in which
Your lady-wits, and their wise compeers-male,
May chance be caught.

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE.

Younger Pallatine. Your welcome, noble brother,
Must be hereafter spoke, for I have lost,
With glad haste to find you, much of my breath.

Elder Pallatine. Your joy becomes you; it hath courtship in't.

Younger Pallatine. Sir Morglay Thwack! I did expect to see
The archer Cymbeline, or old king Lud
Advance his falchion here again, ere you,
'Mongst so much smoke, diseases, law, and noise.

Thwack. What your town gets by me, let 'em lay up
For their orphans, and record in their annals.
I come to borrow where I'll never lend,

And buy what I'll never pay for.
Younger Pallatine. Not your debts?
Thwack. No, sir, though to a poor Brownist's widow[11];
Though she sigh all night, and have the next morning
Nothing to drink but her own tears.
Elder Pallatine. Nor shalt thou lend money to a sick friend.
Though the sad worm lie mortgag'd in his bed
For the hire of his sheets.
Younger Pallatine. These are resolves
That give me newer wonder than your cloaths.
Why in such shining trim, like men that come
From rifled tents, laden with victory?
Elder Pallatine. Yes, brother, or like eager heirs new dipp'd
In ink, that seal'd the day before in haste,
Lest parchment should grow dear. Know, youth, we come
To be the business of all eyes, to take
The wall of our St. George on his feast-day.
Thwack. Yes, and then embark at Dover, and do
The like to St. Dennis: all this, young sir,
Without charge too, I mean to us; we bring
A humourous odd philosophy to town,
That says, Pay nothing.
Younger Pallatine. Why, where have I liv'd?
Elder Pallatine. Brother, be calm, and edify; but first
Receive a principle; never hereafter,
From this warm breathing, till your last cold sigh,
Will I disburse for you again; never.

[11] *a poor Brownist's widow,*] The Brownists at this time seem to have been the constant objects of popular satire. The founder of the sect was Robert Browne, a knight's son of Rutlandshire, and educated at Cambridge, He was afterwards Pastor of Aychurch in Northamptonshire, and spent great part of his life in several prisons, to which he was committed for his steady adherence to the opinions which he entertained. He died in jail at Northampton, in the year 1630, or, according to others, 1684, when he was not less than 80 years of age. See also the notes of Dr. Grey and Mr. Steevens, to *Twelfth Night*, A. 3. S. 2.

Younger Pallatine. Brother mine, if that be your argument,
I deny the major.
Thwack. Resist principles!
Elder Pallatine. Good faith, though you should send me more epistles
Than young factors in their first voyage write
Unto their short-hair'd friends; than absent lovers
Pen near their marriage week, t' excuse the slow
Arrival of the license and the ring,
Not one clipp'd penny should depart my reach.
Younger Pallatine. This doctrine will not pass; How shall I live?
Elder Pallatine. As we intend to do, by our good wits.
Younger Pallatine. How, brother, how?
Elder Pallatine. Truth is a pleasant knowledge;
Yet you shall have her cheap. Sir Morglay here,
My kind disciple, and myself, have leas'd
Out all our rents and lands for pious uses.
Younger Pallatine. What, co-founders! give legacies ere death!
Pallatine the pious, and Saint Morglay!
Your names will sound but ill i'th' kalendar.
How long must this fierce raging zeal continue?
Elder Pallatine. 'Till we subsist here no more by our wit.
Then we'll renounce the town, and patiently
Vouchsafe to re-assume our mother earth,
Lead on our plows into their rugged walks
Again, grope our young heifers in the flank,
And swagger in the wool which we shall borrow
From our own flocks.
Thwack. But, ere we go, we may,
From the vast treasure purchas'd by our wit,
Leave here some monument to speak our fame.
I have a strong mind to re-edify
The decays of Fleet-Ditch; from whence I hear
The roaring vestals late are fled, through heat
Of persecution.

Younger Pallatine. What a small star have I,
That never yet could light me to this way!
Live by our wits!

Elder Pallatine. So live, that usurers
Shall call their monies in, remove their bank
To Ordinaries, Spring-garden, and Hyde-park,
Whilst their glad sons are left seven for their chance,
At hazard ([11]), hundred, and all made at sent [12];
Three motley cocks o' th' right Derby strain,
Together with a foal of Beggibrigge [13].

Thwack. Sir, I will match my Lord Mayor's horse, make jockies
Of his hench-boys [14], and run 'em through Cheapside.

Elder Pallatine. What beauties, girls of feature, govern now
I'th' town? 'tis long since we did traffick here
In midnight whispers, when the dialect
Of love's loose wit is frighted into signs,
And secret laughter stifled into smiles;
When nothing's loud, but the old nurse's cough.
Who keeps the game up, ha? who misled now?

Thwack. Not sir, that if we woo, we'll be at charge
For looks; or if we marry, make a jointure.
Entail land on women! entail a back,
And so much else of man, as nature did
Provide for the first wife.

Elder Pallatine. I could keep thee,
Thy future pride, thy surfeits, and thy lust,
(I mean, in such a garb as may become

([11]) *At hazard, sir: a hundred, and all made at sent.*] Folio edit.

[12] *at sent.*] Query *cent*, a game mentioned in *The Dumb Knight.* A. 4. S. 1. vol. IV. and corruptedly written *saint.* S.

This game is frequently mentioned in ancient writers, and is usually spelt *saunt*, probably the manner in which the French word *cent* was then pronounced. In Gervas Markham's *Famous Whore; or, Noble Curtezan*, 1609, 4to. Sign. D 4. it is called *mount cent.*

"Were it *mount cent*, primero, or at chesse
"I wan with most, and lost still with the lesse."

[13] *Beggibrigge.*] The fol. reads *peggibrige.* Perhaps the name of some famous horse. S.

[14] *hench boys.*] See note 13 to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*, vol. IX.

A Christian gentleman) with the sole tithe
Of tribute I shall now receive from ladies.
Thwack. Your brother and myself have seal'd to covenants;
The female youth o' th' town are his; but all
From forty to fourscore mine own. A widow,
You'll say, is a wise, solemn, wary creature;
Though she hath liv'd to th' cunning of dispatch,
Clos'd up nine husbands' eye, and have the wealth
Of all their testaments, in one month, sir,
I will waste her to her first wedding-smock,
Her single ring, bodkin, and velvet muff.
Younger Pallatine. Your rents expos'd at home for pious uses,
Must expiate your behaviour here: tell me,
Is that the subtle plot you have on heaven?
Thwack. The worm of your worship's conscience would appear
As big as a conger; but a good eye
May chance to find it slender as a grig.
Younger Pallatine. Amazement knows no ease, but in demands.
Pray tell me, gentlemen, to all this vast
Designment (which so strikes my ear) deduct
You nought from your revenue, nought that may,
Like fuel, feed the flame of your expence?
Elder Pallatine. Brother, not so much as will find a Jew
Bacon to his eggs: these gay tempting weeds,
These eastern stones of cunning foil, bespoke
'Gainst our arrival here, together with
A certain stock of crowns in either's purse,
Is all the charge that from our proper own
Begins or furthers the magnific plot;
And of these crowns not one must be usurp'd
By you.
Thwack. No relief, but wit and good counsel.
Elder Pallatine. The stock my father left you, if your care

Had purpos'd so discreet a course, might well
Have set you up i' th' trade; but we spend light,
Our coach is yet unwheel'd. Sir Morglay, come,
Let's suit those Friesland horse with our own strain.

Younger Pallatine. Why, gentlemen, will the design keep horses?

Thwack. May be sir, they shall live by their wits too.

Younger Pallatine. Their masters are bad tutors else. Well, how
You'll work the ladies, and weak gentry here
By your fine gilded pills, a faith that is
Not old may guess without distrust. But, sirs,
The city (take't on my experiment)
Will not be gull'd.

Thwack. Not gull'd! they dare not be
So impudent: I say they shall be gull'd;
And trust, and break, and pawn their charter too.

Younger Pallatine. Is it lawful, brother, for me to laugh,
That have no money?

Elder Pallatine. Yes, sir, at yourself.

Youn er Pallatine. Two that have tasted nature's kindness, arts,
And men; have shin'd in moving camps; have seen
Courts in their solemn business and vain pride;
Convers'd so long i' th' town here, that you know
Each sign and pebble in the streets; for you
(After a long retirement) to lease forth
Your wealthy, pleasant lands, to feed John Crump,
The cripple, widow Needy, and Abraham
Sloth, the beadsman of More-dale! then, forsooth,
Persuade yourselves to live here by your wits!

Thwack. Where we ne'er cheated in our youth, we resolve
To cozen in our age.

Elder Pallatine. Brother, I came
To be your wise example in the arts
That lead to thriving glory: a supreme life!
Not through the humble ways wherein dull lords
Of lands and sheep do walk; men that depend

On the fantastic winds, on fleeting clouds,
On seasons more uncertain than themselves,
When they would hope or fear: but you are warm
In another's silk, and make your tame ease
Virtue, call it content, and quietness!
Thwack. Write letters to your brother, do; and be
Forsworn in every long parenthesis,
For twenty pound sent you in butcher's silver.
Elder Pallatine. Rebukes are precious, cast them not away. [*Exeunt Elder Pallatine, Thwack.*
Younger Pallatine. Neither of these philosophers were born
To above five senses; why then should they
Have hope to do things greater, and more new
I' th' world, than I? This devil plenty thrusts
Strange boldness upon men. Well, you may laugh
With so much violence, till it consume
Your breath. Though sullen want, the enemy
Of wit, have sunk her low, if pregnant wine
Can raise her up, this day she shall be mine. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Lady AMPLE, ENGINE, GINET.

Ample. My guardian hors'd! this evening say'st thou, Engine?
Engine. It's an hour, madam, since he smelt the town.
Ample. Saw'st thou his slender empty leg in th' stirrup?
His ivory box on his smooth ebon staff
New civetted, and tied to's gouty wrist?
With his warp'd face close button'd in his hood,
That men may take him for a monk disguis'd,
And fled post from a pursuivant?
Engine. Madam, beware, I pray, lest th' age and cunning
He is master of, prepare you a revenge,

And such as your fine wit shall ne'er intreat
Your patience to digest. To-morrow night
Th' extremest minute of your wardship is
Expir'd; and we, magicians of the house,
Believe this hasty journey he hath ta'en
Is to provide a husband for your sheets.

Ample. And such a one as judgment and mine[15] eyes
Must needs dislike, that 's composition may
Grow up to his own thrifty wish.

Engine. Madam,
Your arrow was well aim'd: I call him master,
But I am servant unto truth, and you.

Ample. He choose a husband, fit to guide and sway
My beauty's wealthy dowry, and my heart!
I'll make election to delight myself:
What composition strictest laws will give,
His guardianship may take from the rich bank
My father left, and not devour my land.

Ginet. Your ladyship has liv'd six years beneath
His roof, therefore may guess the colour
Of his heart, and what his brains do weigh.
But Engine, madam, is your humble creature.

Ample. I have bounty, Engine;
And thou shalt largely taste it, when the next
Fair sun is set, for then my wardship ends—
[*Knocking within.*
That speaks command, or haste; open the door.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy! weeping my wench? melting thine eyes,
As they had trespass'd against light, and thou
Would'st give them darkness for a punishment!

Lucy. Undone, madam, without all hope, but what
Your pity will vouchsafe to minister.

Ample. Hast thou been struck by infamy, or com'st
A mourner from the funeral of love?

Lucy. I am the mourner, and the mourn'd; dead to
Myself, but left not rich enough to buy a grave.
My cruel aunt hath banish'd me her roof,
Expos'd me to the night, the winds, and what

[15] *mine.*] The quarto reads *nine*; the folio, *my*.

The raging elements on wanderers lay,
Left naked as first infancy or truth.
Ginet. I could ne'er endure that old, moist-ey'd lady;
Methought she pray'd too oft.
Ample. A' mere receipt
To make her long-winded, which our devout
Physicians now prescribe to defer death.
But, Lucy, can she urge no cause for this
Strange wrath, that you would willingly conceal?
Lucy. Suspicions of my chastity, which Heaven
Must needs resist as false, though she accus'd
Me even in dream, where thoughts commit[16] by chance,
Not appetite.
Ample. What ground had her suspect[17]?
Lucy. Young Pallatine, that woo'd my heart until
He gather'd fondness where he planted love,
Was fall'n into such want, as eager blood
And youth could not endure, and keep the laws
Inviolate: I, to prevent my fear,
Sold all my jewels, and my trifling wealth,
Bestow'd them on him: and she thinks a more
Unholy consequence attends the gift.
Ample. This, Luce, is such apostacy in wit,
As nature must degrade herself in woman to
Forgive. Shall love put thee to charge? couldst thou
Permit thy lover to become thy pensioner?
Engine. Her sense will now be tickled till it ach.
Ample. Thy feature and thy wit are wealth enough
To keep thee high in all those vanities
That wild ambition, or expensive pride,
Perform in youth; but thou invert'st their use:
Thy lover, like the foolish adamant
The steel, thou fiercely dost allure, and draw
To spend thy virtue, not to get by it.

[16] *commit.*] It is observed by Mr. Malone, (see note to *Othello*, A. 4. S. 2.) that, "this word in Shakspeare's time, besides its "general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to "unlawful acts of love: hence, perhaps, it is so often repeated by "Othello." See also *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 4. and *Mr. Stevens's* note.

[17] *suspect.*] *i. e.* Suspicion. See note 45 on *Edward* II. vol. II.

Lucy. This doctrine, madam, is but new to me.
Ample. How have I liv'd, think'st thou? e'en by my wits.
My guardian's contribution gave us gowns;
But cut from th' curtains of a carrier's bed:
Jewels were wore, but such as potters' wives
Bake in the furnace for their daughters' wrists:
My woman's smocks so coarse, as they were spun
O'th' tackling of a ship.
Ginet. A coat of mail,
Quilted with wire, was soft sarsnet to 'em.
Ample. Our diet scarce so much as is prescrib'd
To mortify: two eggs of emmets, poach'd,
A single bird, no bigger than a bee,
Made up a feast.
Ginet. He had starv'd me, but that
The green-sickness took away my stomach.
Ample. Thy disease, Ginet, made thee in love with mortar,
And thou eat'st him up two foot of an old wall.
Engine. A privilege my master only gave
Unto her teeth, none else o' th' house durst do't.
Ample. When, Lucy, I perceiv'd this straiten'd life,
Nature, my steward, I did call t' account,
And took from her exchequer so much wit
As has maintain'd me since. I led my fine
Trim-bearded males in a small subtle string
Of my soft hair; made 'em to offer up
And bow, and laugh'd at the idolatry.
Ginet. A jewel for a kiss, and that half ravish'd.
Lucy. I feel I am inclin'd t' endeavour in
A calling: madam, I'd be glad to live.
Ample. Know, Luce, this is no hospital for fools.
My bed is your's, but on condition, Luce,
That you redeem the credit of your sex;
That you begin to tempt, and when the snare
Hath caught the fowl, you plume [18] him till you get
More feathers than you lost to Pallatine.

[18] *plume*] This is a falconer's term. Latham says, it "is when "a hawk ceaseth a fowle, and pulleth the feathers from the body."

Lucy. I shall not waste my hours in winding silk,
Or shelling peascods with your ladyship.
Ample. Frosts on my heart! what, give unto a suitor!
Know, I would fain behold that silly monarch,
Bearded man, that durst woo me with half
So impudent a hope.
Engine. Madam, you are
Not far from the possession of your wish.
There is no language heard, no business now
In town, but what proclaims th' arrival here,
This morn, of th' elder Pallatine, brother
To him you nam'd, and with him such an old
Imperial buskin knight as th' isle ne'er saw.
Ample. What's their design?
Engine. They will immure themselves
With diamonds, with all refulgent stones
That merit price: ask 'em who pays? why, ladies.
They'll feast with rich Provençal wines; who pays?
Ladies. They'll shine in various habit, like
Eternal bridegrooms of the day; ask 'em
Who pays? Ladies. Lie with those ladies too,
And pay 'em, but with issue male, that shall
Inherit nothing but their wit, and do
The like to ladies, when they grow to age.
Lucy. My ears receiv'd a taste of them before.
Ample. Engine, how shall we see them? bless me,
Engine,
With thy kind voice.
Engine. Though miracles are ceas'd,
This, madam, 's in the power of thought and time.
Ample. I would kiss thee, Engine, but for an odd
Nice humour in my lips; they blister at
Inferior breath. This ring, and all my hopes
Are thine: dear Engine, now project, and live.
Ginet. I'd lose my wedding to behold these Dagonets [19].

[19] *Dagonets.*] Sir Dagonet was the Squire of King Arthur, in the old romance of *Morte Arthur*. See the notes of Mr. Theobald, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Warton, and Mr. Steevens, on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

Ample. My guardian's out o' town. Let us triumph
Like Cæsars till to-morrow night; thou know'st
I'm then no more o' th' family. I would,
Like a departing lamp, before I leave
You in the dark, spread in a glorious blaze.

Engine. Madam, command the keys, the house, and me.

Ample. Spoke like the bold Cophetua's [20] son.
Let us contrive within to tempt 'em hither:
Follow, my Luce, restore thyself to fame.

[*Exeunt Engine, Ample, Ginet.*

[*Young Pallatine beckons Lucy from between the hangings, as she is going.*

Younger Pallatine. Luce! Luce!

Lucy. Death on my eyes! how came you hither?

Younger Pallatine. I'm, Luce, a kind of peremptory fly,
Shift houses still to follow the sun-beams:
I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty.---

Lucy. Y' have us'd me with a Christian care; have you not?

Younger Pallatine. Come, I know all. I have been at thy aunt's house,
And there committed more disorder than
A storm in a ship, or a cannon bullet
Shot through a kitchen among shelves of pewter.

Lucy. This madness is not true, I hope.

Younger Pallatine. Yes, faith;
Witness a shower of malmsey lees, dropp'd from
Thy aunt's own urinal on this new morion [21].

Lucy. Why, you have seen her then?

Younger Pallatine. Yes, and she looks like the old slut of Babylon

[20] *Cophetua's son.*] Though the name of this monarch is known to us, I believe we are all ignorant respecting his royal progeny. S.

This line gives additional support to the conjecture that there must have been an old play upon the subject of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, besides the old ballads, one of which is to be found in Percy's *Reliques*, i. 202. edit. 1812. Cophetua's son was perhaps one of the characters in the Play. C.

[21] *morion.*] Morion is a helmet. It must here mean a hat.

Thou hast read of. I told her she must die,
And her beloved velvet hood be sold
To some Dutch brewer of Ratcliffe, to make
His *yeu frow** slippers.

Lucy. Speak low. I am deprived
By thy rash wine of all atonement, now,
Unto her after legacies or love.

Younger Pallatine. My Luce, be magnify'd; I am all plot,
All stratagem; my brother is in town:
My Lady Ample's fame hath caught him, girl;
I'm told he means an instant visit hither.

Lucy. What happiness from this?

Younger Pallatine. As he departs
From hence, I have laid two instruments, Meager
And Pert, that shall encounter his long ears
With tales less true than those of Troy: they shall
Endanger him, maugre his active wits,
And mount thee, little Luce, that thou may'st reach
To dandle fate, to soothe them till they give
Us leave to make or alter destinies.

Lucy. You are too loud; whisper your plots within.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ENGINE, ELDER PALLATINE, *and* THWACK.

Engine. You call and govern, gentlemen, as if
Your business were above your haste; but know
You where you are?

Elder Pallatine. Sir Tyrant Thrift dwells here:
The Lady Ample is his ward; she is
Within, and we must see her. No excuses;
She is not old enough to be lock'd up
To sey new perukes,[22] or purge for rheum.

* This ought to be spelt *Jongvrouw*, which in Dutch means a young woman. C.

[22] *To sey new perukes.*] To *say*, I believe, means to *assay*, to try on, and should be written *say*. I have often met with the word so abbreviated. S.

If this conjecture be right it is singular that the abbreviation should have been made, as it certainly renders the line defective in point of measure. There is a sort of stuff called *sey* or *say* men-

Thwack. Tell her, that a young devout knight, made grey
By a charm (t'avoid temptation in others)
Would speak with her.

Engine. I shall deliver you both.
These tigers hunt their prey with a strange nostril.
Come unsent for so aptly to our wish.— [*Exit.*

Elder Pallatine. But this, Sir Morglay, will not do; in troth
You break our covenants.

Thwack. Why, hear me plead.

Elder Pallatine. From forty to fourscore; the written law
Runs so: this lady's in her nonage yet,
And you to press into my company,
Where visitations are decreed mine own,
Argues a heat that my rebukes must cool.

Thwack. What should I do? wouldst have me keep my chamber
And mend dark lanterns? invent steel mattocks,
Or weigh gunpowder? solitude leads me
To nothing less than treason: I shall conspire
To dig and blow up all, rather than sit still.

Elder Pallatine. Follow your task; you see how early I
Have found this young inheritrix: go seek
The aged out; bones unto bones, like cards
Ill pack'd; shuffle yourselves together, till
You each dislike the game.

Thwack. 'Tis the cause I
Come for: a wither'd midwife, or a nurse
Who draws her lips together, like an eye
That gives the cautionary wink, are those
I would find here, so they be rich and fat.

Enter GINET.

Ginet. My lady understands your haste, and she
Herself consults now in affairs of haste:
But yet will hastily approach to see

tioned in a subsequent part of this play, but it can have no connection with perukes. C.

You, gentlemen, and then in haste return. [*Exit.*

Elder Pallatine. What's this, the superscription of a packet?

Thwack. Now does my blood wamble. You! sucket-eater![23]

[*Offers to follow her, Pallatine stays him.*

Elder Pallatine. These covenants, knight, will never be observ'd;

I'll sue the forfeiture, leave you so poor,
'Till, for preferment, you become an eunuch,
And sing a treble in a chauntry, knight.

Enter Lady AMPLE, LUCY, GINET: *Elder Pallatine, and Thwack, address to kiss them, and are thrust back.*

Ample. Stay, gentlemen. Good souls, they have seen, Luce,
The country turtles bill, and think our lips,
I' th' town and court, are worn for the same use.

Lucy. Pray how do the ladies there? poor villagers,
They churn still, keep their dairies, and lay up
For embroidered mantles against the heir's birth.

Ample. Who is begot i' th' Christmas holydays.

Elder Pallatine. Yes, surely, when the spirit of mince-pie
Reigns in the blood.

Ample. What? penny gleek[24] I hope's
In fashion yet, and the treacherous foot
Not wanting on the table frame, to jog
The husband, lest he lose the noble that
Should pay the grocer's man for spice and fruit.

Lucy. The good old butler shares too with his lady
In the box, bating for candles that were burnt
After the clock struck ten.

Thwack. He doth indeed.
Poor country madams, th'are in subjection still;
The beasts, their husbands, make 'em sit on three

[23] *sucket-eater.*] *i. e.* eater of confectionary ware, sugar-pellets. S.

[24] *gleek.*] A game at cards, now entirely disus'd. The manner of playing at it may be seen in *The Compleat Gamester*, &c. 2d edit. 1680. chap. 6. p. 64.

Legg'd stools, like homely daughters of an hospital,
To knit socks for their cloven feet.
Elder Pallatine. And when these tyrant husbands, too, grow old
(As they have still th' impudence to live long)
Good ladies, they are fain to waste the sweet
And pleasant seasons of the day in boiling
Jellies for them, and rowling little pills
Of cambric lint to stuff their hollow teeth.
Lucy. And then the evenings, warrant ye, they spend
With Mother Spectacle, the curate's wife,
Who does inveigh 'gainst curling and dyed cheeks;
Heaves her devout impatient nose at oil
Of jessamine, and thinks, powder of Paris more
Prophane than th' ashes of a Romish martyr.
Ample. And in the days of joy and triumph, sir,
(Which come as seldom to them as new gowns)
Then, humble wretches! they do frisk and dance
In narrow parlours to a single fiddle,
That squeaks forth tunes like a departing pig.
Lucy. Whilst the mad hinds shake from their feet more dirt.
Than did the cedar roots, that danc'd to Orpheus.
Ample. Do they not pour their wine too from an ewer,
Or small gilt cruce, like orange-water kept
To sprinkle holyday beards?
Lucy. And when a stranger comes, send seven miles post
By moon-shine, for another pint?
Elder Pallatine. All these indeed are heavy truths; but what
Do you, th' exemplar madams of the town?
Play away your youth, as our hasty gamesters
Their light gold, not with desire to lose it,
But in a fond mistake that it will fit
No other use.
Thwack. And then reserve your age,
As superstitious sinners ill-got wealth,
Perhaps for th' church, perhaps for hospitals.

Elder Pallatine. If rich, you come to court, there learn to be
At charge to teach your paraquetoes French;
And then allow them their interpreters,
Lest the sage fowl should lose their wisdom on
Such pages of the presence, and the guard,
As have not past the seas.
Thwack. But if y' are poor,
Like wanton monkeys chain'd from fruit,
You feed upon the itch of your own tails.
Lucy. Rose vinegar to wash that ruffian's mouth!
Ample. They come to live here by their wits, let them use 'em.
Lucy. They have so few, and those they spend so fast,
They will leave none remaining to maintain them.
Elder Pallatine. You shall maintain us; a community,
The subtle have decreed of late: you shall
Endow us with your bodies and your goods;
Yet use no manacles, call'd dull matrimony,
To oblige affection against wise nature,
Where it is lost, perhaps, through a disparity
Of years, or justly through distaste of crimes,
Ample. Most excellent resolves!
Elder Pallatine. But if you'll needs marry,
Expect not a single turf for a jointure;
Not so much land as will allow a grasshopper
A sallad.
Thwack. I would no more doubt t' enjoy
You two in all variety of wishes,
(Wer't not for certain covenants that I lately
Sign'd to in my drink) than I would fear usury
In a small poet, or a cast corporal.
Ample. You would not?
Thwack. But look to your old widows:
There my title's good; see they be rich too,
Lest I should leave their twins upon the parish,
To whom the deputy o' th' ward will deny
Blue coats at Easter, loaves at funerals,

'Cause they were sons of an old country wit.
Ample. Why all for widows, sir? can nothing that
Is young, affect your mouldy appetite?
Thwack. No in sooth; damsels at your years are wont
To talk too much over their marmalade;
They can't fare well, but all the town must hear't:
Their love's so full of praises, and so loud,
A man may with less noise lie with a drum.
Ample. Think you so, sir?
Thwack. Give me an old widow, that commits sin
With the gravity of a corrupt judge;
Accepts of benefits i' th' dark, and can
Conceal them from the light.
[*Ample takes Elder Pallatine apart.*
Ample. Pray, sir, allow me but your ear aside.
Though this rude Clim i'th' Clough[25] presume,
In his desires more than his strength can justify,
You should have nobler kindness than to think
All ladies relish of an appetite,
Bad as the worst your evil chance hath found
Elder Pallatine. All are alike to me; at least, I'll make
Them so, with thin persuasions, and a short
Expence of time.
Ample. Then I have cast away
My sight; my eyes have look'd themselves into
A stong disease: but they shall bleed for it.
Elder Pallatine. Troth lady mine, I find small remedy.
Ample. Why came you hither, sir? She that shall sigh
Her easy spirits into wind for you,
Must not have hope the kindness of your breath
Will e'er recover her.
Lucy. What do I hear? Hymen defend!
But three good corners to your little heart,
And two already broiling on love's altar!

[25] *Clim i'th' Clough.*] See the ballad in Dr. Percy's collection. S.

Does this become her, Ginet? speak.

Ginet. As age, and half a smock would become me.

Thwack. Th'ast caught her, Pallatine: insinuate rogue!

Lucy. Love him! you must recant, or the small god
And I shall quarrel, when we meet i' th' clouds.

Thwack. 'Slight, see how she stands! speak to her.

Elder Pallatine. Peace, knight! it is apt cunning that we go:
Disdain is like to water pour'd on ice*,
Quenches the flame awhile to raise it higher.

Lucy. Engine, shew them their way.

Enter ENGINE.

Engine. It lies here, gentlemen.

Elder Pallatine. There needs small summons, we are gone. But d' you hear,
We will receive no letters, we, though sent
By th' incorporeal spy your dwarf, or Audry
Of the chamber, that would deliver them
With as much caution, as they were attachments
Upon money newly paid.

Thwack. Nor no message,
From the old widow your mother (if you
Have one) no, though she send for me when she
Is giving up her testy ghost; and lies
Half drow'd in rheum, those floods of rheum in which
Her maids do daily dive to seek the teeth
She cough'd out last.

[*Exeunt Engine, Elder Pallatine, Thwack.*

Lucy. 'Las! good old gentleman,
We shall see him shortly in as many night-caps
As would make sick Mahomet a turband
For the winter.

Ample. Are they gone, Luce?

Lucy. Not like the hours, for they'll return again
Ere long. O you carry'd your false love rarely!

* Surely we ought to read,
"Disdain is like to water pour'd on *fire*,"
which is meant to rhyme with the next line—
"Quenches the flame awhile, to raise it higher." C.

Ample. How impudent these country fellows are!
Lucy. He thinks y'are caught; he has you between's teeth,
And intends you for the very next bit
He means to swallow.
Ample. Luce, I have a thousand thoughts
More than a kerchief can keep in: quick, girl,
Let us consult, and thou shalt find what silly snipes
These witty gentlemen shall prove, and in
Their own confession too, or I'll cry flounders else,
And walk with my petticoat tuck'd up like
A long maid of Almainy [26]. [*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, MEAGER, PERT; *the two last being new cloath'd.*

Younger Pallatine. Don Meager, and Don Pert, you neither found
These embroider'd skins in your mother's womb:
Surely nature's wardrobe is not thus lac'd!
Pert. We flourish, Pall, by th' charter of thy smiles,
A little magnify'd with shew, and thought
Of our new plot.
Meager. The chamber's bravely hung!
Pert. To thy own wish, a bed and canopy
Prepar'd all from our number'd pence. If it
Should fail, Meager and I must creep into
Our quondam rags; a transmigration, Pall,
Which our divinity can ill endure.
Meager. If I have more left t' maintain a large stomach,
And a long bladder, than one comely shilling,
Together with a single ounce of hope,
I am the son of a carman.
Younger Pallatine. Do you suspect my prophecies,
That am your mint, your grand exchequer?
Pert. Pall, no suspicions, Pall; but we that embark
Our whole stock in one vessel, would be glad
To have all pirates o' shore, and the winds
In a calm humour.
Meager. How fares th' intelligence?

[26] *Almainy.*] *i. e.* Germany. S.

Younger Pallatine. I left 'em at the Lady Ample's house;
This street they needs must pass, if they reach home.
Pert. O I would fain project 'gainst the old knight.
Can we not share him too?
Younger Pallatine. This wheel must move
Alone, Sir Morglay Thwack's too rugged yet,
He'ld interrupt the course; a little more
O' th' file will smooth him fit to be screw'd up.
Pert. Shrink off, Pall, I hear 'em.

Enter THWACK, ELDER PALLATINE.

Elder Pallatine. Th' hast not the art of patient leisure, to
Attend the aptitude of things. Wouldst thou
Run on like a rude bull, on every object that
Doth heat the blood? this cunning abstinence
Will make her passions grow more violent.
Thwack. But, Pallatine, I do not find I have
The cruelty, or grace, to let a lady
Starve for a warm morsel.—

[*Pert and Meager take Elder Pallatine aside.*

*Younger Pallatine.** Now, my fine Pert!
Pert. Sir, we have business for your ear; it may
Concern you much, therefore 'tis fit it be
Particular.
Elder Pallatine. From whom?
Meager. A young lady, sir.
It is a secret will exact much care
And wisdom i' th' delivery: you should
Dismiss that gentleman.
Elder Pallatine. A young lady! good!
All the best stars i' th' firmament are mine.
Our coach attends us, knight, i' th' bottom of
The hither street, you must go home alone.
Thwack. I'll sooner kill a serjeant, choose my jury
In the city, and be hang'd for a tavern bush!
Elder Pallatine. Will't ruin all our destinies hath built?

* Standing aside and watching.

Thwack. Come, what are those sly silk-worms there, that creep
So close into their wool, as they would spin
For none but their dear selves? I hear 'em name a lady.
Elder Pallatine. You heard them say then, she was young; and what
Our covenants are, remember.
Thwack. Young, how young?
She left her worm-seed, and her coral whistle
But a month since: do they mean so?
Elder Pallatine. Morglay, our covenants is all I ask.
Thwack. May be she hath a mind to me; for there's
A reverend humour in the blood, which thou
Ne'er knew'st: perhaps she would have boys begot
Should be deliver'd with long beards; till thou
Arrive at my full growth, thou'lt yield the world
Nought above dwarf or page.
Elder Pallatine. Our covenants still, I cry!
Thwack. Faith, I'll stride my mule to-morrow, and away
To th' homely village in the north.
Elder Pallatine. Why so?
Thwack. Alas, these silly covenants, you know,
I seal'd to in my drink; and certain fears
Lurk in a remote corner of my head,
That say the game will all be your's.
Elder Pallatine. But what success canst thou expect, since w' have
Not yet enjoy'd the city a full day?
Thwack. I say, let me have woman: be she young
Or old, grandam or babe, I must have woman.
Elder Pallatine. Carry but thy patience like a gentleman,
And let me singly manage this adventure,
It will to-morrow cancel our old deeds,
And leave thee to subscribe to what thy free
Pleasure shall direct.
Thwack. We'll equally enjoy
Virgin, wife, and widow; the younger kerchief with
The aged hood.

Elder Pallatine. What I have said, if I had leisure now
I'd ratify with oaths of thy own choosing.
Thwack. Go, propagate; fill the shops with thy notch'd
Issue, that when our money's spent, we may
Be trusted, break, and cozen in our own tribe.
Elder Pallatine. Leave me to fortune.
Thwack. D' you hear, Pallatine?
Perhaps this young lady has a mother.—
Elder Pallatine. No more, good night.
[*Exit Thwack.*
I have obey'd you, gentlemen; no ears
Are near us, but our own, what's your affair?
Meager. We'll lead you to the lady's mansion, sir,
'Tis hard by.
Elder Pallatine. Hard by!
Pert. So near, that if your lungs be good,
You may spit thither. That is the house.
Elder Pallatine. These appear gentlemen,
And of some rank. I will in.
[*Exeunt Elder Pallatine, Meager, Pert.*
Younger Pallatine. So, see! the hook has caught him by the gills;
And it is fasten'd to a line will hold
You, sir, though your wits were stronger than your purse.
Sir Morglay Thwack's gone home; his lodging I
Have learn'd, and there are certain gins prepar'd,
In which his wary feet may chance to be
Insnar'd, though he could wear his eyes upon his toes.
I must follow the game close. He is enter'd,
And, ere this, amaz'd at the strange complexion
Of the house; but 'twas the best our friendship
And our treasure could procure. [*Exit.*
Enter ELDER PALLATINE, MEAGER, *and* PERT, *with lights.*
Elder Pallatine. Gentlemen, if you please, lead me no further.
I have so little faith to believe this

The mansion of a lady, that I think
'Tis rather the decays of hell: a sad
Retirement for the fiend to sleep in
When he is sick with drinking sulphur.
Pert. Sir, you shall see this upper room is hung.
Elder Pallatine. With cobwebs, sir, and those so large they may
Catch and ensnare dragons instead of flies,
Where sit a melancholy race of old
Norman spiders, that came in with the Conqueror.
Meager. This chamber will refresh your eyes, when you
Have cause to enter it.
[*Leads him to look in 'lween the hangings.*
Elder Pallatine. A bed and canopy!
There's shew of entertainment there indeed:
There lovers may have place to celebrate
Their warm wishes, and not take cold. But, gentlemen,
How comes the rest of this blind house so nak'd,
So ruinous, and deform'd?
Pert. Pray, sir, sit down:
If you have seen aught strange, or fit for wonder,
It but declares the hasty shifts to which
The poor distressed lady is expos'd
In pursuit of your love. She hath good fame,
Great dignity, and wealth, and would be loth
To cheapen these by making her dull family
Bold witnesses of her desires with you:
Therefore, to avoid suspicion, to this place
She hath sent part of her neglected wardrobe.
Meager. And will, ere time grows older by an hour,
Gild all this homely furniture at charge
Of her own eyes; her beams can do it, sir.
Elder Pallatine. My manners will not suffer me to doubt.
Pert. We hope so too. Besides, though every one
That hath a heart of's own, may think his pleasure:
We should be loth your thoughts should throw mistakes
On us, that arethe humble ministers

Of your kind stars: for sure, though we look not
Like men that make plantation on some isle
That's uninhabited, yet you believe
We would teach sexes mingle, to increase men.
Meager. 'Squires of the placket,[27] we know you think us.
Elder Pallatine. Excuse my courage, gentlemen; good faith
I am not bold enough to think you so.
Pert. Nor will you yet be woo'd to such mistake.
Elder Pallatine. Not all the art nor flattery you have,
Can render you to my belief worse than
Myself. Panders and bawds! good gentlemen,
I shall be angry, if you persuade me to
So vile a thought.
Pert. Sir, you have cause,
And in good faith, if you should think us such,
We would make bold to cut that slender throat.
Elder Pallatine. How, sir?
Pert. That very throat, through which the lusty grape,
And savoury morsel in the gamester's dish,
Steal down so leisurely with kingly gust.
Meager. Sir, it should open wide as th' widest oyster
I' th' Venetian lake.
Elder Pallatine. Gentlemen, it should.
It is a throat I can so little hide
In such a cause, that I would whet your razor for't

[27] *Squires of the placket.*] *A squire of the placket* seems to be a cant term for *a pimp*. *A placket* does not signify a petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein. See Mr. Amner's note on Shakespeare's *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 4.

According to Amner's (i. e. Steevens's) note it is doubtful whether *placket* be a pocket, a slit in the petticoat, or a stomacher. The following passage from a play in this volume may throw some light upon this important and disputed point.

" Now, sir, when she comes into a great press of people, for " fear of the cut-purse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her placket " (plackerd): then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for your- " self."

The fool is here supposing the prince metamorphosed into a purse of gold. C.

On my own shoe.

Pert. Enough, you shall know all.
This lady hath a noble mind, but 'tis
So much o'ermaster'd by her blood, we fear
Nothing but death, or you, can be her remedy.

Elder Pallatine. And she is young?

Meager. O, as the April bud.

Elder Pallatine. 'Twere pity, faith, she should be cast away.

Pert. You have a soft and blessed heart, and to
Prevent so sad a period of her sweet breath,
Ourselves, this house, the habit of this room,
The bed within, and your fair person, we
Have all assembled in a trice.

Elder Pallatine. Sure, gentlemen,
In my opinion more could not be done,
Were she inheritrix of all the east.

Pert. But, sir, the excellence of your pure fame,
Hath given us boldness to make suit, that if
You can reclaim her appetite with chaste
And wholesome homilies, such counsel as
Befits your known morality, you will
Be pleas'd to save her life, and not undo her honour.

Meager. We hope you will afford her med'cine by
Your meek and holy lectures, rather than
From any manly exercise; for such,
In troth, sir, you appear to our weak sight.

Elder Pallatine. Brothers and friends, a stile more distant now
Cannot be given: though you were in compass
Thick as the Alps,[28] I must embrace you both—
Y' have hit the very centre, unto which
The toils and comforts of my studies tend.

Pert. Alas, we drew our arrow but by aim.

Elder Pallatine. Why, gentlemen, I have converted more
Than ever gold or *Aretine*[29] misled:

[28] *the Alps.*] The quarto reads *aspes.*

[29] *Aretine.*] An Italian poet, whose works were accompanied by lewd prints, of which he was the inventor. They are mentioned in *The Muse's Looking Glass*, vol. IX.

I've disciples of all degrees in nature,
From your little punk in purple, to your
Tall canvas girl; from your sattin slipper,
To your iron pattin and your Norway shoe.
Pert. And can you mollify the mother, sir,
In a strong fit?
Elder Pallatine. Sure, gentlemen, I can,
If books penn'd with a clean and wholesome spirit
Have any might to edify. Would they
Were here!
Meager. What, sir?
Elder Pallatine. A small library,
Which I am wont to make companion to
My idle hours; where some, I take it, are
A little consonant unto this theme.
Pert. Have they not names?
Elder Pallatine. A pill to purge phlebotomy,[30]*---A balsamum*
For the spiritual back,---A lozenge against lust;
With divers others, sir, which, though not penn'd
By dull platonic Greeks, or Memphian priests,
Yet have the blessed mark of separation
Of authors silenc'd, for wearing short hair.
Pert. But, sir, if this chaste means cannot restore
Her to her health and quiet peace, I hope
You will vouchsafe your lodging in yon bed,
And take a little pains. [*Points to the bed within.*
Elder Pallatine. Faith, gentlemen, I was
Not bred on Scythian rocks: tygers and wolves
I've heard of, but ne'er suck'd their milk; and sure
Much would be done to save a lady's longing.
Meager. 'Tis late, sir, pray uncase.
[*They help to uncloath him.*
Pert. Your boot; believ't, it is my exercise.

[30] *A pill to purge,* &c.] In the folio edition these lines were altered in this manner:

" A pill to purge the pride of pagan patches,
" A lozenge for the lust of loytring love,
" And balsoms for the bites of Babel's beast:
" With many," &c.

Elder Pallatine. Well, 'tis your turn to labour now, and mine
Anon. For your dear sakes, gentlemen, I profess---
Pert. My friend shall wait upon you to your sheets,
Whilst I go and conduct the lady hither;
Whom, if your holy doctrine cannot well
Reclaim, pray hazard not her life; you have
A body, sir.
Elder Pallatine. O think me not cruel.
[*Exeunt Meager, Elder Pallatine.*
Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE.
Pert. Pall! come in, Pall.
Younger Pallatine. Is he in bed,?
Pert. Not yet;
But stripping in more haste than an old snake
That hopes for a new skin.
Younger Pallatine. If we could laugh
In our coffin, Pert, this would be a jest
Long after death. He is so eager in
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.
Pert. O all he swallows, sir, is melting conserve,
And soft Indian plum. Meager, what news?
Enter MEAGER.
Meager. Laid, gently laid; he is all virgin, sure,
From the crown of's head, to his very navel.
Younger Pallatine. Where are his breeches? speak; his hatband too;
'Tis of grand price, the stones are rosial, and
Of the white rock.
Meager. I hung 'em purposely
Aside, they are all within my reach: shall I in?
Younger Pallatine. Soft; softly my false fiend: remember, rogue,
You tread on glasses, eggs, and gouty toes.---
[*Meager takes out his hat and breeches: the pockets and hatband rifled, they throw them in again.*
Meager. Hold, Pall; th' exchequer is thine own: we will
Divide when thou art gracious and well pleas'd.

Younger Pallatine. All gold! the stalls of Lombard-street pour'd into a purse!

Pert. These, dear Pall, are thy brother's goodly hoards.

Younger Pallatine. Yes, and his proud flocks; but you see what they
Come to; a little room contains them all
At last. So, so, convey them in again:
Because he is my elder brother,
My mother's maidenhead, and a country wit,
He shall not be expos'd to bare thighs, and a
Bald crown*: What noise is that?

[*Knocking within; Pert looks at the door.*

Pert. Death! there's old Snore
The constable, his wife, a regiment of halberbs,
And mistress Queasy too, the landlady
That owns this house.

Meager. Belike th' ave heard our friend,
The bawd, fled hence last night; and now they come
To seize on moveables for rent.

Younger Pallatine. The bed within, and th' hangings that we hir'd
To furnish our design, are all condemn'd:
My brother too, they'll use him with as thin
Remorse, as an old gamester would an alderman's heir.

Pert. No matter, our adventure's paid. Follow,
Pall, and I'll lead you a back way, where you
Shall climb o'er tiles, like cats when they make love.

Younger Pallatine. Now I shall laugh at those that heap up wealth
By lazy method and slow rules of thrift:
I'm grown the child of wit, and can advance
Myself, by being votary to chance. [*Exeunt.*

* The stage direction of "they throw them in again," above inserted, is obviously in the wrong place, as the hat and breeches of the Elder Pallatine ought not to be returned until the Younger Pallatine has given the order for doing so. C.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter SNORE, MISTRESS SNORE, QUEASY, *and* WATCHMEN.

Mistress Snore. Days o' my breath, I have not seen the like!
What would you have my husband do? 'tis past
One by Bow, and the bell-man has gone twice.
Queasy. Good master Snore, you are the constable,
You may do it, as they say, be it right or wrong.
'Tis four years' rent, come Childermas-eve next.
Snore. You see, neighbour Queasy, the doors are open;
Here's no goods, no bawd left; I'ld see the bawd.
Mistress Snore. Aye, or the whores: my husband's the king's officer,
And still takes care, I warrant you, of bawds
And whores; shew him but a whore at this time
O'night, good man, you bring a bed i'faith.
Queasy. I pray, mistress Snore, let him search the parish,
They re not gone far, I must have my rent.
I hope there are whores and bawds in the parish.
Mistress Snore. Search now! it is too late; a woman had
As good marry a colestaff* as a constable,
If he must nothing but search and search, follow
His whores and bawds all day, and never comfort
His wife at night. I pr'ythee, lamb, let us to bed.
Snore. It must be late; for gossip Nock, the nailman,
Had catechis'd his maids, and sung three catches
And a song, ere we set forth.
Queasy. Good mistress Snore, forbear your husband but
To-night, and let the search go on.
Mistress Snore. I will not forbear; you might ha' let your house
To honest women, not to bawds. Fie upon you.
Queasy. Fie upon me! 'tis well known I'm the mother

* See note 31 to *The Widow's Tears*, vol. VI. C.

Of children, scurvy fleak[31]! 'tis not for naught
You boil eggs in your gruel; and your man Sampson
Owes my son-in-law, the surgeon, ten groats
For turpentine, which you have promis'd to pay
Out of his Christmas box.

Mistress Snore I defy thee.
Remember thy first calling; thou set'st up
With a peck of damsons and a new sieve;
When thou brok'st at Dowgate corner, 'cause the boys
Flung down thy ware.

Snore. Keep the peace, wife; keep the peace.

Mistress Snore. I will not peace: she took my silver thimble
To pawn, when I was a maid; I paid her
A penny a month use.

Queasy. A maid! yes, sure;
By that token, goody Tongue, the midwife,
Had a dozen napkins o' your mother's best
Diaper, to keep silence, when she said
She left you at Saint Peter's fair, where you
Long'd for pig. *

Snore. Neighbour Queasy, this was not
In my time: what my wife hath done since I

[31] *scurvy fleak.*] A fleak of bacon, is the same as a flitch of bacon. S.

* Formerly the chief entertainments at fairs were *pigs* roasted in booths erected for that purpose. The practice continued until the beginning of the present century, if not later. It is mentioned in Ned Ward's *London Spy*, 1697; and when, about the year 1708, some propositions were made to limit the duration of Bartholomew Fair to three days, a poem was printed, intitled, "*The Pigs' Petition against Bartholomew Fair, with their humble thanks to those unworthy preservers of so much innocent blood.*" In Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, Mrs. Ursula, the *Pig-woman*, is no inconsiderable character.

Again, *D'Avenant's poem on the long Vacation in London*, fo. edit. 290.

"Now London's chief, on sadle new,
"Rides into Fare of Bartholemew:
"He twirles his chain, and looketh big,
"As if to fright the head of *pig*,
"That gaping lies on greasy stall,
"Till female with great belly call."

Was constable, and the king's officer,
I'll answer; therefore, I say, keep the peace:
And when w' have search'd the two back rooms, I'll to bed.
Peace, wife; not a word. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ELDER PALLATINE, *cloathing himself in haste.*

Elder Pallatine. 'Tis time to get on wings and fly:
Here's a noise of thunder, wolves, women, drums,
All that's confus'd, and frights the ear. I heard
Them cry out bawds! the sweet young lady is
Surpris'd sure, by the nice slave her husband,
Or some old frosty matron of near kin;
And the good gentlemen sh' employ'd to me
Are tortur'd and call'd bawds. If I am ta'en,
I'll swear I purpos'd her conversion.

Enter SNORE, *Mistress* SNORE, QUEASY, *and* WATCHMEN.

Snore. Here's a room hung, and a fair bed within:
I take it there's the he-bawd too.

Queasy. Seize on the lewd thing;
I pray, Master Snore, seize on the goods too.

Mistress Snore. Who would not be a bawd? they have proper men
To their husbands; and she maintains him
Like any parish deputy.

Elder Pallatine. What are you?

Snore. I am the constable.

Elder Pallatine. Good; the constable!
I begin to stroke my long ears, and find
I am an ass: such a dull ass, as deserves
Thistles for provender, and saw-dust too
Instead of grains: O I am finely gull'd.

Mistress Snore. Truly, as proper a bawd, as a woman
Would desire to use.

Elder Pallatine. Master constable,
Though these your squires o' th' blade and bill,
Seem to be courteous gentlemen, and well taught,
Yet I would know why they embrace me.

Snore. You owe my neighbour, Mistress Queasy, four years rent.

Queasy. Yes, and for three bed ticks, and a brass pot,
Which your wife promis'd me to pay this term;
For now, she said, sh' expects her country customers.

Elder Pallatine. My wife! have I been led to the altar too,
By some doughty deacon? ta'en woman by
The pretty thumb, and given her a ring,
With my dear self, for better and for worse,
And all in a forgotten dream? But for whom
Do you take me?

Snore. For the he-bawd.

Elder Pallatine. Good faith, you may as soon
Take me for a whale, which is something rare,
You know, o' this side the bridge.

Mistress Snore. 'Tis indeed;
Yet our Paul was in the belly of one,
In my Lord Mayor's shew; and, husband, you remember,
He beckoned you out of the fish's mouth,
And you gave him a pippin, for the poor soul
Had like to have choak'd for very thirst.

Elder Pallatine. I saw it, and cry'd out
O' th' city, 'cause they would not be at charge
To let the fish swim in a deeper sea.

Mistress Snore. Indeed! why, I was but a tiny girl then;
I pray how long have you been a bawd here?

Elder Pallatine. Again! how the devil
Am I chang'd, since my own glass rendered me
A gentleman? Well, master constable,
Though every stall's your worship's wooden throne,
Here you are humble, and o' foot, therefore
I will put on my hat; pray reach it me---
[*Misses his diamond hatband.*
Death! my hatband! a row of diamonds
Worth a thousand marks! nay, it is time then

To doubt, and tremble too. My gold! my gold! —
And precious stones! [*Searches his pockets.*
Mistress Snore. Do you suspect my husband?
He hath no need o' your stones, I praise Heaven!
Elder Pallatine. A plague upon your courteous midnight leaders!
Good silly saints, they are dividing now,
And ministering, no doubt, unto the poor.
This will decline the reputation of
My wit, till I be thought to have a less head
Than a justice o' peace. If Morglay hear't,
He'll think me dull as a Dutch mariner.
No med'cine now from thought?---Good; 'tis design'd.
Snore. Come along, 'tis late.
Elder Pallatine Whither must I go?
Queasy. To the compter, sir, unless my rent be paid.
Snore. And for being a bawd.
Elder Pallatine. Confin'd in wainscot walls too,
Like a liquorish rat, for nibbling
Unlawfully upon forbidden cheese!
This, to the other sauce, is aloes and myrrh.
But, master constable, do you behold this ring?
It is worth all the bells in your church-steeple,
Though your sexton and side-men hung there too,
To better the peal.
Snore. Well, what's your request?
Elder Pallatine. Marry, that you will let me go to fetch
The bawd, the very bawd that owes this rent;
Who being brought, you shall restore my ring,
And believe me to be an arrant gentleman,
Such as in's scutcheon gives horns, hounds, and hawks,
Hunting nags, with tall eaters in blue coats,
Sans number.
Queasy. Pray let him go, Master Snore;
We'll stay and keep the goods.
Mistress Snore. Yes, let him, husband;
For I would fain see a very he-bawd.
Snore. Come, neighbours, light him out. [*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, LADY AMPLE, PERT, LUCY, GINET, ENGINE, *with lights.*

Ample. A forest full of palms, thy lover, Luce,
Merits in garlands for his victory.
I'm wild with joy! why there was wit enough
In this design to bring a ship o' fools[32]
To shore again, and make them all good pilots.

Younger Pallatine. Madam, this gentleman deserves to share
In your kind praise: he was a merry agent
In the whole plot, and would exalt himself
To your ladyship's service; if you please,
For my humble sake, unto your lip too.

[*Pert salutes her.*

Ample. Sir, you are friend to Pallatine,
And that entitles you unto much worth.

Pert. The title will be better'd, madam, when
I am become a servant to your beauty.

Lucy. Why your confederate Pert, is courtly too;
He will out-tongue a favourite of France.
But didst thou leave thy brother surfeiting
On lewd hopes?

Younger Pallatine. He believes all womankind
Dress'd, and ordain'd for th' mercy of his tooth.

Ample. And now lies stretch'd in his smooth slippery sheets?

Younger Pallatine. O, like a wanton snake on camomile;
And rifled to so sad remains of wealth,
That, if his resolution still disdain
Supplyment from his lands, and he resolve
To live here by his wits, he will, ere long,
Betroth himself to radish-women for
Their roots, pledge children in their sucking-bottles,
And, in dark winter mornings, rob small school-boys
Of their honey and their bread.

Pert. Faith, Meager and I us'd him with as much

[32] *a ship o' fools.*] Alluding to the title of an allegorical poem, mentioned in note 41 to Rob. Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.*

Remorse as our occasions could allow.
'Las, he must think we shreds of time
Have our occasions too.

Younger Pallatine. What, madam, need he care?
For let him but prove kind unto his bulls,
Bring them their heifers when their crests are high;
Stroke his fair ewes, and pimp a little for
His rams, they straight will multiply; and then
The next great fair prepares him fit again
For th' city's view, and our surprise.

Ample. Why this, young gentleman, hath relish in't:
Yet when you understand the dark and deep
Contrivements which myself, Engine, and Lucy,
Have laid for this great witty villager,
To whom you bow, as foremost of your blood;
You will degrade yourselves from all prerogatives
Above our sex, and all those pretty marks
Of manhood (your trim beards) singe off with tapers,
As a just sacrifice to our supremacy.

Lucy. If Sir Tyrant Thrift, your phlegmatic guardian,
Leave but this mansion our's till the next sun,
We'll make your haughty brother tremble at
The name of woman, and blush behind a fan,
Like a yawning bride, that hath foul teeth.

Engine. Madam, 'tis time you were abed; for sure, besides
The earnest invitation which I left,
Writ in his chamber, these afflictions will
Disturb his rest, and bring him early hither
To recover his sick hopes.

Enter MEAGER.

Younger Pallatine. Meager! what news? Madam, the homage of
Your lip again: a man o' war, believ't;
One that hath fasted in the face of's foe;
Seen Spinola[33] intrench'd; sometimes hath spread

[33] *Seen Spinola.*] The Marquis of Spinola conducted the celebrated siege of Ostend, mentioned in note 53 to the first part of *the Honest Whore*, vol. III. He also invested Bergen in 1623, but without

His butter at the state's charge; sometimes too
Fed on a sallad that hath grown upon
The enemy's own land: but, pardon me,
Without or oil, or vinegar.

Ample. Sir, men in choler may do any thing.

Meager. Your ladyship will excuse his new plenty;
It hath made him pleasant.

Younger Pallatine. Meager! what news? how do our spies prosper?

Meager. Sir, rare discoveries! I've trac'd your brother:
You shall hear more anon.

Ginet. Your ladyship forgets how early your
Designs will waken you.

Engine. Madam, I'ld fain be
Bold too, to hasten you unto your rest.

Ample. 'Tis late, indeed; the silence of the night,
And sleep be with you, gentlemen!

[*Exeunt Ample, Ginet, Engine.*

Younger Pallatine. Madam, good night: but our heads never were
Ordain'd to so much trivial leisure as
To sleep. You may as soon entreat
A sexton sleep in's belfry when the plague reigns,
An aged sinner in a tempest, or
A jealous statesman when his prince is dying.

Lucy. Pray dismiss your friends, I would speak with you.

Younger Pallatine. Men o' the puissant pike, follow the lights. [*Exeunt Meager, Pert.*

Lucy. Pall, you are as good-natur'd to me, Pall,
As the wife of a silenc'd minister
Is to a monarchy*, or to lewd gallants,
That have lost a nose.

Younger Pallatine. And why so, dame Luce?

success, for after remaining before it for some time he found himself obliged to raise the siege.

* Qy. ought we not to read,

As the wife of a silenc'd minister
Is to a *monarch*.

Lucy. So many yellow images at once
Assembled in your fist, and jewels too
Of goodly price, all this free booty got
In lawful war, and I no tribute, Pall?
Younger Pallatine. What need it, Luce? a virgin may live cheap:
Th' are maintain'd with as small charge as a wren
With maggots, in a cheesemonger's shop.
Lucy. Well, Pall, and yet you know all my extremes:
How for a little taffata to line
A mask, I'm fain to mollify my mercer
With a soft whisper, and a tim'rous blush;
To sigh unto my milliner for gloves,
That they may trust, and not complain unto my aunt,
Who is as jealous of me as their wives; and all
Through your demeanor, Pall: whose kindness, I
Perceive, will raise me to such dignity,
That I must teach children in a dark cellar,
Or work coifs in a garret for crack'd groats
And broken meat.
Younger Pallatine. Luce, I will give thee, Luce, to buy—
Lucy. What, Pall?
Younger Pallatine. An ounce of ars'nick to mix in thy aunt's caudles.
This aunt I must see cold and grinning, Luce,
Seal'd t' her last wink, as if she clos'd her eyes
T' avoid the sight of feathers, coaches, and short cloaks.
Lucy. How many angels of your family
Are there in heaven? but few, I fear; and how
You'll be the first, that shall entitle them
To such high calling, is to me a doubt.
Younger Pallatine. Why is there never a pew there, Luce, but for
Your coughing aunt and you?
Lucy. Hadst thou eyes like flaming beacons, crook'd horns,
A tail three yards long, and thy feet cloven,
Thou couldst not be more a fiend than thou art now;
But to advance thy sins with being hard,

And costive unto me!

Younger Pallatine. You lie, Luce! you lie!
[*Flings her a purse.*
There's gold; the fairies are thy mintmen, girl;
Of this thou shalt have store enough to make
The hungry academics mention thee
In evening lectures, with applause and prayer.
A foundress thou shalt be.

Lucy. Of hospitals,
For your decayed self, Meager, and Pert,
Those wealthy usurers, your poor friends.

Younger Pallatine. A nunnery, Luce, where all the female issue
Of our decay'd nobility shall live
Thy pensioners: it will preserve them from
Such want, as makes them quarter arms with th' city,
And match with saucy haberdashers' sons,
Whose fathers liv'd in allies and dark lanes.

Lucy. Good night, Pall: your gold I'll lay up, though but
T' encounter the next surgeon's bill; yet know,
Our wits are plowing too, and in a ground
That yields as fair a grain as this.

Younger Pallatine. Farewel, and let me hear thy aunt is stuck
With more bay leaves and rosemary than a
Westphalia gammon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ELDER PALLATINE, *and* THWACK *dressing himself.*

Elder Pallatine. Quick, dispatch, knight; thou art as tedious in
Thy dressing as a court bride: two ships might
Be rigg'd for the Streights in less space than thou
Careenest that same old hulk. Can it be thought
That one so fill'd with hope and wise designs
Could be subdu'd with sleep? what! dull, and drowsy?
Keep earlier hours than a roost hen in winter?

Thwack. Pallatine, the design grew all dream, magic,
And alchymy to me; I gave it lost.

Clove to my soft pillow like a warm justice,
And slept there with less noise than a dead lawyer
In a monument.

Elder Pallatine. This is the house; dispatch, that I may knock.

Thwack. 'Slight, stay; thou think'st I've the dexterity
Of a spaniel, that with a yawn, a scratch
On his left ear, and stretching his hind legs,
Is ready for all day. O for the Biscayn sleeve,
And Bulloin hose, I wore when I was sheriff
In eighty-eight!

Elder Pallatine. Faith thou art comely, knight;
And I already see the town girls melt,
And thaw before thee.

Thwack. We must be content.
Thou know'st all men are bound to wear their limbs
I' th' same skin that nature bestows upon them,
Be it rough or be it smooth; for my part,
If she to whom you lead me now, like not
The grain of mine, I will not flea myself
T' humour the touch of her ladyship's fingers.

Elder Pallatine. Well, I had thought t' have carry'd it with youth;
But when I came to greet her beauties with
The eyes of love and wonder, she despis'd me,
Rebuk'd those haughty squires, her servants, that
Convey'd me thither in mistake, and cry'd,
She meant the more authentic gentleman,
The rev'rend monsieur, she.

Thwack. The rev'rend monsieur!
Why, does she take me for a French dean?

Elder Pallatine. Her confessor, at least: her secrets are
Thine own; but by what charms attain'd,
Let him determine that has read Agrippa[34].

Thwack. Charms! yes, sir, if this be a charm---or this--- [*Leaps and frisks.*

[34] *Agrippa*] *Cornelius Agrippa*, who wrote concerning wonderful secrets, &c.

Or here again, t' advance th' activity
Of a poor old back.
Elder Pallatine. No ape, Sir Morglay,
After a year's obedience to the whip,
Is better qualify'd.
Thwack. Limber, and sound, sir!
Besides, I sing Little Musgrove[35]; and then
For the Chevy Chase, no lark comes near me:
If she be ta'en with these, why, at her peril be't.
Elder Pallatine. Come, sir, dispatch; I'll knock, for here's the house.
Thwack. Stay, stay; this lane, sure, has no great renown;
The house too, if the moon reveal't aright,
May, for it's small magnificence, be left,
For aught we know, out of the city map.
Elder Pallatine. Therein consists the miracle; and when
The doors shall ope, and thou behold how lean
And ragged every room appears, till thou
Hast reach'd the sphere where she, illustrious, moves,
Thy wonder will be more perplex'd: for, know,
This mansion is not her's, but a conceal'd
Retirement, which her wisdom safely chose
To hide her loose love.
Thwack. Give me a baggage that has brains!---but, Pallatine,
Did not I at first persuade thee, those two
Trim gentlemen, her squires, might happily
Mistake the person unto whom the message was
Dispos'd, and that myself was he?
Elder Pallatine. Thou didst; and thou hast got, knight, by this hand,
I think, the Mogul's niece: she cannot be
Of less descent, the height and strangeness of
Her port denote her foreign, and of great blood.
Thwack. What should the Mogul's niece do here?
Elder Pallatine. 'Las, thy ears are buried in a wool-sack;

[35] *Little Musgrove.*] See the ballad in Dr. *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 3. p. 64.

Thou hear'st no news; 'tis all the voice in court,
That she is sent hither in disguise, to learn
To play on the guittar, and make almond-butter.
But whether this great lady that I bring
Thee to, be she, is yet not quite confirm'd.°

Thwack. Thou talk'st o' th' high and strange comportment that
Thou found'st her in.

Elder Pallatine. Right, sir; she sat on a rich Persian quilt,
Threading a carcanet of pure round pearl,
Bigger than pigeons' eggs.

Thwack. Those I will sell.

Elder Pallatine. Her maids, with little rods of rosemary,
And stalks of lavender, were brushing ermines' skins.

Thwack. Furs for the winter; I'll line my breeches with them.

Elder Pallatine. Her young smooth pages lay round at her feet,
Cloath'd like the Sophy's sons, and all at dice:
The caster six wedges a cubit long,
Cries one; another comes, a tun of pistolets,
And then is cover'd with an argosie
Laden with indigo and cochineal.

Thwack. This must be the great Mogul's niece.

Elder Pallatine. As for her grooms, they all were planted on
Their knees, carousing their great lady's health
In perfum'd wines; and then straight qualify'd
Their wild voluptuous heats with cool sherbet,
The Turk's own julep.

Thwack. Knock, Pallatine;
Quick, rogue; I cannot hold. Little thought I
The Thwacks of the north should inoculate
With the Moguls of the south! [*Pallatine knocks.*

Enter SNORE.

Elder Pallatine. Speak softly, master constable; I've brought
The very he-bawd.

Snore. Blessing on your heart, sir!
My watch are above at Trea Trip[36] for a
Black pudding and a pound o' Suffolk cheese;
They'll ha' done straight: pray fetch him to me,
I'll call them down, and lead him to a by-room.
Thwack. Pallatine, what's he?
Elder Pallatine. The lady's steward, sir,
A sage philosopher, and a grave pander.
One that hath writ bawdy sonnets in Hebrew,
And those so well, that if the rabbins were
Alive, 'tis thought he would corrupt their wives.
Follow me, knight.
Thwack. Pallatine,
Half the large treasure that I get is your's.
Elder Pallatine. Good faith, my friend, when you are once possess'd
Of all, 'tis as your conscience will vouchsafe.
Thwack. Dost thou suspect? I'll stay here till thou fetch
A bible and a cushion, and swear kneeling.
Elder Pallatine. My faith shall rather cozen me. Walk in
With this philosopher.---No words, for he's
A Pythagorean[37], and professes silence.
My ring, master constable. ——
[*Snore gives him his ring, and then exit with Thwack.*
Here yet my reputation's safe: should he
Have heard of my mischance, and not accompany'd
With this defeat upon himself, his mirth
And tyranny had been 'bove human sufferance.
Now for the Lady Ample; she, I guess,
Looks on me with strong fervent eyes: she's rich,
And, could I work her into profit, 'twould
Procure my wit immortal memory.
But to be gull'd! and by such trifles too,
Dull humble gentlemen, that ne'er drunk wine
But on some coronation-day, when each

[36] *Trea Trip.*] See note 19 to *The City Match*, vol. IX.
[37] *A Pythagorean.*] Alluding to the seven years silence imposed by Pythagoras on his disciples.

Conduit pisses claret at the town charge.
Well, though 'tis worse than steel or marble to
Digest, yet I have learn'd, one stop in a
Career, taints not a rider with disgrace;
But may procure him breath to win the race. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, ENGINE, MEAGER, PERT; *Pallatine richly cloath'd.*

Engine. Your brother's in the house; the letter which
I sent to tempt him hither, wrought above
The reach of our desires. My lady, sir,
He does believe is sick to death, and all
In languishment for his dear love.

Younger Pallatine. Pert and Meager, though you have both good faces,
They must not be seen here: there is below
A brother o' mine, whom, I take it, you
Have us'd not over tenderly.

Meager. 'Slight, he must needs remember us.

Pert. We'll sooner stay t' out-face a basilisk.
Whither shall we go?

Younger Pallatine. To Snore the constable: Morglay is still
A prisoner in his house; take order for's
Release, as I projected; but, d' you hear?
He must not free him till I come.

Pert. Pall, will the dull ruler of the night, Pall,
Obey thy edict?

Younger Pallatine. His wife will, and she's his constable;
Name me but to her, and she does homage.

Meager. Enough, we will attend thee there.

Engine. This way, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Engine, Pert, Meager.*

Enter ELDER PALLATINE.

Elder Pallatine. What's this? an apparition, a ghost embroider'd?

Sure he has got the devil for his taylor.

Younger Pallatine. Good morrow, brother, morrow.

Elder Pallatine. You are in glory, sir; I like this flourishing.

The lily, too, looks handsome for a month;
But you, I hope, will last out the whole year.

Younger Pallatine. What flourishing? O sir, belike you mean
My cloaths: th' are rags, coarse, homely rags, believ't;
Yet they will serve for th' winter, sir, when I
Ride post in Sussex ways.

Elder Pallatine. This gaiety denotes
Some solitary treasure in the pocket,
And so you may become a lender too.
You know I'm far from home.

Younger Pallatine. I'll lend nothing, but good counsel and wit.

Elder Pallatine. Why sure you have no factors, sir, in Delph,
Leghorn, Aleppo, or th' Venetian Isles,
That by their traffick can advance you thus;
Nor do you trade i' th' city by retail
In our small wares: all that you get by law,
Is but a doleful execution
After arrest; and for your power in court,
I know, your stockings being on, you are
Admitted in the presence.

Younger Pallatine. What does this infer, brother?
Men of design are chary of their minutes;
Be quick and subtle.

Elder Pallatine. The inference is,
You prosper by my documents; and what
You have atchiev'd, must be by your good wits.

Younger Pallatine. If you had had a sybil to your nurse,
You could not, sir, have aim'd nearer the truth.
I saw your ears and bags were shut to all
Intents of bounty, therefore was inforc'd
Into this way: and 'twas at first somewhat
Against my conscience too.

Elder Pallatine. If not to vex
The zealous spirit in you, I would know why?
Younger Pallatine. Good faith I've search'd records, and cannot find
That Magna Charta does allow a subject
To live by his wits: there is no statute for't.
Elder Pallatine. Your common lawyer was no antiquary.
Younger Pallatine. And then, credit me, sir, the canons of
The church authorize no such thing.
Elder Pallatine. You have met with a dull civilian too.
Younger Pallatine. Yet, brother, these impediments cannot
Choak up my way; I must still on.
Elder Pallatine. And you believe the stories of young heirs
Enforc'd to sign at midnight, to appease
The sword-man's wrath, may be out-done by you.
Younger Pallatine. I were unkind else to my own good parts.
Elder Pallatine. And that your wit has power to tempt from the
Severe, grave bench, the aldermen themselves,
To rifle where you please, for scarfs, feathers,
And for race nags.
Younger Pallatine. It is believ'd sir, in a trice.
Elder Pallatine. And that your wit can lead our rev'rend matrons,
And testy widows of fourscore, to seal
(And in their smocks) for frail commodities
To elevate your punk.
Younger Pallatine. All this, sir, is so easy,
My faith would swallow't, though't had a sore throat.
Elder Pallatine. Give me thy hand. This day I'll cut off the entail
Of all my lands, and disinherit thee.
Younger Pallatine. Will you, sir? I thank ye.

Elder Pallatine. But mark me, brother: for there's justice in't
Admits of no reproof: what should you do
With land, that have a portion in your brain
Above all legacies or heritage?
Younger Pallatine. I conceive you.
Elder Pallatine. O to live here i' th' fair metropolis
Of our great isle, a free inheritor
Of ev'ry modest, or voluptuous wish
Thy young desires can breathe; and not oblig'd
To th' plow-man's toils, or lazy reaper's sweat;
To make the world thy farm, and ev'ry man
Less witty than thyself, tenant for life;
These are the glories that proclaim a true
Philosophy and soul in him that climbs
To reach them with neglect of fame and life.
Younger Pallatine. He carries it bravely: As he had felt
Nothing that fits his own remorse: but know,
Sir Eagle, th' higher that you fly, the less
You will appear to us, dim-sighted fowl,
That flutter here below. Brother, farewel.
They say the lady of this house groans for
Your love: the tame sick fool is rich, let not
Your pride beguile your profit. [*Exit.*
Elder Pallatine. I suspect him. Not all the skill I have
In reason or in nature, can pronounce
Him free from the defeat upon my gold
And jewels; 'twas like a brother: but for
His two confederates, though I should meet
Them in a mist, darker than night or southern fens
Produce, my eyes would be so courteous, sure,
To let me know them.
Enter LADY AMPLE, *carried in as sick on a couch;* LUCY, ENGINE, GINET.
Engine. Room! more air! if heavenly ministers
Have leisure to consider or assist
The best of ladies, let them shew it now!

Lucy. How do you, madam? Oh, I shall lose
The chief example of internal love,
Of gentle grace and feature, that the world
Did ever shew, to dignify our sex.
Engine. Work on; I must stand centinel beneath.
[*Exit.*
Elder Pallatine. Is her disease grown up to such extremity?
Then it is time I seem to suffer too,
Or else my hopes will prove sicker than she.
Lucy. More cruel than the panther on his prey,
Why speak you not? no comfort from your lips?
You, sir, that are the cause of this sad hour.
Ginet. He stands as if his legs had taken root,
A very mandrake.[38]
Elder Pallatine. How comes it, lady, all these beauties that
But yesterday did seem to teach
The spring to flourish and rejoice, so soon
Are wither'd from our sight.
Ample. It is in vain t'inquire the reason of
That grief, whose remedy is past. Had you
But felt so much remorse, or softness in
Your heart, as would have made you nobly just
And pitiful, the mourners of this day
Had wanted then their dead to weep upon.
Elder Pallatine. Am I the cause? forbid it, gentle Heaven!
The virgins of our land, when this is told,
Will raze the monumental building where
My buried flesh shall dwell, and throw my dust
Before the sportive winds, till I am blown
About in parcels, less than eye-sight can
Discern.
Lucy. She listens to you, sir.
Elder Pallatine. If I am guilty of neglect,
Give me a taste of duty, name how far
I shall submit to love: the mind hath no

[38] *A very mandrake.*] See note 6 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Disease above recovery, if we
Have courage to remove despair.
Ample. O, sir, the pride and scorns with which you first
Did entertain my passions and regard,
Have worn my easy heart away: my breast
Is emptier than mine eyes, that have distill'd
Their balls to funeral dew. It is too late.
Lucy. Ginet, my fears have in them too much prophecy;
I told thee she would ne'er recover.
Ginet. For my poor part, I wish no easier bed
At night, than the cold grave where she must lie.
Ample. Luce, Luce! intreat the gentleman to sit.
Lucy. Sit near her, sir; you hear her voice grows weak.
Ample. That you may see your scorns could not persuade
My love to thoughts of danger or revenge,
The faint remainder of my breath I'll waste
In legacies, and, sir, to you; you shall
Have all the laws will suffer me to give.
Elder Pallatine. Who, I? sweet saint, take heed of your last deeds;
Your bounty carries cunning murder in't:
I shall be kill'd with kindness, and depart
Weeping, like a fond infant, whom the nurse
Would soothe too early to his bed.
Lucy. Nay, sir, no remedy; you must have all.
Though you procur'd her death, the world shall not
Report she died beholden to you.
Ginet. Go to her, sir, she'll speak with you again.
Ample. Sir, if mine eyes, in all their health and glory,
Had not the power to warm you into love,
Where are my hopes, now they are dim, and have
Almost forgot the benefit of light?
Elder Pallatine. Not love! lady! Queen of my heart! what oaths
Or execrations can persuade your faith

From such a cruel jealousy?

Ample. I'd have some testimony, sir; if but
T' assure the world, my love, and bounty at
My death, were both conferr'd on one that shew'd
So much requital, as declares he was
Of gentle human race.

Elder Pallatine. What shall I do?
Prescribe me dangers now, horrid as those
Which midnight fires beget in cities overgrown,
Or winter storms produce at sea; and try
How far my love will make me venture to
Augment th' esteem of your's.

Ample. That trial of your love which I request,
Implies no danger, sir: 'tis not in me
T' urge any thing, but what your own desires
Would chuse.

Elder Pallatine. Name it: like eager mastiffs, chain'd
From the encounter of their game, my hot
Fierce appetite diminisheth my strength.

Ample. 'Tis only this: for fear some other should
Enjoy you when I'm cold in my last sleep,
I would entreat you to sit here, grow sick,
Languish, and die with me.

Elder Pallatine. How! die with you!
[*Takes Lucy aside.*
'Twere fit you hasten'd her to write down all
She can bestow, and in some form of law.
I fear she's mad; her senses are so lost,
She'll never find them to her use again.

Lucy. I pray sir, why?

Elder Pallatine. Did you not hear what a fantastic suit
She makes, that I would sit and die with her?

Lucy. Does this request seem strange? you will do little
For a lady, that deny to bring her
Onward her last journey; or is't your thrift?
Alas, you know, souls travel without charge.

Elder Pallatine. Her little skull is tainted too.

Ample. Is he not willing, Luce?
Elder Pallatine. My best, dear lady, I am willing to
Resign myself to any thing but death.
Do not suspect my kindness now: in troth
I've business upon earth, will hold me here
At least a score or two of years; but, when
That's done, I am content to follow you.
Ample. If this persuasion cannot reach at your
Consent, yet let me witness so much love
In you, as may enforce you languish and
Decay, for my departure from your sight.
Lucy. Can you do less than languish for her death?
Sit down here, and begin. True sorrow, sir,
If you have any in your breast, will quickly
Bring you low enough.
Elder Pallatine. Alas, good ladies, do you think my languishment
And grief is to begin upon me now?
Heaven knows how I have pin'd and groan'd, since first
Your letter gave me knowledge of the cause.
Lucy. It is not seen, sir, in your face.
Elder Pallatine. My face! I grant you; I bate inwardly:
I'm scorch'd and dry'd, with sighing, to a mummy:
My heart and liver are not big enough
To choak a daw. A lamb laid on the altar for
A sacrifice, hath much more entrails in't.
Lucy. Yet still your sorrow alters not your face.
Elder Pallatine. Why no; I say no man that ever was
Of nature's making, hath a face moulded
With less help for hypocrisy, than mine.
Ginet. Great pity, sir.
Elder Pallatine. Though I endur'd the diet and the flux,
Lay seven days buried up to th' lips like a
Deceas'd sad Indian, in warm sand, whilst his
Afflicted female wipes his salt foam off
With her own hair, feeds him with buds of guacum
For his sallad, and pulp of salsa for

His bread: I say, all this endur'd, would not
Concern my face. Nothing can decline that.

Ample. Yet you are us'd, sir, to bate inwardly?

Elder Pallatine. More than heirs unlanded, or unjointur'd wives.

Enter ENGINE.

Engine. What shall we do? Sir Tyrant Thrift's come home.

Elder Pallatine. Sir Tyrant Thrift!

Lucy. My lady's guardian, sir.

Ample. He meets th' expected hour, just to my wish.

Lucy. What, hath he brought a husband for my lady?

Engine. There is a certain one-legg'd gentleman,
Whose better half of limbs is wood; for whom
Kind nature did provide no hands, to prevent
Stealing; and to augment his gracefulness,
He's crooked as a witch's pin.

Lucy. Is he so much wood?

Engine. So much, that if my lady were in health,
And married to him, as her guardian did
Propose, we should have an excellent generation
Of bed-staves.

Lucy. When does he come?

Engine. To-night, if his slow litter will consent;
For they convey him tenderly, lest his
Sharp bones should grate together. Sir Pallatine,
I wish you could escape my master's sight.

Elder Pallatine. Is he coming hither?

Engine. He's at the door. My lady's sickness was
No sooner told him, but he straight projects
To proffer her a will of his own making:
He means, sir, to be heir of all. If he
Should see you here, he would suspect my loyalty,
And doubt you for some cunning instrument,
That means to interrupt his covetous hopes.

Elder Pallatine. Then I'll be gone.

Engine. No, sir; he needs must meet you in
Your passage down: besides, it is not fit
For you, and your great hopes, with my dependency

On both, to have you absent when my lady dies:
I know you must have all. Sir, I could wish
That we might hide you here.—
Draw out the chest within, that's big enough
To hold you. It were dangerous to have
My lady's guardian to find you sir.

[*They draw in a chest.*

Elder Pallatine. How! laid up like a brush'd gown, under lock
And key! by this good light, not I.

Lucy. O sir, if but to save the honour of
Your mistress' fame: what will he think to see
So comely, and so straight a gentleman
Converse here with a lady in her chamber?
And in a time that makes for his suspicion too,
When he's from home.

Elder Pallatine. I hate inclosure, I;
It is the humour of a distress'd rat.

Ginet. It is retirement, sir; and you'll come forth
Again so sage!

Ample. Sir Pallatine!

Lucy. Your lady calls, sir; to her, and be kind.

Ample. Will you permit the last of all my hours
Should be defil'd with infamy, proclaim'd
By lewder tongues to be unchaste, ev'n at
My death? What will my guardian guess, to find
You here?

Elder Pallatine. No more, I'll in; but think on't, gentle lady;
First to bate inwardly, and then to have
My outward person shut thus and inclos'd
From day-light, and your company; I say,
But think, if't be not worse than death.

[*He enters the chest.*

Ample. Lock him up, Luce, safe as thy maidenhead.

Enter Sir TYRANT THRIFT.

Thrift. Engine, where's my charge, Engine, my dear charge?

Engine. Sick, as I told you, sir; and lost to all
The hope that earthly med'cine can procure.

Her physicians have taken their last fees,
And then went hence, shaking their empty heads,
As they had left less brain than hope.

Thrift. Alas, poor charge! come, let me see her, Engine.

Lucy. At distance, sir, I pray; for I have heard
Your breath is somewhat sour with overfasting, sir,
On holy-day eves.

Thrift. Ha! what is she, Engine?

Engine. A pure good soul, one that your ward desir'd,
For love and kindred's sake, t' have near her at
Her death; she'll outwatch a long rush candle,
And reads to her all night the Posy of
Spiritual flowers.*

Thrift. Does she not gape for legacies?

Engine. Fie, no: there's a cornelian ring, perhaps,
She aims at, cost ten groats; or a wrought smock,
My lady made now 'gainst her wedding, sir;
Trifles, which maids desire to weep upon
With funeral tales, after a midnight posset.

Thrift. Thou saidst below, she hath made me her heir.

Engine, Of all, ev'n to her slippers and her pins.

Ample. Luce, methought, Luce, I heard my guardian's voice.

Engine. It seems her senses are grown warm again;
Your presence will recover her.

Thrift. Will it recover her? then I'll be gone.

Engine. No sir; she'll straight grow cold again. On, on;
She looks that you would speak to her.

Thrift. Alas, poor charge! I little thought to see
This doleful day.

Ample. We all are mortal, sir.

Thrift. I've taken care and labour to provide
A husband for thee; he's in's litter now,

* A pious work with that title, probably something like Abraham Fleming's "Plant of Pleasure, bearing fourteene several flowers." 1586. C.

Hastening to town: a fine young gentleman,
Only a little rumpled in the womb,
With falls his mother took after his making.
Ample. Death is my husband now; but yet I thank
You for your tender pains, and wish you would
Continue it, in quiet governing my legacies.
When I am past the power to see it, sir,
You shall enjoy all.
Thrift. This will occasion more church building,
And raising of new hospitals: there were
Enow before; but, charge, you'll have it so.
Ample. I'll make, sir, one request; which I have hope
You'll grant, in thankfulness to all my bounty.
Thrift. O, dear charge! any thing: your cousin here
Shall witness the consent and act.
Ample. Because I would not have my vanities
Remain, as fond examples, to persuade
An imitation in those ladies that
Succeed my youthful pride i' th' town; my plumes,
Fantastic flowers, and chains, my haughty rich
Embroideries, my gaudy gowns, and wanton jewels,
I have lock'd within a chest.
Lucy. There, sir, there the chest stands.
Ample. And I desire it may be buried with me.
Thrift. Engine, take care, Engine, to see it done.
Ample. Now sir, I beseech you leave me; for 'twill
But make my death more sorrowful, thus to
Continue my converse with one I so
Much love, and must forsake at last.
Thrift. Alack, alack! bury her to-night, Engine.
Engine. Not, sir, unless she dies. Her ancestors
Have sojourn'd long here in St. Barthol'mew's,
And there's a vault i' th' parish church, kept only
For her family: she must be buried there.
Thrift. I, Engine, I: and, let me see: the church,
Thou know'st, joins to my house: a good prevention
From a large walk; 'twill save the charge of torch-light.

Engine. What funeral guests? the neighbours, sir, will look
To be invited.

Thrift. No more than will suffice
To carry down the corpse; and, thou know'st, Engine,
She is no great weight.

Engine. And what to entertain them, sir?

Thrift. A little rosemary, which thou mayst steal
From th' Temple garden; and as many comfits
As might serve to christen a watchman's bastard:
'Twill be enough.

Engine. This will not do; your citizen
Is a more sincere devourer, sir, of plums:
Six will destroy as many as can make
A banquet for an army.

Thrift. I'll have no more, Engine,
I'll have no more: nor, d'ye hear, no burnt wine.
I do not like this drinking healths to th' memory
O' th' dead; it is prophane.

Engine. You are obey'd:
But, sir, let me advise you now, to trust
The care and benefit of all your fate
Presents you in this house, to my discretion;
And get you instantly to horse again.

Thrift. Why, Engine? speak.

Engine. In brief, you know, that all
The writings which concern your ward's estate
Lie at her lawyer's, fifteen miles from hence.
Your credit, he not knowing, sir, she's sick,
Will eas'ly tempt them to your own possession:
Which, once enjoy'd, y' are free from all litigious suits
His envy might incense her kindred to.

Thrift. Enough, Engine; I am gone.

Engine. If you should meet the crooked lover in
His litter, sir, (as 'tis your own road)
You may persuade him move like a crab, backward;
For here's no mixture, but with worms.

Thrift. 'Tis well thought on Engine; farewel, Engine.
Be faithful, and be rich.

Engine. My breeding and
Good-manners, sir, teach me t' attend your bounty.
Thrift. But, Engine, I could wish she would be sure,
To die to-night.
Engine. Alas, good soul! I'll undertake
She shall do any thing to please you, sir. [*Exit Thrift.*
Ample. Engine, thou hast wrought above the power
Of accident, or art.
Engine. If you consider't with a just
And lib'ral brain: first, to prevent
Th' access and tedious visits of the fiend,
His love-sick monster; and then rid him hence
Upon a journey, to preserve this house
Empty, and free to celebrate the rest
Of our designs.
Lucy. This, Engine, is thy holy-day.
[*Lucy knocks at the chest.*
What hoa! Sir Pallatine, are you within?
Elder Pallatine. Is Sir Tyrant Thrift gone? open, lady, open.
Lucy. The casement, sir, I will, a little, to
Increase your witship's allowance of air;
[*Opens a wicket at the end of the chest.*
But troth, for liberty of limbs, you may
As soon expect it in a galley, sir,
After six murders and a rape.
Elder Pallatine. How! lady of the lawn?
Lucy. Sir Launcelot,
You may believ't, if your discreet faith please.
This tenement is cheap; here you shall dwell,
Keep home, and be no wanderer.
Elder Pallatine. The pox take me if I like this; sure, when
Th' advice of th' ancients is but ask'd they'll say
I am now worse than in the state of a bawd.
Engine. D' you know this lady, sir?
Elder Pallatine. The Lady Ample!
Her veil's off too, and in the lusty garb
Of health and merriment. Now shall I grow
As modest as a snail, that in's affliction

Shrinks up himself and's horns into his shell,
Asham'd still to be seen.
Ample. Could'st thou believe,
Thou bearded babe, thou dull engenderer;
Male rather in the back than in the brain;
That I could sicken for thy love? for the cold
Society of a thin northern wit.
Elder Pallatine. [*Sings.*] *Then Trojans*[39] *wail, with great remorse,*
The Greeks are lock'd in the wooden horse.
Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE.
Lucy. Pall, come in, Pall, 'tis done! the spacious man
Of land, is now contented with his own length.
Ample. Your brother's come to see you, sir.
Elder Pallatine. Brother! mad girls these! could'st thou believe't, sirrah?
I am coffin'd up, like a salmon pie,
New sent from De'nshire, for a token. Come,
Break up the chest.
Younger Pallatine. Stay, brother; whose chest is it?
Elder Pallatine. Thou'lt ask more questions than a constable
In's sleep: pr'ythee dispatch.
Younger Pallatine. Brother, I can
But mark the malice and the envy of
Your nature: I am no sooner exalted
To rich possessions and a glorious mien,
But straight you tempt me to a forfeiture
Of all: to commit felony, break open chests.
Elder Pallatine. O for dame Patience, the fool's mistress!
Younger Pallatine. Brother, you have pray'd well; Heaven send her you.
You must forsake you own fair fertile soil,
To live here by your wits.
Lucy. And dream, sir, of
Enjoying goodly ladies. six yards high,
With sattin trains behind them, ten yards long.

[39] *Then Trojans,* &c.] Two lines of an ancient ballad.

Ample. Cloth'd all in purple, and embroidered with
Embossments wrought in imag'ry; the works
O' th' ancient poets drawn into similitude,
And cunning shape.

Ginet. And this attain'd, sir, by your wits.

Younger Pallatine. Nothing could please your haughty palate, but
The muskatelli, and Frontiniac grape;
Your Turin and your Tuscan veal, with red
Legg'd partridge of the Genoa hills.

Engine. With your broad liver o' th' Venetian goose,
Fatten'd by a Jew; and your aged carp,
Bred i'th' Geneva lake.

Ample. Lucy. Ginet. All this maintain'd, sir, by your wits.

Engine. And then your talk'd, sir, of you snails ta'en from
The dewy marble quarries of Carrara,
And sous'd in Lucca oil; with cream of Switzerland,
And Genoa paste.

Younger Pallatine. Your angelots of Brie[40];
Your Marsolini, and Parmasan of Lodi;
Your Malamucka melons, and Cicilian dates;
And then to close your proud voluptuous maw,
Marmalade made by the cleanly nuns of Lisbon.

Ample. Lucy. Ginet. And still thus feasted by your wits.

Elder Pallatine. Deafen'd with tyranny! is there no end?

Ample. Yes, sir, an end of you: you shall be now
Convey'd into a close dark vault; there keep
My silent grandsire company, and all
The music of your groans engross to your own ears.

Elder Pallatine. How! buried, and alive!

[40] *Your angelots of Brie.*] *Skinner*, in his Etymologicon, voce *angelot* says, that the cheese known by that name is brought from Normandy, and he supposes it to have been so called from some person of the name of *Angelot* or *Angelo*, who first made, and perhaps impreseed it with his own name or mark.

Younger Pallatine. Brother, your hand.——
Farewel; I'm for the north: the fame of this
Your voluntary death, will there be thought
Pure courtesy to me; I mean to take
Possession, sir, and patiently converse
With all those hinds, those herds, and flocks,
That you disdain'd in fulness of your wit.

Lucy. Help, Pall, to carry him; he takes it heavily.

Elder Pallatine. I'll not endur't:—fire! murder! fire! treason!
Murder! treason! fire!

Ample. Alas, you are not heard;
The house contains none but ourselves.

[*Exeunt, carrying out the chest.*

Enter THWACK, PERT, MEAGER.

Pert. We bring you, sir, commends from Pallatine.

Thwack. I had as lieve y' had brought it from the devil,
Together with his horns boil'd to a jelly,
For a cordial against lust.

Meager. We mean the Younger Pallatine; one, sir,
That loves your person, and laments this chance,
Which his false brother hath expos'd you to.

Pert. And, as we told you, sir, by his command,
We have compounded with the constable,
In whose dark house y' are now a prisoner.
But, sir, take 't on my faith, you must disbures;
For gold is a restorative, as well
To liberty as health [41].

Thwack. And you believe,
It seems, that your small, tiny officer
Will take his unction in the palm, as lovingly

[41] *For gold is a restorative as well*
To liberty as health.] Anthony Wood says, that Dr. William Butler, the great physician of Cambridge, coming to visit Francis Tresham "*as his fashion was, gave him a piece of very pure gold to put in* "*his mouth;* and upon taking out that gold, Butler said he was "poisoned." 1. Athenæ Oxon. 329. Potable gold appears to have been a considerable article in the Materia Medica. In *Baker's Practise of the new and old phisick*, 1599. p. 440. &c. it is esteemed a specific in a vast number of disorders.

As your exalted grandee, that awes all
With hideous voice and face?
Pert. Even so the moderns render it.
Thwack. But, gentlemen, you ask a hundred pounds;
'Tis all I've left.
Pert. Sir, do but think
What a prodigious blemish it will be,
Both to your ingenuity and fame,
To be betray'd by one that is believ'd
No wittier than yourself, and lie
Imprison'd for a bawd.
Thwack. Sir, name it not; you kill me through the ear:
I'd rather, sir, you'd take my mother from
Her grave, and put her to do penance in
Her winding-sheet. There is the sum.
Meager. I'll in, sir, and discharge you. [*Exit Meager.*
Thwack. These carnal mulcts and tributes are design'd
Only to such vain people as have land.
Are you and your friend landed, sir?
Pert. Such land as we can share, sir, in the map.
Thwack. Lo' you there now! These live by their wits.
Why should not I take the next key I meet,
And open this great head, to try if there
Be any brains left, but sour curds and plum-broth?
Cozen'd in my youth; cozen'd in my age!
Sir, do you judge, if I have cause to curse
This false inhuman town. When I was young,
I was arrested for a stale commodity
Of nut-crackers, long-gigs, and casting-tops:
Now I am old, imprison'd for a bawd.
Pert. These are sad tales.
Thwack. I will write down to th' country, to dehort[42]
The gentry from coming hither; letters
Of strange dire news; you shall disperse them, sir.
Pert. Most faithfully.
Thwack. That there are lents six years long, proclaim'd by th' state:

[42] *dehort.*] i. e. advise against, to dissuade.

That our French and Deal wines are poison'd so
With brimstone, by the Hollander, that they
Will only serve for med'cine to recover
Children of the itch; and there is not left
Sack enough to mull for a parson's cold.

Pert. This needs must terrify.

Thwack. That our theatres are raz'd down; and where
They stood, hoarse midnight lectures preach'd by wives
Of comb-makers, and midwives of Tower-wharf.

Pert. 'Twill take impregnably.

Thwack. And that a new platnation, sir, mark me,
Is made i'th' Covent Garden, from the sutlery
O'th' German camps and the suburbs of Paris;
Where such a salt disease reigns, as will make
Sassafras dearer than unicorn's horn.

Pert. This cannot chuse but fright the gentry hence,
And more impoverish the town, than a
Subversion of their fair of Barthol'mew,
The absence of the terms and court.

Thwack. You shall (if my projections thrive)
In less, sir, than a year,
Stable your horses in the new exchange,
And graze them in the old.

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, MEAGER, QUEASY, SNORE, MISTRESS SNORE.

Pert. Jog off; there's Pall, treating for your liberty.

Younger Pallatine. The canopy, the hangings, and the bed,
Are worth more than your rent: come, y'are overpaid;
Besides, the gentleman's betray'd; he is no bawd.

Snore. Truly a very civil gentleman;
'Las, he hath only roar'd, and sworn, and curs'd,
Since he was ta'en: no bawdry, I'll assure ye.

Mistress Snore. Gossip Queasy, what a good 'yer[43] would ye have?

Queasy. I am content, if you and I were friends.

[43] *good 'yer*] See notes on *King Lear*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Farmer, vol. 9. p. 547. edit. 1778. S.

Younger Pallatine. Come, come, agree; 'tis I that ever bleed,
And suffer in your wars.
Mistress Snore. Sweet Master Pallatine, hear me but speak;
Have I not often said, Why, neighbour Queasy,
Come to my house; besides, your daughter Mall,
You know, last pompion-time, din'd with me thrice,
When my child's best yellow stockings were missing,
And a new pewter porringer, mark'd with P. L.
Snore. I, for Elizabeth Snore.
Mistress Snore. The pewterer that mark'd it was my uncle.
Queasy. Why, did my daughter steal your goods?
Mistress Snore. You hear me say nothing; but there is
As bad as this, I warrant you, learnt at
The bakehouse. I'll have no oven o' mine own shortly.
Younger Pallatine. Come, no more words; there's to reconcile you,
In burnt wine and cake. Go, get you all in;
I'm full of business and strange mystery.
[*Exeunt Snore, Mistress Snore, Queasy.*
Meager. A hundred, Pall; 'twas all his store: it lies
Here, my brave boy, warm and secure in pouch.
Pert. We'll share't anon.—What need you blush, Sir Morglay
Like a maid newly undone in a dark
Entry? there are disasters, sure, as bad
As your's recorded in the city annals.
Thwack. Your brother is a gentleman
Of a most even and bless'd composition, sir,
His very blood is made of holy-water,
Less salt than almond-milk.
Younger Pallatine. My silly reprehensions were despis'd;
Y' would be his disciple, and follow him
In a new path, unknown to his own feet.
Yet I've walk'd in it since, and prosper'd, as
You see, without or land or tenement.

Thwack. 'Tis possible to live by our wits, that is
As evident as light; no human learning
Shall advise me from that faith.
Younger Pallatine. Sir Knight, what will you give, worthy my brain
And me, if, after a concealment of
Your present shame, I can advise you how
T' atchieve such store of wealth and treasure as
Shall keep you here, th' exemplar glory of
The town, a long whole year, without relief
Or charge from your own rents? This, I take it,
Was the whole pride, at which, some few days since,
Your fancy aim'd.
Thwack. This was, sir, in the hours
Of haughtiness and hope; but now—
Younger Pallatine. I'll do't, whilst my poor brother, too,
Low, and declin'd, shall see and envy it.
Thwack. Live in full port? observ'd and wonder'd at;
Wine ever flowing in large Saxon romekins[44]
About my board? with your soft sarsnet smock
At night, and foreign music to entrance?
Younger Pallatine. All this, and more than thy invention can
Invite thee to.
Thwack. I'll make thee heir of my
Estate; take my right hand, and your two friends
For witnesses.
Younger Pallatine. Enough; hear me with haste:—
The Lady Ample's dead. Nay, there are things
Have chanc'd since your concealment far more fit
For wonder, sir, than this. Out of a silly piety,
T' avoid a thirst of gold and gaudy pride
I' th' world, she hath buried with her in a chest,
Her jewels and her cloaths: besides, as I'm
Inform'd by Luce my wise intelligence,
Five thousand pounds in gold; a legacy,
Left by her aunt, more than her guardian knew.

[44] *Romekins.*] Perhaps the same as the modern rummer. S.

Thwack. Well, what of this?
Younger Pallatine. Yourself and I, join'd sir, in a most firm
And loyal league, may rob this chest.
Thwack. Marry, and will.
Younger Pallatine. Then, when your promise is but ratify'd,
Take all the treasure for your own expence.
Thwack. Come, let us go: my fingers burn till they
Are telling it; the night will grow upon's.
Only you and I, I'll not trust new faces;
Dismiss these gentlemen.
Younger Pallatine. At the next street, sir.
Thwack. This is at least a girn[45] of fortune, if
Not a fair smile. I'm still for my old problem;
Since the living rob me, I'll rob the dead.
Younger Pallatine. On, my delicious Pert; now is the time
To make our purses swell, and spirits climb.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, AMPLE, LUCY, ENGINE, *with a torch;* ELDER PALLATINE *in the chest.*
Younger Pallatine. Engine, draw out the chest, and ope the wicket;
Let us not hinder him the air, since 'tis
Become his food.
Elder Pallatine. Who's there? what are you? speak.
Ample. A brace of mourning virgins, sir, that, had
You died in love, and in your wits, would now
Have brought roses and lilies, buds of the brier,
And summer pinks, to strew upon your hearse.
Elder Pallatine. Then you resolve me dead.
Lucy. 'Twere good that you would so resolve yourself.

[45] *girn.*] *i. e. grin.* The word is always so pronounced in Scotland and the northern parts of England.

Younger Pallatine. She counsels you to wise and severe thoughts;
Why, you are no more mortify'd than men
That are about to dance the morris.
Elder Pallatine. Ladies, and brother too (whom I begin
To worship now) for tenderness of heart,
Can you believe I am so leaden, stupid,
And so very a fish, to think you dare
Thus murder me in bravery of mirth?
You have gone far: part of my suff'rance I
Confess a justice to me.
Ample. O, do you so?
Have your heart and brain met upon that point,
And render'd you silly to your own thoughts?
Elder Pallatine. Somewhat mistaken i' th' projection of
My journey hither. Three hours in a chest,
Among the dead, will profit more than three
Years in a study, 'mongst fathers, school-men,
And philosophers.
Younger Pallatine. And y' are persuaded now, that there is, relative
To th' maintaining of a poor younger brother,
Something beside his wits?
Elder Pallatine. 'Tis so conceiv'd.
Ample. And that we ladies of the town, or court,
Have not such waxen hearts, that every beam
From a hot lover's eye can melt them through
Our breasts?
Elder Pallatine. Faith, 'tis imagin'd too.
Lucy. That, though th' unruly appetites of some
Perverted few of our frail sex have made
Them yield their honours to unlawful love,
Yet there is no such want of you male sinners,
As should constrain them hire you to't with gold?
Elder Pallatine. Y' have taught me a new music, I am all
Consent and concordance.
Engine. And that the nimble packing hand, the swift

Disorder'd shuffle, or the slur; or his
More base employment, that with youth and an
Eternal back, engenders for his bread;
Do all belong to men, that may be said
To live, sir, by their sins, not by their wits?

Elder Pallatine. Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to love,
I am of your mind too.

Younger Pallatine. Madam, a fair conversion: 'tis now fit
I sue unto you for his liberty.

Ample. Alas, he hath so profited in this
Retirement, that I fear he will not willingly
Come out.

Elder Pallatine. O lady, doubt it not; open the chest.

Ample. A little patience, sir.

Enter GINET.

Ginet. Madam, we are undone; your guardian is
At door, knocking as if he meant to wake
All his dead neighbours in the church.

Ample. So soon return'd! it is not midnight yet.

Engine. I know the bait that tempts him back with such
Strange haste; and have, according to your will,
Provided, madam, to betray his hopes.

Ample. Excellent Engine!

Engine. This key conveys you through the chancel to
The house gallery: my way lies here! I'll let
Him in, and try how our design will relish.

[*Exit Engine.*

Ample. Come, sir, it is decreed in our wise counsel,
You must be laid some distance from this place.

Elder Pallatine. Pray save your labour, madam, I'll come forth.

Ample. No, sir, not yet.

Elder Pallattine. Brother, a cast of your voice.

Younger Pallatine. She hath the key, brother: 'tis but an hour's
Dark contemplation more.

Elder Pallatine. Madam, hear me speak.

Ample. Nay, no beginning of orations now;
This is a time of great dispatch and haste:
We have more plots than a general in a siege.
[*Exeunt, carrying out the chest.*

Enter THRIFT, ENGINE.

Engine. None of the writings, sir! and yet perplex
Yourself with so much speed in a return.

Thrift. The lawyer was from home; but, Engine, I
Had hope to have prevented by my haste,
Though not her fun'ral, yet the fun'ral of
The chest. Ah, dear Engine, tell me but why
So much pure innocent treasure should be
Thus thrown into a dark forgetfulness.

Engine. I thought I had encounter'd his intents.
All, sir, that law allow'd her bounty to
Bestow, is your's; but for the chest, trust me,
'Tis buried, sir: the key is here, sir, of no use.

Thrift. Hah, Engine, give it me.

Engine. And, sir, to vex your meditation more,
Though not with manners, yet with truth; know there
Is hidden in that chest a plenteous heap
Of gold, together with a rope of most
Inestimable pearl, left by her late
Dead aunt, by will, and kept from your discovery.

Thrift. Is this true, Engine?

Engine. That precise chit, Luce, her cousin puritan,
Was at th' interring of't; conceal'd it till
The fun'ral forms were past, and then, forsooth,
She boasted that it was a pious means
To avoid covetous desires i' th' world.

Thrift. These fun'ral tales, Engine, are sad indeed;
Able to melt an eye, though harder than
That heart, which did consent to so much cruelty
Upon the harmless treasure.

Engine. I mourn within, sir, too.

Thrift. Give me the key that leads me from my house
Unto the chancel door.

Engine. 'Tis very late, sir; whither will you go?

Thrift. Never too late to pray; my heart is heavy.

Engine. Where shall I wait you, sir?

Thrift. At my low gallery door; I may chance stay long.

Engine. This takes me more than all the kindness fortune
Ever shew'd me; a decent transmutation.
I am no more your steward, but your spy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, PERT, MEAGER, SNORE, *and* WATCHMEN.

Younger Pallatine. There, there's more money for your watch; methinks
Th' have not drunk wine enough; they do not chirp.

Snore. Your wine mates them,[46] they understand it not;
But they have very good capacity in ale;
Ale, sir, will heat 'em more than your beef brewis.[47]

Younger Pallatine. Well let them have ale, then.

Snore. O sir, 'twill make 'em sing like the silk-knitters
Of Cock lane.

Younger Pallatine. Meager, go you to Sir Tyrant Thrift's house.
Luce, and the lady are alone, they will
Have cause to use your diligence; make haste.

Meager. Your dog ty'd to a bottle shall not out-run me. [*Exit.*

Younger Pallatine. Pert, stay you here with master constable;
And, when occasion calls, see that you draw
Your lusty bill-men forth, bravely advanc'd
Under the colours of queen Ample and
Myself, her general.

Pert. If ale can fortify, fear not. Where's Sir Morglay?

Younger Pallatine. I'm now to meet him i' th' church-yard; th' old blade
Skulks there like a tame filcher, as he had

[46] *mates them.*] See note 25 to *The Muses's Looking-Glass*, vol. IX.

[47] *beef brewis.*] *i. e.* the liquor in which meat is boiled, with bread soaked in it. So *Geta* in *The Prophetess*, "What an inundation of "*brewis* shall I swim in!" S.

Ne'er stol'n 'bove eggs from market-women,
Robb'd an orchard, or a cheese loft.
Snore. We'll wait your worship in this corner.
Younger Pallatine. No stirring, till I either come or send.
Snore. Pray sir, let's not stay long: 'tis a cold night,
And I have nothing on my bed at home,
But a thin coverlid, and my wife's sey petticoat:
She'll ne'er sleep, poor soul, till I come home
To keep her warm.
Younger Pallatine. You shall be sent for straight.
Be merry, my dull sons o' th' night, and chirp. [*Exit.*
Snore. Come, neighbour Runlet, sighing pays no rent,
Though the land-lady be in love: sing out——
[*They sing a catch in four parts.*
With lanthorn on stall; at Trea Trip[48] *we play*
For ale, cheese, and pudding, till it be day:
And for our breakfast (after long sitting)
We steal a sweet pig, o' th' constable's getting.
Enter ENGINE.
Engine. Sir, draw down your watch into the church,
And let 'em lie hid close by the vestry-door.
Pert. Is he there already?
Engine. Fat carriers, sir, make not more haste to bed,
Nor lean philosophers to rise. I've so
Prepar'd things, that he'll find himself mistaken.
Pert. Close by the vestry-door?
Engine. Right, sir.
I'll to my lady, and expect th' event of your surprize.
Pert. Follow master constable, one and one,
All in a file. [*Exeunt.*
Enter THRIFT, *with a candle.*
Thrift. I cannot find where they have laid her coffin;
But there's the chest. I'll draw it out, that I
May have more room to search and rifle it;——
The weight seems easy to me, though my strength
Be old. How long, thou bright all-powerful mineral,

[48] *Trea Trip.*] See note 19 to *The City Match*, vol. IX.

Might'st thou lie hid, ere the dull dead, that are
Entomb'd about thee here, could reach the sense
To turn wise thieves, and steal thee from oblivion!---
[*Opens it, and finds a halter.*
How! a halter! what fiend affronts me with
This emblem? is this the rope of orient pearl?
Enter PERT, SNORE, WATCHMEN.
Pert. Now I have told you, master constable,
The entire plot. Mark but how like that chest
Is to the other, where the Elder Pallatine
Lies a perdu.[49] Engine contriv'd them both.
Thrift. Ha! what are these? the constable and watch?
Pert. Seize on him for no less than sacrilege.
Thrift. Why, neighbours, gentlemen!
Pert. Away with him.
Snore. We shall know now, who stole the wainscot cover
From the font, and the vicar's surplice.
Pert. Alas, grave sir, become a forfeiture
To th' king for sacrilege!
Thrift. Hear me but speak.
Snore. No, not in a cause against the king.
Pert. Lead to 's own house; he shall be pris'ner there,
And lock'd up safe enough.
Thrift. Undone for ever! [*Exeunt.*
Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, THWACK, *with an iron crow and dark lanthorn.*
Thwack. Why, this was such a firk of piety,[50]
I ne'er heard of: bury her gold with her!
'Tis strange her old shoes were not interr'd too,
For fear the days of Edgar should return,
When they coin'd leather.
Younger Pallatine. Come, sir, lay down your instrument.
Thwack. Why so?

[49] *Lies a perdu.*] See note 12, to *The Goblins*, vol. X.
[50] firk *of piety.*] *i. e.* stroke of piety, or *freak* of piety. Pistol tells the French soldier, that he will *firk* him. S.

Younger Pallatine. I'm so taken with thy free, jolly nature,
I cannot for my heart proceed to more
Defeat upon thy liberty: all that
I told thee were rank lies.

Thwack. How! no treasure trover?[81]

Younger Pallatine. Not so much as will pay for that small candle-light
We waste to find it out.

Thwack. I thank you, sir.
[*Flings down the crow of iron.*

Younger Pallatine. You shall have cause, when you hear more. To this
Dark region, sir, solemn, and silent, as
Your thoughts must be ere they are mortify'd,
Have I now brought you, to perceive what an
Immense large ass (under your favour, knight)
You are, to be seduc'd to such vain stratagems,
By that more profound fop, your friend, my brother.

Thwack. How had I been serv'd, if I had brought my scales
Hither to weigh this gold! But on; your brother,
Whose name (let me tell you first) sounds far worse
To me than does a serjeant to a young
Indebted lover, that's arrested in his coach,
And with his mistress by him——

Younger Pallatine. You are believ'd; but will you now confirm
Me to your grace and love, if I shall make't
Appear, that, in a kind revenge of what
You suffer'd, sir, I've made this false, and great

[81] *treasure trover,*] or more properly *treasure trove*, "derived," as the excellent commentator on the laws of England observes, "from "the French word *trover*, to find, and called in Latin *Thesaurus inventus*; which is, where any money or coin, gold, silver, plate, "or bullion, is found hidden *in* the earth, or other private place, "the owner thereof being unknown; in which case the treasure "belongs to the king: but if he that hid it be known, or afterwards found out, the owner, and not the king, is entitled to it." *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. 1. p. 295.

Seducer of mankind, to suffer more.

Thwack. The Legend, Talmud, nor the Alcoran [52],
Have not such doubtful tales as these: but make't
Appear; I would have evidence.

Younger Pallatine. Then, take't on my religion, sir, he was
Laid up in durance for a bawd, before
He betray'd you to the same preferment.

Thwack. Shall this be justify'd when my disgrace
Comes to be known? wilt thou then witness it?

Younger Pallatine. With a deep oath. And, sir, to tempt more of
Your favours on poor me, that ever mourn'd
For all your sufferings, know you shall now
See him inclos'd in a blind chest; where he
Lies bath'd, sir, in a greater sweat than ere
Cornelius [53] took in his own tub.

Thwack. Here, amongst sepulchres and melancholy bones!
Let me but see't, and I will die for joy,
To make thee instantly my heir.

Younger Pallatine. You shall; and yet, ere the sun rise, find him
Enthrall'd too in a new distress.

Thwack. Dost want money? bring me to parchment, and
A scriv'ner, I'll seal out two pound of wax.

[*Younger Pallatine knocks at the chest.*

Younger Pallatine. You sir, my near'st ally, are you asleep?

Elder Pallatine. O brother, art thou come? quick, let me forth.

Younger Pallatine. Here is a certain friend of yours, presents
His loving visit, sir. [*Opens the wicket.*

[52] The Legend, Talmud, *nor the Alcoran.*] *The Legend* is the well-known golden Legend: *The Talmud* is a book of the Jewish law, devised by their rabbins, and of great authority among them.

[53] *Cornelius.*] The inventor of the sweating-tub used in the cure of the Lues Venerea. See note on *Timon of Athens*, vol. 8. p. 409, edition 1778.

Elder Pallatine. Sir Morglay Thwack! *
I had rather have seen my sister naked.
Thwack. What, like a bashful badger, do you draw
Your head into your hole again? come, sir,
Out with that sage noddle that has contriv'd
So cunningly for me, and your dear self.
Elder Pallatine. Here, take my eyelids, knight, and sow 'em up:
I dare not see thy face.
Thwack. But what think you
Of a new journey from the north, to live
Here by your wits; or midnight visits, sir,
To the Mogul's neice?
Elder Pallatine. I have offended, knight.
Whip me with wire, headed with rowels of
Sharp Rippon spurs[54]: I'll endure any thing
Rather than thee.
Thwack. We have, I thank your bounteous brain,
Been entertain'd with various concerts, sir,
Of whispering lutes, to soothe us into slumbers;
Spirits of clare to bathe our temples in;
And then the wholesome womb of woman too,
That never teem'd: all this for nothing, sir.
Younger Pallatine. Come, I'll let him forth.
Thwack. Rogue; if thou lov'st me——
Nay, let him be confin'd thus, one short month;
I'll send him down to country fairs for a
New motion[55] made b' a German engineer.
Younger Pallatine. 'Las, he is my brother.
Thwack. Or for a solitary ape,
Led captive thus by th' Hollander, because
He came aloft for Spain, and would not for the States*.

[54] *Sharp* Rippon spurs.] *Rippon* is a town in the county of York, still celebrated for the excellence of the *spurs* made there. *Rippon spurs* are also mentioned in *Ben Jonson's Staple of News*, A. 1. S. 3.

" Your box? why there's an angell; if *my spurs*
" Be not right *Rippon.*"

[55] *new motion.*] i. e. Puppet-show.

* These sort of tricks are still taught to horses, dogs, and monkeys, and are publicly exhibited. So in *Ram Alley*, vol. V. Will Smallshanks says to Captain Face:

Younger Pallatine. Sir Morglay, leave your lanthorn here, and stay
My coming at yon door; I'll let him out:
But for the new distress I promis'd on
His person, take it on my manhood, sir,
He feels it strait.

Thwack. Finely ensnar'd again, and instantly?

Younger Pallatine. Have a good faith, and go.
[*Exit Thwack.*

Elder Pallatine. Dear brother, wilt thou give me liberty?

Younger Pallatine. Upon condition, sir, you kiss these hilts;
Swear not to follow me, but here remain
Until the Lady Ample shall consent
To' th' freedom I bestow. [*He kisses the hilts.*

Elder Pallatine. 'Tis done; a vow inviolate.
[*He opens the chest and lets him out.*

Younger Pallatine. Now---silence, brother; not one curse, nor thanks. [*Exit Younger Pallatine.*

Elder Pallatine. Fate and a good star speed me! though I have
Long since amaz'd myself e'en to a marble,
Yet I have courage left to ask, what this
Might mean? was ever two-legg'd man thus us'd?

Enter PERT, SNORE, *and* WATCHMAN.

Pert. Pall and his friend are gone: I must not stay
His sight; but after you have seiz'd upon him,
Lead him a prisoner to the lady too. [*Exit Pert.*

" ——————————— Now, sir,
" What can you do for the great Turk?
" What can you do for the Pope of Rome?
" Hark! he stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not:
" What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?"

Again, Davenant's Poem *On the Long Vacation*, describing the diversions of Bartholomew Fair, he mentions the

" Ape led captive still in chaine,
" Till he renounce the Pope and Spaine."

Induction to *Bartholemew Fair*---" nor a juggler with a well-" educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and " back again for the prince, and sit still for the Pope and the King " of Spain."

Snore. Warrant ye, though he were Gog or Hildebrand [56]. [*They lay hold on him.*

Elder Pallatine. How now? what mean you, sirs?

Snore. Yield to the constable.

Elder Pallatine. 'Tis yielded, sir, that you are constable;
But where have I offended?

Snore. Here, sir; you have committed sacrilege,
And robb'd an alderman's tomb, of himself
And his two sons, kneeling in brass.

Elder Pallatine. How! flea monuments of their brazen skins!

Snore. Look; a dark lanthorn, and an iron crow;
Fine evidence for a jury!

Elder Pallatine. I like this plot; the Lady Ample and
My brother have most rare triumphant wits.
Now, by this hand I am most eagerly
In love with both; I find I have deserv'd all,
And am resolv'd t' hug them and their designs,
Though they afflict me more and more. Whither must I go?

Snore. Away with him. Saucy fellow, examine
The king's constable! [*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, THWACK, AMPLE, LUCY, MEAGER.

Meager. I am become your guardian's gaoler, lady;
He's safe lock'd in the parlour, and there howls,
Like a dog that sees a witch flying.

Thwack. I long to hear how my wise tutor thrives.
I' th' new defeat.

Ample. 'Tis well you are converted;
Believe't, that gentleman deserves your thanks.

Thwack. Lady, seal my conversion on your lip;
'Tis the first leading kiss that I intend
For after chastity. [*Kisses her.*

[56] *Hildebrand.*] Meaning Pope Gregory the Seventh. See Bishop Warburton's note on *First Part of Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 3.

Younger Pallatine. Luce, see you make the proposition good,
Which I shall give my brother from this lady,
Or I'll so swaddle your small bones——
Lucy. Sweet Pall, thou shalt. Madam, you'll please to stand
To what I lately mention'd to your own desire?
Ample. To every particle, and more.
Enter PERT.
Pert. Your brother's come; this room must be his prison.
Younger Pallatine. 'Way, Luce, away, stand in the closet, madam,
That you may hear us both, and reach my call.
Thwack I'll stay and see him.
Younger Pallatine. No, knight; you are decreed Sir Tyrant's judge:
Go that way, sir, and force him to compound.
Thwack. I'll fine him soundly,
Till's purse shrink like a bladder in the fire.
[*Exeunt Ample, Lucy, Thwack, Meager, Pert.*
Enter SNORE, ELDER PALLATINE.
Snore. Here, sir, this is your gaol; too good for such
A great offender.
Elder Pallatine. Sacrilege! very well:
Now all the pulpit-cushions, all the hearse-cloths
And winding-sheets, that have been stol'n about
The town this year, will be laid to my charge.
Younger Pallatine. Pray leave us, master constable, and look
Unto your other bondman in the parlour. [*Exit Snore.*
Elder Pallatine. This is the wittiest offspring that our name
E'er had; I love him beyond hope or lust.
My father was no poet, sure; I wonder
How he got him.
Younger Pallatine. I know you curse me now.
Elder Pallatine. Brother, in troth, you lie, and whoe'er believes it.

Younger Pallatine. Indeed you do: cohjurors in a circle,
That have rais'd up a wrong spirit, curse not
So much, nor yet so inwardly.
Elder Pallatine. I've a great mind to kiss thee.
Younger Pallatine. You have not, sure?
Elder Pallatine. I shall do't, and eat up thy lips so far,
Till th'ast nothing left to cover thy teeth.
Younger Pallatine. And can you think all the afflictions you
Endur'd were merited? first, for misleading
Morglay, your old friend; then, neglect of me,
And haughty overvaluing yourself?
Elder Pallatine. Brother, I murmur not; the traps that you
Have laid were so ingenious, I could wish
To fall in them again.
Younger Pallatine. The Lady Ample, sir,
There, is the great contriver, that hath weav'd
These knots so intricate and safe, 'las, I
Was but her lowly instrument.
Elder Pallatine. Ah, that lady! were I a king, she should
Sit with me, under my best canopy;
A silver scepter in her hand, with which
I'd give her leave to break my head for ev'ry fault
I did commit.
Younger Pallatine. But say I bring this lady, sir, unto
Your lawful sheets, make her your bosom wife:
Besides the plenty of her heritage,
How would it sound, that you had conquer'd her,
Who hath so often conquer'd you?
Elder Pallatine. Dear brother, no new plots.
Younger Pallatine. Six thousand pounds, sir, is your yearly rent;
A fair temptation to a discreet lady.
Luce hath fill'd both mine ears with hope; besides,
I heard her say, she ne'er should meet a man,

That she could more subdue with wit and government.
Elder Pallatine. That I'll venture.
Younger Pallatine. Well, my first bounty is your freedom, sir;
For th' constable obeys no law but mine.
And now, madam, appear.

Enter AMPLE, LUCY.

Ample. Y'are welcome 'mongst the living, sir.
Elder Pallatine. Lady, no words. If y' have but so much mercy
As could secure one that your eyes affect——
Ample. Why, you're grown arrogant again; d' you think
They are so weak to affect you?
Elder Pallatine. I have a heart so kind unto myself,
To wish they could; O we should live——
Ample. Not by our wits.
Elder Pallatine. No, no; but with such soft content; still in
Conspiracy how to betray ourselves
To new delights: keep harmony with no
More noise than what the upper motions[57] make;
And this so constant too, turtles themselves,
Seeing our faith, shall slight their own, and pine
With jealousy.
Ample. Luce, the youth talks sense now?
No med'cine for the brain, like to captivity
In a dark chest.
Younger Pallatine. O madam, you are cruel.
Ample. Well, my sad convertite[58]; joy yet at this:
I've often made a vow to marry on
That very day my wardship is expir'd;
And two hours since that liberty begun.
Lucy. Nay, hear her out; your wishes are so saucy, sir.
Ample. And, know, my glory is dispatch. My ancestors

[57] *upper motions,*] *i. e.* the orbs in their courses. S.
[58] *convertite.*] See note 10 to *The Jew of Malta.*

Were of the fiery French, and taught me love,
Hot eagerness and haste.
Elder Pallatine. Let me be rude
A while; lie with your judgment, and beget
Sages on that. My dearest, chiefest lady.
Ample Your brain's yet foul, and will recoil again.
Elder Pallatine No more; I'll swallow down my tongue.
Ample. If, sir, your nature be so excellent,
As your kind brother hath confirm'd to Luce
And me, follow, and I'll present you straight
With certain writings you shall seal to, hood-wink'd,
And purely ignorant of what they are.
This is the swiftest, and the easiest test,
That I can make of your bold love: do this,
Perhaps I may vouchsafe to marry you;
The writings are within.
Elder Pallatine Lead me to trial; come.
Ample. But, sir, if I should marry you, it is
In confidence, I have the better wit,
And can subdue you still to quietness,
Meek sufferings, and patient awe.
Elder Pallatine. You rap me[59] still a-new.
Younger Pallatine. In, Luce; our hopes grow strong and giantly, [*Exeunt.*

Enter THRIFT, SNORE, MISTRESS SNORE, QUEASY, GINET.

Ginet. To him, Mistress Snore; 'tis he has kept
Your husband from his bed so long, to watch
Him for a church-robbery.
Mistress Snore. Ah, thou Judas! I thought what thou'ldst come to!
Remember the warrant thou sent'st for me
Into Duck-lane, 'cause I call'd thy maid, Trot,
When I, was fain t' invite thy clerk to a
Fee pie, sent me by a temple cook, my sister's sweetheart.
Queasy. Nay, and remember who was brought to bed

[59] —— rap *me.*] *i. e.* astonish me. So in *Macbeth's* letter to his wife, "While I stood *rapt* in wonder," &c. S.

Under thy coach-house wall, when thou deny'dst
A wad of straw, and would'st not join thy halfpenny
To send for milk for the poor chrisom[60].
Snore. Now you may sweeten me with sugar-loaves
At new-year's-tide, as I have you, sir.
Enter THWACK, THRIFT, PERT, MEAGER, ENGINE.
Thwack. We'll teach you to rob churches! 'slight, hereafter
We of the pious shall be afraid to go
To a long exercise[61], for fear our pockets should
Be pick'd. Come, sir; you see already how
The neighbours throng to find you; will you consent?
'Tis but a thousand pounds apiece to these
Two gentlemen, and five hundred more t' Engine;
Your crime is then conceal'd, and yourself free.
Meager. No, he may choose; he'll trust to th' kind-hearted law.
Pert. Let him, and to dame Justice too; who, though
Her ladyship be blind, will grope hard, sir,
To find your money-bags.
Engine. Sir, you are rich; besides, you know what you
Have got by your ward's death; I fear you will
Be begg'd at court[62], unless you come off thus.
Thrift. There is my closet key; do what you please.
Engine. Gentlemen, I'll lead you to it; follow me.
Thwack. D' you use to find such sums as these beneath
An oak after a long march? I think, sure,
The wars are not so plentiful.
Pert. We think so too.
Thwack. Y' had better trail a bodkin, gentlemen,
Under the Lady Ample, than a pike
Under a German general.
Pert. We'll in for th' money, sir, and talk anon.
[*Exeunt Engine, Pert, Meager.*

[60] *chrisom.*] See note 42 to *The City Match*, vol. IX.
[61] *a long exercise.*] See note 10 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. XI.
[62] *Be begg'd at court.*] See note 18 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Enter ELDER PALLATINE, YOUNGER PALLATINE, AMPLE, LUCY.

Younger Pallatine. Sir Tyrant Thrift, here is your ward come from
The dead, to indict you for a robbery
Upon her ghost.

Thrift. Hah! is she alive, too?

Lucy. Yes, and her wardship out before y' have proffer'd her
A husband sir[63]; so the best benefit
Of all your guardianship is lost.

Ample. In seven long years you could not, sir, provide
A man deform'd enough to offer me
For your own ends.

Thrift. Cozen'd of wealth, of fame! Dog, Engine!
[*Exit Thrift.*

Thwack. We must have you enclos'd again; y' are very
Forward with the lady.

Elder Pallatine. I will be, sir,
Until she groan: this priest stays somewhat long.

Thwack. How's this? troth I shall forgive thee then heartily.

Ample. I've ta'en him i' th' behalf of health, to chide
And jeer for recreation sake: 'twill keep
Me, sir, in breath, now I am past growing.

[63] *Yes, and her wardship out before y' have proffer'd her*
A husband sir; &c.] This refers to that power which a guardian by law, was entitled to exercise over his ward; it was taken away, together with all the other oppressive circumstances attending the feudal system, by the stat. 12 Charles II. c. 24. Before that time "while the infant was in ward, the guardian had the "power of tendering him or her a suitable match, without *dispa-* "*ragement* or inequality; which, if the infants refused, they for- "feited the value of the marriage, *valorem maritagii*, to their guar- "dian; that is, so much as a jury would assess, or any one would, "*bona fide*, give to the guardian for such an alliance, and if the "infants married themselves without the guardian's consent, they "forfeited double the value, *duplicem valorem maritagii.*"
Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. ii. p. 70.

Elder Pallatine. Hark, knight, here's relish for your ears. I chose
None of your dull country madams, that spend
Their time in studying receipts to make
March-pane[64] and preserve plums; that talk
Of painful child-birth, servants' wages, and
Their husband's good complexion, and his leg.
Thwack. New wonders yet!
Elder Pallatine. What was that, mistress; which I seal'd to, hood-wink'd?
A simple trial of my confidence and love?
Ample. Your brother has it; 'tis a gift to him
Of one fair manor, 'mongst those many that you
Have in possession, sir; and in this bond
Y' are witness to three thousand pounds I give to Luce.
Lucy. Yes, sir; for Pall and I must marry too.
Younger Pallatine. I were an eunuch else, and th' world should know 't.
Elder Pallatine. Thou couldst not have betray'd me to a bounty
I more love. Brother, give thee joy.
[*Thwack takes Younger Pallatine aside.*
Thwack. You are the cause of all these miracles,
Therefore I desire you to be my heir:
By this good day you must; for I've ta'en order,
Though I love your wit, you shall not live by it.
Younger Pallatine. My kind thanks, sir, the poor man's gratitude.
Mistress Snore. Give you joy, sweet Master Pallatine, and
Your brother too.
Queasy. And send you more such wives
Every year; as many as shall please Heaven.
Snore. 'Tis day; I'll not to bed, sir, now; my watch
Shall be drunk at your worship's wedding.
Younger Pallatine. They shall; and there is gold enough to keep
Them so until thy reign be out.

[64] *March-pane.*] A confection made of Pistachio-nuts, almonds, sugar, &c.

Enter PERT, MEAGER, ENGINE, *with money-bags.*

Pert. Loaden with composition, Pall.

Meager. 'Tis for your sake we groan under these burdens.

Younger Pallatine. The offal of Sir Tyrant's trunks. Brother,

Pray know these gentlemen; they owe you more
Money than they mean to pay now.

Elder Pallatine. I remember 'em: but no words, my cavaliers,
And you are safe. Where shall we dine to-day?

Younger Pallatine. At Lucy's aunt's; we'll make her costive beldamship
Come off [65], when she beholds a goodly jointure,
And our fair hopes.

Elder Pallatine. First, to the church, lady;
I'll make your skittish person sure. Some of
Your pleasant arts upon me may become
A wise example, and a moral too;
Such as their haughty fancy well befits,
That undertake to live here by their wits.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[65] *Come off.*] To *come off*, was a phrase formerly much used. It signifies *to pay*, as is very clearly proved from the instances produced by *Mr. Steevens*, *Dr. Farmer*, and *Mr. Tyrwhitt*, in their notes to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 4. S. 3.

EPILOGUE.

The Office of an Epilogue is now
To smooth and stroke the wrinkles from each brow;
To guide severer judgments (if we could
Be wise enough) until they thought all good,
Which they perhaps dislike; and, sure, this were
An over-boldness, rais'd from too much fear.
You have a freedom, which we hope you'll use,
T' advance our youthful poet, and his Muse,
With a kind doom; and he'll tread boldly then,
*In's best new comic socks, this stage again**.

* This play, after the first edition, received considerable alterations from the author.

EDITION.

The Witts; a Comedie. Presented at the Private House in Blacke Fryers, by his Majesties Servants. The Authour William D'Avenant, Servant to her Majestie. London: printed for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple, in Fleet-street. 1636. 4to.

END OF VOL. VIII.

THOMAS WHITE, PRINTER,
JOHNSON'S COURT.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016